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SCHÆLCHER'S LIFE OF HANDEL.*

It may be regarded as a peculiar misfortune to the art of Music that the biographies of its most eminent professors and performers have been less agreeably written, and are therefore less widely remembered, than the records of men who have risen to celebrity by the cultivation of the sister arts. St. Cecilia's disciples have had no Vasari. The lives of great musicians which are attractive to the general reader might almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The stock of musical anecdotes which has been collected for universal use—not technical guidance—might be printed in nearly as small a compass as Porpora's vocal manual of two pages, the study of which made Caffarelli the greatest singer of his time. Persons moderately conversant with literary gossip may have read how Lulli cheated the priests when he was lying on his death-bed; how Handel held a refractory songstress out of the window till she consented to sing what he had set down for her; and how the same solitary giant eat, with his "capacious mouth," the dinner

which he had ordered for three. They may know Mozart's pertinent answer to the Emperor Joseph's complaint against "Figaro," as having too many notes; and the touching fable of his "Requiem." They may have heard how Signor Rossini saved the last act of his "Mosè," and astonished Signor Tottola, his poet, by scribbling, at a moment's warning, that "Prayer of the Israelites," which has served as the prototype for so many subsequent stage effects. They may have some idea that Beethoven was a rugged genius, deaf, and occasionally brutal, who delivered himself of high-flown rhapsodies to Bettina; that the composer of "Der Freischütz," when dying of his long illness in London, wrote affectionate letters to his wife; that Mendelssohn, when a boy, was mentioned with hopeful expectation by Goethe in his correspondence, and grew up to be one of the most accomplished men of his time: but a dozen more traits and generalities like these would sum up the amount of knowledge of the great musicians in circulation among those who do not profess some musical proficiency. Considering the remarkable combination of gifts required to

* *The Life of Handel.* By VICTOR SCHÆLCHER. 8vo. London: 1857.

produce a great musician, and the exalted pleasure it is the good fortune of a great musician to diffuse among mankind, justice has hardly been done to this illustrious class of artists. Perhaps the engrossing nature of their pursuit tends to concentrate their fancy and their science on a single object; perhaps the incessant publicity and personal exhibition which attend their professional life has somewhat lowered their true dignity. That something of the old contemptuous notion of the musician as mime or buffoon—something of Johnson's paradoxical and insulting speech, "Punch has no feelings"—is involved in the matter can not be doubted. But the philosophy of this subject, with its necessity or its inconsistency, is not to be discussed in a few paragraphs. The fact, for the moment, is all we have to deal with, when turning to one more record of the life, the triumphs, and the works of a man who, according to his order, was undoubtedly one among "the great ones of the earth."

Another peculiarity in musical biographies is, that they have been more largely and often more successfully undertaken by strangers than by personal friends. The most readable works on Mozart—no offense to those by Nissen, Jahn, and others—are by M. Ōulibicheff, a Russian enthusiast; and by Mr. E. Holmes, our own countryman. The Italian musicians have, possibly, been more handsomely treated by French writers than by their own. Though the Germans have again and again attempted pieces of lumbering profundity, calling themselves "Lives of Beethoven," (that most German among all German artists,) their failure has been uniform, and M. Berlioz has been happier in the style of his French criticisms, without being less transcendental. In the present instance it is curious that the work before us should be the production of a writer who is not a musician—who is not a German—who is not an Englishman—but a native of France, where the works of Handel are least understood and least admired; yet we have had nothing so full in compilation concerning Handel, if not so immaculate in point of taste, as this new biography of that greatest of musicians. M. Schælcher is mainly known as a member of the extreme French Republican party, who sat with the "Mountain" in the Legislative Assembly, until the catastrophe of the 2d December.

Since that time he has passed in England the period of inactivity and proscription, rendered inevitable by his political opinions. Here it chanced that some notes of the world's grandest music broke on his ear during the pause after that ferocious storm. The impression made by these strains seems to have strengthened into another passion, more peaceful, but hardly less intense, than those which had already driven a fervid but mistaken man into acts of great political violence. Out of that passion, which has attested its sincerity by collection, by patient labor, by sacrifice of time and of money, has grown the book before us.

But passion, we must continue, never made a great artistic biography; since in this department of literature, beyond almost every other, are required patience, calmness, judgment, and candor—deep, close, and minute special knowledge, in short. What is more, the man who would write the life of an exhibiting artist—which a musician's life must be, whether he be composer or interpreter—should possess knowledge of the social world in which the musician lived, and of the precise art which he adorned. These requisites are not possessed by M. Schælcher; and, therefore, his book, however well meant it be—and to a certain extent meritorious—can not satisfy the full demands of literature or of music in relation to so great a subject. He has not sufficiently apprehended the nobility of that subject and the dignity of the branch of literature to which his task belongs, to avoid impertinent allusions to passing things and living persons. He is inaccurate in his arithmetic; since the skeleton catalogue of Handel's works, printed in the appendix as a foretaste of the *catalogue raisonné*, which M. Schælcher announces to be in preparation, does not agree with the list which an exact index-maker would compile from the biography; German compositions being there spoken of, on hearsay, which do not figure in the record. The style of a polemical journalist pervades too many of M. Schælcher pages. He is in one breath provoked because Handel did not receive that patronage from our London nobility which his stupendous merits claimed; in another, he is extremely bitter on the tastes and tendencies of the royal personages who did adopt Handel's interests, and appreciate his compositions. In one page he falls into the old

cry against the airs and impertinences of the opera-singers; in another, he rejoices (as in the case of Mistress Anastasia Robinson—Lady Peterborough—when, on her being offended by Senesino, Lord Peterborough caned the impudent coxcomb) “that the time is past when singers allowed themselves to be caned by lords.” There is, in short, no order or consistency in this book. Its orthography, moreover, is impure, as regards foreign words and names, to a degree which is strange in any well-educated foreigner. Yet in spite of these defects we have read it with considerable pleasure. M. Schælcher's love of his subject is sincere and unaffected, and he has collected a large quantity of materials which, if not absolutely new, were not easily to be met with.

The life of Handel, however, was worthy the best hand of the best writer of biographies. The period of English history which it embraces is full of interest and rich in anecdote. If the Elizabethan era gave us our poems, the first fifty years of the eighteenth century yielded us our memoirs. It was a time of wit, a time of imperfect settlement, a time of political intrigue, a time of conspiracy. The Kilmansegges and Schulembergs who came over “*for our goods*” from Hanover, in the train of the new German sovereign, trembled over their chocolate-cups, or their tankards, at the thought of a Stuart hidden in disguise at Kensington, or holding his illicit levees in Grosvenor Square. The new opera-manager, or the foreigner who arrived to sing, stood a chance of being mobbed as a secret emissary, besides being cordially hated as an interloper who arrived to fatten on the food which England should have distributed among its children. The French dancing-master was possibly one French spy; the French hair-dresser might be another. The Court was torn with family dissensions, in which the name and the fame of the music-master of the Princess Royal were mixed up. The Queen was compelled to swallow gross epithets from the over-familiar minister who taught her how to manage the King. The King sat under the sarcasms of a neighbor no less redoubtable than Duchess Sarah of Marlborough, who dared to sneer at the temporary gallery built at St. James', on the occasion of a royal marriage—as at “neighbor George's orange chest.” It

was in one respect an age poor in imagination, but rich in those marked characters and vehement contrasts which are so precious to a biographer—an age, moreover, which did not lack its chroniclers, its diarists, its correspondents—the age during which Pope was writing his letters, and Hervey keeping his memoirs, and Hogarth painting his satires, and Lady Mary Wortley breaking out into the eccentricities of foreign adventure, for subsequent Walpoles to lampoon—when Dryden, as a tragic author, had not been altogether superseded by Addison and Aaron Hill—when the comedies of Congreve still prolonged upon the stage the wit and the license of the Restoration—when an English duke kept up the state of a chapel and an orchestra with a resident *capell meister*, as the Esterhazys and Palffys of Austria, or the small princes of Italy, have done—an age, in short, prepared for the uses of any painter of life, manners, and character who desired to find a sumptuous framework and a rich background for a great artist—his principal figure.

As regards music, too, the epoch in which Handel appeared, his training, his choice of residence, and that august fame of his which “bestrid the world,” offer a wide field for any one capable of dealing with them. In the absence of mighty painters, or architects, or romancers, or dramatists, posterity may point to him as the greatest poet of the first half of the seventeenth century. The shade of Swift might rise to protest against such honor being awarded to one who was “a fiddler,” fit companion to “a drab”—so ran the Dean of St. Patrick's choicely coarse phraseology. Yet the title would not be unjustly bestowed. What Michael Angelo was in painting, what Shakspeare was in drama, Handel was within the limits of his own art; as gigantic in conception, as daring in execution, as the great Florentine—as carelessly fertile, as boundlessly rich, as unconsciously simple, as our universal dramatist. Handel was born, too, into a world of art ripe for discovery. Music was never more scientific than at the commencement of the last century; but by that time it had been lately proved that music meant something more than science alone. The seductions of rhythmical melody—the charms of beautiful tone and delicate expression which lie in the human voice, had broken through the

walls of ancient custom and pedantry. It was still demanded of the musician that he should be severely ingenious and strictly accurate in counterpoint—the orthography and syntax of expression; but grace, grandeur, variety, fascination in his ideas, and in their garniture, had begun also to take their place in the vocabulary of his art. Palestrina had shown the world how much sonorous beauty was to be produced out of a string of mere chords. Corelli and Scarlatti—the one with his stately band of violins, the other with his more fiery and freakish hapsichord—had begun to methodize known dancing measures, and to apply them to the more august forms of instrumental composition. Marcello had already found among the singers of Venice such graceful and not ignoble melodies, to accompany the Psalms of David, as remind us of the saints of Giorgione and Palma, and the patrician ladies of Bonifazio. The high finish as an instrument to which the organ had been brought, had called out in Germany that executive ingenuity which in its turn engenders and quickens thought. The school of great players numbered Zackau, Kuhnau, and that greatest of living or dead masters of the organ, Sebastian Bach. Opera was no longer that sort of cumbersome masque, absurdly amateur, childishly theatrical, or irreverently ecclesiastical in its pomps, which it had been in its earliest years. The great singers then in being, though spoilt as a class by ignorance and affectation, and a vulgar vanity, which reduced their notions of art to a mere fancy for personal display, already included some who had brains as well as throats, and who cherished that desire to help art forward by the production of new effects, which fired the ambition of the composer. There was already some attempt at dramatic interest on the musical stage, which, crippled and timid as it now seems, bespoke progress and increase, and invited experiment. The world of music, in short, was all before a genius where to choose; and the man who appeared to conquer it, to leave a notable name on the pages of the book of poetry, and a trace in his own art of unequalled breadth and grandeur, seems by nature and circumstances to have been alike endowed with a temperament which gave the fullest scope to every gift, and with opportunities which with diligence, address, and daring insured him immortality.

George Frederic Handel was born at Halle in Saxony, in the year 1685—the son of a substantial surgeon, sixty-three years of age at his birth. The idea of the child becoming a musician seems to have been as insupportable to Dr. Handel as if he had been the father of a prodigy living in some English country-town. The boy was to be made into a respectable lawyer; and the usual means (as old as Time and as cruel as Ignorance) were taken to prevent his finding any access to the only teaching he chose to receive. Persecution, however, was not thrown away: the boy was persevering as well as imaginative. Old Dr. Handel's training may have strengthened in him that resolution to work out his career which distinguished his life—that arrogance which, by overruling accident and despising difficulty, led him to take his highest flights when his fortunes were the lowest. Out of England, "The Messiah," and "Judas," and "Israel," and "Samson," could hardly have been written. In England, they would hardly have been written, had Handel not been the bankrupt opera-manager, whose credit was gone, and whose silly foes were determined to crush him. The child who would get at the keys of the spinet somehow—who would not be left behind when Dr. Handel chose to go to visit his brother-in-law, the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels' *valet*, and who enlisted in his behalf the interference of the *valel's* ducal master, was the father of the man whose revenge on the town for its caprices and fashionable neglect, was the production of those sublime oratorios to which the Christian and the civilized world will never be tired of listening.

Not many years, however—and it may be hoped no vital amount of happiness—were lost by little Handel in the hardening process. The old surgeon, overborne by the Duke, put the boy regularly to school with organist Zackau—during his son's course of three years' study, steadily throwing in such a dose of Latin as he conceived might in time neutralize the studies of finger and of fugue, and rescue the youth from the discredit of becoming an artist. The Latin was swallowed, but the love of law never came therewith; and when the boy was eleven years of age—by that time a prodigious player on keyed instruments—he fell under the influence which has never failed to fascinate any one born with the sense of beauty so

strong within him as Handel—the spell of Italy. The Dominican father, Attilio Ariosti, (affectedly named by M. Schælcher as *Attilio*.) happened to be at Berlin, as the chapel-master of the Elector of Brandenburg, during the visit of the boy to the Prussian capital. Ariosti was by no means eminent as a musician, but he is described as a man of sweet and affable temper, who discovered the genius of the young Saxon—made him play by hours together, and, it is fair to imagine, cherished that love of suavity, grace, and roundness of period, which from its earliest period distinguished the Italian school of music; and which Handel never lost sight of in his works, however grand might be the theme, however rude the character, however awful the situation. There is no German composer, of any epoch, (Mozart, perhaps, excepted,) who was so little German as he.* He is to be ranged with the Claris, Corellis, Colonnas, Scarlattis of Rome and Florence, and not with the Buxtehudes and Bachs of his own country. Sense must needs be satisfied with him, as well as spiritual contemplation, or scientific research; and sense could not be satisfied until Italy had become a reality, not a dream; a place of experience, not of anticipation. Even in these days, there is no training that will altogether replace the training of the South. Italy's "fatal gift of beauty" is undying. In the time of Handel, that beauty still wore all her purple and gold, her jewels and her fine linen. The musicians were still not so much the buffoons, as the companions of nobles. Some of them were churchmen, eligible for more intellectual occupations than the wielding of a baton, or the resolving of a discord: one, Marcello, was a patrician of Venice; another, Corelli, was the household guest of a Roman Cardinal. All, it is fair to assume, in position, in culture, in manners, were more refined than the homely German organist, half schoolmaster, half theorist. All were surrounded with memories, and traditions, and evidences of such universal artists as Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Salvator Rosa,

which let them fall on an ear ever so dull, on a nature ever so gross, do not wholly fall in vain, nor without leaving some print or film, however slight, which has its beauty, its grace, its refinement. By no analyst or biographer with whom we are acquainted, have Handel's sympathies with, or obligations to, the South, been generously or gratefully admitted. He himself, more just, more conscientious, recorded them in his masterpiece, where with his own handwriting he owned to the origin of the "Pastoral Symphony," as derived from the droning pipes of the rustic players who come into Rome before Christmas-time to play before the images of the Blessed Virgin.

M. Schælcher's narrative of Handel's early days, though less completely wrought out than it might have been, had he ransacked the old libraries and music shops of Saxony, Prussia, and Hanover, may be followed with interest. It is well known that the young Saxon was for a time closely connected with the Hamburg theater, on the stage of which he made his "maiden speech" in opera; that while there he was comrade, colleague, and friend with Mattheson, which, as has happened in the comradeship of other young men, did not preclude a fierce quarrel and a duel betwixt them. It has been told before, how Prince Gaston de' Medici, brother to the Duke of Tuscany, who chanced to be in the Hanse Town about that time, chanced also, with the true Medici spirit of divination, to discern the merit of the young composer and orchestral player, whom he invited to bear him company to Italy. Adam Hiller (true to the spirit of antagonism) relates in his "*Lebensschreibungen*," that the young German, on being shown by the Prince a large collection of Italian music, remarked that "he did not find in them any thing very superior." But the reported saying and its sequel are at variance. After a few years of rough residence at Hamburg, not, however, of time wholly lost by Handel—in place of his taking the organ at Lubeck, and marrying the organist's daughter there, (a condition of the appointment akin to the old succession of headsman to headsman,) in place of settling down to such a life of cheerful citizenship, temperate contemplation, and indefatigable industry, as that led by Sebastian Bach, at Leipsic, the young opera-composer yielded to the fascination,

* To avoid digression, let it be here pointed out, that in that exercise of his art, which was in his day most specially German, namely, composition for the organ, Handel was comparatively so slight, so popular, and so pleasing, that his writings for the instrument are set comparatively small store by, owing to their want of depth and contrapuntal severity.

crossed the Alps, profited (though in no servile or ignoble fashion) by the protection of the Tuscan Court, and in Italy, by an opera and *cantata* or two, laid the first stone of his splendid reputation. Handel's early German studies have entirely disappeared, but his first oratorio, "Il Resurrezione"—in which the form no less than the title and text are Italian—has still a certain musical existence.

It seems, however, evident that no strong artist, who is not Italian-born, can remain in Italy, howsoever gladly he may resort to that land during his apprenticeship—however gratefully he must recur to it throughout his after-career. Handel, at all events, was no more fit to lull himself to sleep among the *dilettanti* of Tuscan courts or Roman palaces, than he could have been content to fall into the homely and dry daily life of a small German town. It was in all probability, mere chance which directed his flight to England—the chance of his having entered into the service of the Elector of Brunswick, and having attached himself to the Elector's step-daughter, his pupil—added to an engagement to write operas for our great capital, which has never been so coolly scorned by the foreign artist as certain foreign critics have assumed. But if chance decided the young Saxon to come hither, choice retained him in England; and, in truth, his life was ours, his labors were for us, his fortune came from us, and his love was with us. This kingdom offered a *mezzo termine* betwixt German coarseness and Italian sickliness; the artist could be free enough in it, without being wholly unbefriended; the Court was kindly, not engrossing; the nobility was not cold; the public was untutored, not deaf. There was plenty to do, plenty to enjoy, plenty to win, plenty to overcome—a field, in short, so congenial to the young German, trained in Italy, for whom neither German nor Italian life appears to have sufficed, that once having planted his foot, and turned the spade therein, he never left it more, and never seems either to have repented, nor to have speculated on change or wandering as possible. It may have been, and probably it was, that Handel's genius had too much sensual beauty for Germany and too much science for Italy; but it may also have been, and it probably was, because there existed a direct, wholesome strength in the man's nature—a sort of rough

truth and every-day common-sense, which made him feel that London, with its many sins and its many fools, its stupid public and its bad climate, was nevertheless a more congenial home for a plain and honest man than the stateliest German court, or the sunniest *cortile*, where Ottonis, and Panfilis, and Dorias, listened to music, and let life fleet by, without much plan or purpose beyond those of present competence and luxurious enjoyment.

But for a due understanding of Handel's character and position, it is essential to admit the truth that, like Shakspeare and Scott, he chose to combine the trader, speculator, and man of business with the poet—that he thirsted for gains as well as position—that, unsatisfied by liberal pensions and patronage, he aspired to convert his art into a means of making a fortune. That this does not throw the most delicate or picturesque light on the character of a great artist must be readily conceded; unless we consider the means embraced to gain the end—the series of musical works, of their kind as remarkable as the Shakspeare plays or the Waverly novels—by which the German composer first allured his willing public and afterwards bent himself to propitiate the world, which had grown weary of him. There was no necessity, save such as was furnished by his active and sanguine disposition, for Handel to wear himself out in managing a theater. From his outset in England he was in receipt of more than £500 a year as a court servitor. His "Amadigi," the first of some forty Italian operas, produced in the Haymarket, was written under the roof of the Earl of Burlington, who had received the young composer as a guest. The magnificent Duke of Chandos, to whose palace of "Cannons" Handel was subsequently attached, in the foreign fashion, as chapel-master, (an appointment to which we owe the superb series of anthems,) recompensed the composer of "Esther," with the present of £1000—a considerably larger sum, we believe, than was paid to Mendelssohn for the copyright of "Elijah," some hundred and twenty-five years later. But the fascinations of theatrical administration, which to those untouched by them appear so utterly inexplicable, were not to be resisted by Handel. He preferred the risks of autocracy on the stage to the safer chances of a candidate for success there. Aware of his prodigious fertility in pro-

duction, he may have felt that only by keeping the scepter in his own hand, could he satisfy the necessity of pouring out the thoughts and fancies which he possessed. This was all natural enough; but no less natural was the sequel—one which M. Schœlcher laments, in the lachrymose style which befits a devotee describing the sufferings of a martyr. For a time, such an enterprise as Handel's opera-speculation could not fail to thrive; but after a time, it is inevitable to such enterprises that the interest taken in them by their promoters and patrons must subside, even if the speculator possess double Handel's genius. Inferior novelty becomes more welcome than a repetition of higher beauties and more exquisite graces. There arrives a moment when all the petty miseries and intrigues of the world behind the scenes are brought to bear on the unpopularity of the manager of whom the town is beginning to tire; and in Handel's case, the quarrels of the royal household, so spiritedly recounted in the "Hervey Memoirs," enlisted a large and influential section of the younger nobility against him. It is the nature of opera to be ephemeral. Scarcely a dozen musical dramas from among the hundred thousand written during the last century and a half may be said to keep the stage, or in permanence of charm bear any proportion to the poetical and comic masterpieces of the theater in which singers and orchestra have no part. To hit the taste of the moment, to make ends and means bear due proportion, and still to infuse imperishable life and beauty into the creation, is a feat which has been achieved by few indeed, and by those few only in some exceptional moment of inspiration. It is probable, that as an opera-writer, in spite of the fashion set by the brown silk gown of his *Queen Rodelinda*—in spite of the rapture which greeted the minuet from his "Ariadne" whenever it was heard—Handel was both before and behind his age; as we have already said, too Italian for the Germans, too German for the Italians—too grave to suit the frivolous tastes of the time, or utterly to satisfy them. Whether, however, it arose from inevitable necessity or special defect, certain it is that the German *maestro* came to be considered as an *incubus*, whose exactions and productions alike weighed heavily on the pleasures of the genteel and sprightly—as one of the

pompous pieces of dead weight imposed on a fashionable public by an unfashionable Court.

The good sense no less than the power of this great man of genius is attested by the manner in which he met the discouragements of such a position. Ere one public began to fail him, he had commenced intercourse with another. Unlike those feeble creatures who die when their summer of fashion is over, Handel's real life only fairly began after he became unfashionable. He had from his first arrival in this country shown the true spirit of a rich and bounteous genius, which is condescension. He had written for popular festivities, as well as for royal water-parties; he had played the organ in our public gardens as well as sat at the harpischord with England's Princess Royal in her private chamber, at the moment when the arrival of her betrothed Prince was announced. The music which had not pleased in one place was brought out by him in another. If the aristocracy of England could not be retained, there was a great public of the middle class to be reached. It will be found by all who follow M. Schœlcher through the facts which he has collected, in regard to the first thirty years of Handel's English residence, that his versatility in composition of music of every kind and for every purpose, was as remarkable as his energy. It will be discerned, too, that both were steadily tending in one and the same direction; that in proportion as means of execution began to fail the master, his designs grew ampler, and his inventions more dignified—that, in short, the wear and tear of publicity, the battering of perpetual strife, the determination not to quit the wreck till the raft was secure which was to bring him into port—were a discipline, a stimulus, a balance necessary to the full development and free use of all the gigantic power which he possessed in reserve. His health, however, suffered under the mortifications to which the last years of his opera disasters had exposed him; and when he quitted England in the autumn of 1737, after the failure of his "Giustino," for the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, it is hardly conjectural to fancy the Lord Fannys, who then gave the law to the "town," talking of the weary man as one finally broken down—written out—to be swept away into the lumber-room,

in order that some fresher mountebank of the minute might have a clear stage for the exhibition of those newest Italian airs and graces which, with them, stood for the perfection of art.

The death of George II.'s Queen, which occurred at the close of this year, called forth the sublime "Funeral Anthem," (alone among Protestant "requiems," and more solemnly spiritual than most Catholic ones,) and this event may in some sort be said to mark the turning-point in Handel's career. It is true that after that period he still produced two or three operas, which entirely failed to restore his fortunes or his popularity. It is true that by the composition of the Chandos anthems, "Esther," "Athalia," "Acis," "Alexander's Feast," Handel had previously shown how much nobler music he could write than any which could be endured, or even then produced, on the boards of any existing opera-house; but these had been only tasks, experiments, episodes in the main business of his life, which had been to draw the public, and to exhibit, and to satisfy the Caffarellis, Faustinas, Strades of the stage. They had excited sufficient attention, however, to be now fallen back on as a resource and a deliverance. True to his life's vocation, which was to entertain the town, by the exercise of his art, Handel accepted his disgrace. From opera he sank to oratorio—from ephemeral popularity among foolish persons of quality to such immortality as only belongs to poets of the highest order.

There are few cases of acquiescence, transformation, and triumph, wrested out of protracted failure, parallel to the story of Handel's subsequent career in the history of art. He seems, with one reservation, to have attached but slight value to his own works, save inasmuch as he could make then gratify his public; yet these included "Saul," "Israel," "The Messiah," "Samson," "Judas Macabeus," "Joshua," "Susanna," "Solomon," and almost as many more grand compositions, sacred and profane, in the least successful of which there is still some air or chorus which is as fresh to-day as it was on the day of its composition; and in the mass of which almost every variety of form, employed by the musical composers of modern time, may be found indicated or perfected. The production was in all instinctive rather

than elaborate. That the poet could hardly commit his inspirations to paper fast enough, the stormy, rude state of the manuscript ("coarse scores," as Mendelssohn called them in his graphic German English) attests to every one who has examined them. Tradition says that Handel wept and trembled, when the subject was moving or awful which he improvised; but he seems to have held the work once done in slight reverence—"The Messiah" making a solitary exception. That amazing fruit of a few weeks' inspiration was dashed on paper, as its companions and predecessors had been; but its author seems from the first to have held it as something apart and superior, to which the sanctity of the theme gave a certain elevation in his eyes. As was the habit of Handel, he reconsidered and amended certain portions of it; but with a view to perfecting, rather than of popularizing the gift which he laid on the altar; like one who knows that an immortal utterance has gone forth from him, with which he is not free to tamper or intermeddle. The respect which Handel showed to "The Messiah," his solicitude in devoting it from the first to the cause of charity, amounted to a prophetic conviction, unconscious it may be, but if so, to be regarded with reverence for its very unconsciousness. The greatest musical work in existence, the highest in argument, the most pompous in structure, the most equally sustained from the first note to the final "Amen," was appreciated by its maker as his own best creation; as a thing not to be trifled with or torn up to suit the humors of the hour, but as a bequest to all who love the highest religious art, forever and ever. Not at first, however, did "The Messiah" take this rank in the minds of men, or in the regard of lovers of music. During many years Handel's war oratorio, "Judas," produced after the Rebellion of 1745, seems to have been more frequently performed and to have been a greater favorite. By degrees, however, the power and the glory of the "Sacred Oratorio," began to shine more and more brightly abroad—to touch more and more hearts, to attract more and more sympathies. It is not exaggeration, so much as history, to point to "The Messiah" as almost the only work of art in being, which for one hundred years has steadily gone on rising higher and higher in fame, drawing my-

riad after myriad to wonder and to tears—untouched by time, unrivaled by progress—to characterize it as a heritage derived from our fathers, which will go down, by its own intrinsic and increasing value, to our children's children—a creation of mortal imagining, which has almost won the reality of an article of belief and the solemnity of an object of worship, by its power to adapt itself to all intelligences, to touch the lowliest, to raise the loftiest, to content the most fastidious.

The munificence with which Handel exerted his great power and devoted his finest work in the cause of charity is really unparalleled except by one contemporary example in musical history:

"Seeing that 'The Messiah' was, as they say in theatrical parlance, 'a sure draw,' Handel in a manner divided his property in it with the Foundling Hospital; he gave that institution a copy of the score, and promised to come and conduct it every year for the benefit of the good work. This gift was the occasion of an episode in which may be perceived the choleric humor of the worthy donor. The administrators of the hospital, being desirous of investing his intention with a legal form, prepared a petition to Parliament, which terminated in the following manner: 'That, in order to raise a further sum for the benefit of the said charity, George Frederic Handel, Esq., hath been charitably pleased to give to this corporation a composition of music called "The Oratorio of the Messiah," composed by him; the said George Frederic Handel reserving to himself only the liberty of performing the same for his own benefit during his life: And whereas the said benefaction can not be secured to the sole use of your petitioners, except by the authority of Parliament, your petitioners therefore humbly pray that leave may be given to bring in a bill for the purposes aforesaid.' When one of the governors waited upon the musician with this form of petition, he soon discovered that the committee of the hospital had built on a wrong foundation; for Handel, bursting into a rage, exclaimed: 'Te Devil! for vat sal de Foundling put mein oratorio in de Parlement? Te Devil! mein music sal not go to de Parlement.'

"The petition went no further, but Handel did not the less fulfill the pious engagement which he had contracted. In 1752, on the Thursday the 9th of April, the number of tickets taken was 1200, each ten and sixpence. In 1753, the *Public Advertiser* of the 2d May announced: 'Yesterday, the sacred oratorio called "Messiah," was performed in the chapel at the Foundling Hospital, under the direction of the inimitable composer thereof, George Frederic Handel, Esq., who in the organ con-

certo played himself a voluntary on the fine organ he gave to that chapel.' The *London Magazine* of the month says that there were above 800 coaches and chairs, and the tickets amounted to 925 guineas.

"Eleven performances of the same kind, between 1750 and 1759, brought £6955 to the hospital. Handel conducted them all in person, although (it must not be forgotten) he became blind in 1753. This benefaction of the generous and charitable artist survived him for many years. Eight performances, conducted by J. C. Smith, between 1760 and 1768, realized £1832; and nine performances, conducted by John Stanley, from 1769 to 1777, realized £2032; so that altogether, 'The Messiah' alone brought into the funds of the Foundling Hospital no less a sum than £10,299."

Indeed, if the sums collected by the performance of this mighty work in the last hundred years be reckoned together, we question whether any single monument of human genius has been so productive of mere wealth as this oratorio of the bankrupt Handel.

Of the anecdotal history of "The Messiah," there is no need further to speak in this place; though the precise facts concerning its appearance seem, till lately, to have been involved in the doubt which has shrouded the origin of more than one master-work. M. Schöelcher has entered on them at some length, and we are reminded that Handel was permitted seventeen years of satisfaction in his own sublime work betwixt the period of his first performance in Dublin on Good Friday, 1742, and his decease on Good Friday, 1759. The last act of his life was to attend a performance of "The Messiah" at Covent Garden on the 6th April of that year. After returning home from the oratorio, says his biographer, he went to bed never to rise again. Seized with a mortal exhaustion, and feeling that his last hour was come, in the full plenitude of his reason, he added one more codicil to his will, and gently rendered up his soul on the anniversary of the first performance of "The Messiah," Good Friday, 13th April, 1759, aged seventy-four years, one month, and twenty-one days. The artist's fortunes to the day of his death were more or less checkered by public caprice and private antagonism. The last seven years of his life were smitten with the "total eclipse" of which he had himself sung so touchingly; and by this, and not from any failure of power or fancy or

energy, was he compelled to cease from his labors: but he lived to know that he had founded in Music a kingdom which would not pass away so long as the art endures—that he had raised his own monument, and drawn his own people to him. He died an object of affection and pride and reverence, which, as we have seen and heard, (and shall yet see and hear more,) were no evanescent or sentimental emotions, doomed to be dispersed by a touch of Fashion's harlequin wand, but the beginnings of a fame such as none beside him has ever gained in his art, and the limits of which are as yet reached on no side.

In the foregoing remarks, a few of the outlines of the personal character of Handel have been attempted. We have pointed out his distinctive greatness as one of the great men of his century, without any very close reference to his particular art. But as a musician Handel claims more accurate criticism, even when general readers are addressed; since certain of his characteristics are so unique in their cast, and so clear in their manifestation, as to be intelligible, when simply stated, even to those to whom the mechanism of music is a mystery they can not or care not to fathom. It belongs to Handel's art alone, that the greatest man who has adorned it should have been predominant, and original, and immortal, by reason of his eclecticism. A German by birth, an Italian by sympathy and training, an Englishman by conformity, Handel belonged to no country, to no school—as the Mozarts, Beethovens, Webers, Rossinis have done. Yet in no musician has style been more strongly marked than in him. This has always seemed to us one among the many seeming paradoxes, which defy the ingenuity of those who will reason from one art to another, in place of permitting to each its own laws, its own inconsistencies; but it is a truth, without a due appreciation of which the grandeur, the variety and the beauty—the peculiar, yet universal genius of Handel, are not to be appreciated.

We must be permitted, after this general remark, to enter into a few details, not to be overlooked in attempting to define the true position of so great a composer. Laying aside all Handel's stage-music, as by nature ephemeral—nor troubling ourselves for the moment with that which he wrote for instruments alone, as slight and

experimental—belonging to the dawn of instrumental music—let us confine ourselves to the works on which his claims to immortality rest, and to merely a few considerations concerning these. A series of studies of Handel's Oratorios is still a *desideratum*: not, however, undertaken in the mystical spirit of German criticism, which has so often proved its own shallowness, by affecting to plumb depths past mortal fathoming. For how much smaller is the one meaning painfully assumed as animating some neglected detail, than the many meanings which every work of divine poetry and grand design presents to the apprehensions of many listeners, who may still admit the possibility of many other features or forms having been hurried over as unimportant! Honestly reverent as was its intention, the analysis of "The Messiah," in the correspondence of Goethe and Zelter, if tried by this standard, becomes poor and insufficient; because it proves too much. Like Shakspeare, Handel may be over-criticised; for the self-same reason—that neither the dramatic nor the musical poet was always complete. So to, if we pursue this illustration into another branch of art, when the defects, irregularities, or accidents of the great cathedrals are proved to be so many choice beauties—to be the very parts most worthy of study and imitation, because of the intention they are assumed to convey, such judgments tend rather to display the pedantry of criticism than the majesty of art. Studies of Handel's Oratorios might, however, be written to bring them somewhat closer to the intelligent admiration of those who hear them—not in wholesale defense, or over-elaborate explanation, but in illustration of certain characteristics, the right appreciation of which is of general and lasting value to every one concerned in music, whatever be his share, whatever be its quality.

That the effect, we repeat, of the most superb of Handel's superb works is independent of completeness, is hardly to be disputed, though the remark will sound strange to the wholesale idolaters of his genius—nay, and to many more rational worshippers of the greatest works of imagination. We know enough of their historical origin to be sure that they were not designed with any extraordinary care. What is now the first part of "Israel in Egypt" was patched on to a *cantata* already completed, and which had been

completed, in one respect, with a formality not habitual to Handel; since "Exodus," the *cantata* referred to, might have been considered as circularly closed against amplification, by its opening and ending with the same strain of praise—employed *da capo*, as the musicians have it, or burdenwise, to use the ballad-monger's phrase. Nevertheless, it suited Handel's convenience to lengthen the work; and accordingly he prefixed to this *cantata* another oratorio, equaling it in length, outdoing it in variety, exhibiting the plagues of Egypt with an amount of force, brilliancy, and elaboration sufficient, it might have been supposed, to crush and efface any portion which could possibly follow. Pestilence—water turned into blood—fire from heaven—the insect-cloud darkening out life with its noisome activity—the death of the first-born—the "darkness which might be felt"—the rebuke of the great sea—the march of God's chosen people through the cloven deep—the recoil of the waters over their pursuers—were displayed in close succession. To speak of any other pictures in music by the side of these, is to talk of Ludovico Caracci after Michael Angelo, of Van der Werff after Rubens, or of Raphael Mengs after Raphael. And yet, despite the inspiration of this afterthought, the second part, or original "Exodus," which is in fact merely Miriam's hymn of triumph over the destruction of Pharaoh and his host prolonged and wrought out, holds its ground, nay, leads to a climax of jubilant devotional rapture, as preëminent in its brilliancy as if the poet had from the first entertained no other design than to conduct his hearers through group after group, through trial after trial, through wonder after wonder, with the pillar of cloud to hide, and the pillar of fire to beckon the chosen people—onward and upward to the Prophetess, "with her timbrel in her hand," as the last and the most remarkable apparition following "the wonders in the land of Ham," and recording the dealings of the Most High with his chosen people.

Nor is this the sole wonder. If the design of "Israel," when examined, prove disproportionate—if the form was determined by the touch of inspiration, not the long preliminary care of pious meditation—the execution of that wondrous oratorio will be found no less remarkable, when anatomized by the thoughtful musician.

On the one hand, it is clear that in some of the choruses and ideas, to satisfy the impatience of his hand, Handel tore out leaves from his old school-books, and interpolated ancient exercises, nay, possibly, other men's thoughts. On the other, it is evident that he wrote in a day when one of the greatest elements in the production of picturesque music—the orchestra of the moderns, with its contrasted sonorities and improved executive resources—had scarcely been called into existence. In the awful scenes of the "hailstones for rain," "the locusts, that came without number," "the thick darkness that fell on all the land," the ocean waters rising like a wall on this side and on that—the limits to the colors on Handel's palette will be at once seen if the orchestral portion of these choruses be compared with the orchestral works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or Mendelssohn. Those great men not merely employed the tints of the rainbow: they also commanded the *chiar' oscuro* of twilight glooms and aerial radiance. Handel wrought with the primary colors; yet the best specimens of descriptive music by the best subsequent masters are pale in treatment and poor in variety when compared with his stupendous series of creations. Are we, then, to say, that modern discovery has added nothing to the means of musical effect? Not so: but that there is a genius independent of all discovery, more flexible and ample by the vigor of its conceptions, than any talent which avails itself of the most unbounded range of the vocabulary of expression devised by modern ingenuity. This superior force and brightness of Handel (due allowance being made for the antiquated cast of certain forms) establishes a point too much lost sight of during late years—that in narrative, or dramatic, or devout music, where the voice is to be heard, the voice ought to be the principal object of care and feature of interest—that the accompaniment, however rich, or complex, or pertinent, is not to supersede it: and, moreover, not the voice employed in pure declamation, (to which the modern Germans, from Beethoven downwards, have attempted to confine it,) but in musical expression of sense and sentiment. In Handel's songs, as in all the highest productions of Art, simplicity is the first condition of pure and lofty expression. From the moment when the Germans began to

set themselves in antagonism to the Italians, the balance of power has been destroyed; since in place of studying (as a Mozart knew how to study) by what means all the elements of music might be combined, the narrower thinkers of the newer school, unable to wield so many resources at once, have endeavored to rest their effects on some one point at the expense of another. We have lately been invited to believe that the only true occupation for the singer is that in which the singer's art is wholly annihilated; that the nearer the executant can arrive at gasp, or sob, or sigh, or scream, the more successfully is the voice treated.

Another characteristic of Handel has been his instantaneous power of rising to the height, or of expressing the beauty of his subjects, whatever these might demand. The "great scene" in his work is always its greatest portion. In "Joshua," the downfall of the walls of Jericho; in "Solomon," the opening of the temple—the court music given to the Queen of Sheba—and (more eminent still because of its excessive difficulty) the contest of the mothers for the dead child; in "Jephtha," the storm of the father's soliloquy; in "Acis," the entire impersonation of Polyphemus, whether the Cyclops himself sings, or is watched coming, or breaks in, with hideous love and brute revenge, on the love scene, which it maddens him to see; in "Semele," the moment of sleep; in "Judas," the warlike pomps; in "Saul," the song of David exorcising the brain-stricken King, and the lament over Jonathan—are all severally touched with a force and truth which exclude every future treatment of the same moments and situations. As wisely might some new dramatist, following the fashion of Lenau, who wished to outdo Goethe's "Faust," attempt to create a new *Lady Macbeth*, or *Shylock*, or *Cleopatra*, or *Lear*, or *Cordelia*, as a new musician try to deal anew with these persons and conjunctures. And where is there—where can there be—another "Hallelujah" chorus after that of "The Messiah"? The feat has been tried and tried again, by later musicians, some because they could not escape from it, by way of close; some because being pigmies, they were convinced that they were as good giants as any that were on the earth in the olden time: but failure has constantly attended the trial of so daring a feat.

The student of Handel, again, may observe how his freshness of inspiration and experiment held out to the very last. Regarded in this point of view, "Jephtha," the latest grand oratorio by the master, becomes one of his most interesting works. The character of youth and original purity belonging to all the music given to Jephtha's daughter might, in accordance with all common rule, have been thought to denote a young melodist; even as Juliet's passion has been again and again pointed out as belonging to the impassioned boyhood of Juliet's creator. Indeed no composer, in the freshest spring-time of his powers, has been stronger in unforced sweetness and simplicity than Handel shows himself throughout the part: trusting less to contrivance, less to experience, less to grouping, (to use the painter's word,) than to the delicious flow of lively, natural, musical thought. The whole commencement breathes innocence, joy, the charm which life has for one who can herself charm, the free grace befitting the daughter of a great chief, the artless tenderness of one who loves and is beloved. Her song, "The smiling dawn," is in a dancing measure, (*a tempo di Bourree*;) and through a large part of it the voice is left to carol alone. The air, "Tune the soft melodious lute," with which the conqueror's daughter prepares to greet her father on his return from victory over the Ammonites, is of a more measured stateliness; but it is still the stateliness of a young princess, fresh in rhythm, fresh in cast of phrase, to be distinguished in choice of accompaniment and by its youthful tone among the many songs for a similar voice written to a similar situation. As we proceed with the story of Jephtha's daughter, the same color is maintained, even after the storm has broken above her head—even in that moment of mortal trial which presents itself as so frightful to those who have known little sorrow—even when the sublime resignation of the maiden draws from benignant Heaven interposition and deliverance. The air, "Happy they," (a consummate example of expression,) the better-known scene, "Farewell, ye limpid springs," which M. Schælcher, in true Parisian style, mentions in company with *Agatha's* scena from "Der Freischütz," are both eminently remarkable for simple grace, maintained in the moments of sorrow, as well as in those of hope and exultation. We do not conceive that this was

matter of premeditation on Handel's part; his exertions have the spontaneous character of the highest productions of genius, hardly conscious of its own perfection. Yet nothing can be named in the whole catalogue of musical impersonations more exquisite, more self-consistent, or more various without monotony, than this child of Handel's old age.

Illustrations such as these could be multiplied almost without limit, and still we fancy, without entering that debatable land in which the eye of Superstition transfigures what it sees. One more point, however, must be dwelt on here, as a last testimony to the surpassing greatness of Handel's oratorio music. Whatever be the amount of modern discovery, it affords scope for the application and introduction of the most enlarged resources; it is capable of being performed by countless myriads, without becoming disproportionate and unwieldy. Yet it has not in our experience—indeed we may boldly assert, ever—been adequately rendered. This statement may seem paradoxical to those who have been conversant with the choral and orchestral performances which have been the rule, not the exception, in England for the last fifty years, who reflect that these have been of a splendor and on a scale of which the hardworked, feverish, ambitious artist little dreamed—compelled, if not contented, to hear his music in his own imagination—and so to conceive how vast and capable of countless extension were his "Hallelujahs" and his hymns of Israel's triumph over Egypt, overwhelmed in the Red Sea. Many may well ask whether poet's dream ever rose to a fulfillment of poet's creations so high, as the stupendous celebrations at Sydenham, the sound of which, "like the voice of many waters," is in our ears as we write. No such gathering of musicians and audience is recorded in the annals of musical state and solemnity—no occasion so rich in poetical sensations and new scientific experiences. The Festival at the Crystal Palace will be memorable to many as having proved that vast extension of means, where the locality is vast, by no means implies the production of harsh and overpowering force. The splendors of the myriad chorus were felt in the richer, softer, gentler passages—more remarkably evident in such a serene chorus as "But as for his people," (in "Israel.") than in the pompous phrase "King of kings," and

"Lord of lords," which forms the culminating passage of the "Hallelujah." The gigantic scale of the chorus, however, was brought home to every one in all the antiphonic passages, where the distance of the bodies that took up question and answer with an admirable precision, gave an effect of amplitude and multitude alike new and impressive. Those three performances at Sydenham, again, were instructive as proving Handel's sublimity and science by his simplicity. Magnificently as his work was planned, it was still so colossal in its outlines, so largely contrived, as to bear in its interpretation any amount of modern enrichment, when the scale of performance is vast, and the garnitures are applied by the hands of sympathy and reverence. The orchestral additions of Mozart to "The Messiah," of Mendelssohn to "Israel in Egypt," and of Sig. Costa to "Judas," though they amount now to the most intricate embroideries of flute, clarinet, and bassoon, now to the introduction of squadrons of trumpets and clarions, were in no place felt as a disturbance or an excess, still less as an impertinence. It may be that the limit of manageable numbers and practical enrichments was reached at the June Festival just over; but it is no less true that there was no such feeling of cumbrousness, oppression, of confusion, of the extinction of one portion by another, as must have attended a performance on such a scale of any other music of the kind in being. The vast army of players and singers, who held audiences of twelve thousand and more enthralled, was still, it must have been felt by every one, predominated over by the vastness of Handel.

His admirable justice of proportion, too, was indicated at Sydenham to a degree for which we were unprepared. Even in that wide and lofty space, except in a very few unfavorable positions, the interest and effect of the *solo* or single portions of the oratorios, kept the place that they hold under more limited conditions, by the intrinsic nobility of their forms, and the exquisite judiciousness of their contrasts. The great songs of Handel's oratorios, and in particular of "The Messiah," not only demand the greatest voices from the four artists to whom they are intrusted—the finest vocal skill, consummate musical science, the most solemn and refined declamation; they demand, also, that devotional temper of mind

which not merely implies an act of worship, but indicates the mood of a worshiper. That which the greatest artists of the musical stage have been from time to time—utterly possessed of the characters which they were to represent and the music they had to complete by interpretation, the performers of Handel's songs should be, in order to sustain the impression which is now frequently produced by the choral portions of his oratorios. Needs it be pointed out that, to count upon these high qualities as habitual in the most ingenious and carefully trained and serious of the vocalists to whom such occupation must be confided, is to strain expectation beyond the limits of possibility?—that to insure such qualities, there should be, not merely a happy combination of natural endowment and technical accomplishments, but also a general loftiness of tone in life, manners, and conversation, such as shall make it altogether impossible for the speaker to conceive aught meanly, or to deliver it meagerly—a breath of that noble simplicity which, totally distinct from arrogance or theatrical solemnity, has given so much charm of persuasion, such an authority of teaching, such a power of retaining love, to some of our divines and poets, least intent on the vulgar arts of producing effect? It is because we have a few times heard single portions of these great oratorios thus rendered by some great artist, when in his happiest and holiest mood; it is because of the impressions graven deep which such moments have left, when sense and sound and delivery have combined to produce a perfect charm, that we speak of Handel's music, as for the most part of necessity *under-sung*—not because of its difficulty as vocal music, still less from perverseness or frivolity on the part of the singers—but because of its inspired sublimity. Let it be honorably commemorated, however, that English artists have seldom, if ever, been heard to sing with so much of the loftiness and inspiration that "The Messiah," and "Israel," and "Judas," demand, as at Sydenham. They were, with small exceptions, so wrought on by the magnificence of the scene, as to rise far nearer to the point indicated than they ever rose before; and one in particular (Mr. Sims Reeves) has written his name beneath that of Handel in the golden book of musical renown, to be read a hundred

years hence, when new singers arise and new celebrations are projected.

Thus far have we endeavored to sketch Handel as a poet of "all time," as one of the few musicians who, let the world be ever so poor, ever so rich, are strong enough to abide the time of famine, are boundless enough to add new treasure to any imaginable period of prosperity. In his art we know of no other such example. All that has transpired in regard to Handel the man completes the picture, as we interpret it, harmoniously, and, on the whole, pleasantly.

He was one of the strong men of the earth, who *do* what weaker men dream. With him the delight in this exercise of creative power was bright, fertile, ceaseless, and unhesitating enough to supersede that morbid solicitude as to results which belongs to genius of a less robust order. In his day there was not so much talk about art, as art. The sifters, the analyzers, the arrangers of periods, the adjusters of ecstasies, the interpreters of what was never meant, had not, as yet, sprung into life, or at least blossomed into pen and ink. Enthusiasm was a little ignorant, and very well-bred. Even Horace Walpole—man of wit as he was, prescient in taste, in his associations courageous, in his friendships real, however affected he might be in his *dilettantism* and finicalities of language—has scarcely left a word of judgment concerning painting or music worth reading. Dominichino was his divinity—Buononcini his prophet. Italian music was one of the curiosities to be looked for on "the grand tour?" by the Englishman, supposing that he was not afraid of being lashed for his effeminacy in caring for opera singers and "their fine stuff." In the eighteenth century the ancient, practical, and sympathetic interest in music, which had distinguished an earlier period of England's history, was almost extinct. *Dilettantism* had superseded honest love and participating knowledge: but it was a lisping, not a lecturing, *dilettantism*—a folly which ministered no real help to the creative artist, yet which was not strong enough to impede any one bent on creation, by suggested misgivings or specious counsels. The age of Handel was a bad time for a composer who stood in need of sympathy, but it was not a bad time for a monarch who felt within him the vigor of independence

in despotism. There was no one for him to be compared with—there was no one capable of calling him to account. The necessities of his position and of his nature impelled him to work ceaselessly, and if he failed in one direction, to try in another; if he had not time to perfect his own wares, he would lay hands on those of other men, and thrust them into his mosaic, as the first Christian church-builders were glad to use fragments of Greek ornaments stripped from Pagan temples—as Shakspeare permitted not patches, but passages, from Plutarch and Hollinshed to figure, almost in their literal baldness, in the midst of the diction of his own imagination. With such an artist as this, the day's work becomes the uppermost object; the means, a secondary one; and the future fades into a distance too remote to excite immediate curiosity or trouble. Handel knew that he had an immortality within him; though deferred success sometimes made him peevish, or imperfect execution sometimes fretted his ear for a passing moment. He had rages, but they were healthy, not morbid, fits of wrath. Betwixt such a grand, coarse, jovial, and stout nature as his, and the more sickly and sensitive organizations, the productions of which we are now perpetually invited to contemplate, compelled to pity, and forbidden by compassion to analyze, there is all the gulf that lies betwixt truth and seeming, betwixt life and disease, betwixt achievement and aspiration. He was a strong, angry, inspired man, with more of the freebooter than of the martyr in his composition. He rated the court gentlemen and ladies if they talked while his music was going on, less enamored of "the full pieces" than his royal patrons. He scolded professors who wished to hear "The Messiah," and had been indifferent to "Theodora." He swore at his singers, and yet would allow a *prima donna* to interpolate "*Angelico splendor*" and "*Cor fedele*" in the most sublime parts of his "Israel," for the exhibition of her voice and the entertainment of fools of quality. On the whole, his life was too busy a one to leave time for much unhappiness, till Time cast over his eyes the cloud of blindness; and even then his memory and his mechanical dexterity stood him in stead. When he was led to the organ, his abundant fertility in improvisation enabled him still, as Milton says, "to bring all heaven before his eyes;" so that his privation,

which was darkness, can not be counted as so cruel a one as that calamity of silence which, like the iron shroud in the tale, approached slowly, and surely, to another great musician, and closed up the ear of Beethoven till at last it told him nothing more; and all that was left for him were memories, and longings, and convulsive strivings to imagine that which had no longer an existence to his senses.

Handel's life in England was upon the whole as fortunate as a life without domestic love can be. He had not only magnificent patrons, and steady friends, but faithful attendants, who ministered to him in old age and infirmity. His biographer, M. Schælcher, who is lavish of lamentation on the neglect of Handel by his contemporaries, is obliged to admit that the composer of "The Messiah" was one of the few artists who was ever indulged with a statue while living. Far more fortunate was he than a Gluck, and a Mozart, in having respect shown to his grave. Where they lie, is hardly certainly known. He rests among us in the transept of the great Abbey which is hallowed by the remains of the poets of England; and for a hundred years the sacred voice of the choir of Westminster has floated daily over his tomb. His gains throughout his life were ample; his losses were referable to his own ambition. Such persecution as he may be thought to have endured probably arose from the self-assertion and arrogance which, however inseparable they may be from genius so boundless, so fertile, so confident as his, can not expect favor, or fair construction, from persons of less genius. Such minds are fretted by the bubbles on the top of the water, in proportion as they are unable to fathom the depth of the spring which flings them to the surface. Had Handel suffered in the contest of life so much as to claim the pity of bystanders, it would have been easy for him, at any juncture, to have changed his field, to have sought a home elsewhere than in our cold, unsympathetic, capricious England, so imperfectly comprehended by M. Schælcher. But there is no trace of his having ever dreamed of migration, even when his losses and crosses were the sorest. On the contrary, the older he grew, the closer does he seem to have cloven to the country of his adoption. When he ceased to be able to entertain "the town" by his operas—when

the Walpoles and Lady Mary Cokes, or Lady Browns, became too strong in their sneers, too eager in running after some flimsier creature of the moment, for him to gain success on the stage—Handel, with a wise intuition, grasped the fact that there was another, higher, more enlightened public in England, at once to be created and to be gratified by him; that here, and not in Germany, his native country—and not in Italy, though Italy was still the high place of melody—still less in France, where there has never been any public for Handel or any knowledge of his works—but that *here*, in this land of wittings and half-instructed people, was to be found a habitation and a home for Music raised to its most august height, and wrought out in its widest development. This one fact is an answer in full for all the contempts which have been heaped on England, as cold to music, by ignorant or undiscerning foreigners; and a refutation of the idea of discouragement and unhappiness having been Handel's portion in life. In our poets, too, he found associates of a vigor, a nobility, a fancy stimulative of musical inspiration, such as, during the eighteenth century, he would have found it hard to discover elsewhere. It is perfectly true, that many of his best oratorios had to raise the dead weight of trashy and absurd rhymes by Newburgh Hamilton, and Morell. It is to be regretted that, during Handel's residence in England, Shakspeare's credit among poets and dovers of poetry was at its lowest ebb, and that thus we have not been indulged with the chance of meeting the two greatest men in their respective arts, and in many points so similar, in union. But Handel had not always to till barren ground; he found such collaborators as Milton, Dryden, Gay, Congreve, even Aaron Hill, counting as one among many men more musically valuable than the generality of contemporary versifiers. Last and best of all, it was in England, and only in England, that Handel could have found a great public cradled in reverence for the words or the personages of Holy Writ—yet believing in the Bible as something not to be approached with the indecorum of familiarity. In the English version of the Scriptures both Handel and Mendelssohn found the sublime language of their sacred compositions. While so great and so good a man as Sebastian Bach (and those for

whom he labored) scrupled not to make the principal personage of "the Passion" the protagonist of that mystery when arranged for music, Handel looked on with the angels from the foot of the cross, and without the gate of the sepulcher—not so far, not so shut out, however, but that the gloom of the divine agony could overshadow him, that the glory of the Resurrection could irradiate his spirit, that the voices of the heavenly host seemed and still seem to respond to his amazing burst of praise. Our English mind in these things was congenial to Handel; and it was owing to England, that the whole world has a "Messiah" instead of a "*Passions-Musik*."

As a member of society, Handel is described as having possessed an ample share of that humor which is so largely characteristic of the great creative musicians. Their art allows no outlet, affords no expression, for wit, sarcasm, quaintness, irony, save in distant forms, and feeble articulations. Yet they have, as a race, been more largely social humorists, than the painters, by whose pencils every imaginable eccentricity could be expressed. The chapter of inconsistencies, or compensations in the history of imaginative expression, contains no more curious fact than this. One might have fancied that a Van Dyck, or a Sir Joshua, could not have passed his life in sitting face to face with wisdom and folly, sincerity and grimace, genius and lack of common-sense, and in perpetuating the inward life of these countenances, as well as their outward features, without having gathered for themselves a rich store of that which is genial, mirthful, and impulsive, for social uses. Yet we conceive their gayety of spirit to have been far more limited and conventional than such as we find recorded in Mozart's letters—than the flashes of dry or tender humor which from time to time broke out amid the lurid gloom of Beethoven's habitual meditations—than the blithe, and child-like, and appreciating mirth which gave such a charm to the society of Mendelssohn, to whom no good story ever came amiss, and from whom no good story ever went without some "more last words," which made it better. Handel, too, the ponderous and the pompous, as he has been too exclusively painted, (or rather say, been accepted by those who are unable to admit the existence of many natures in one man,) was full of ready cheer-

fulness and natural pleasantry—uncouth, no doubt, at times, and at any moment liable to burst into spontaneous combustion, but not unkindly or cynical, still less at the beck and call of the royal and noble personages whom his art enriched with a pleasure far out-valuing any wealth poured by them into his lap. He was fond of the company of a few old friends; he took pleasure in picture auctions; he read our authors wisely and well; he remembered those who had served him, gratefully, when the hand of death was on him. All the traits that have been gathered concerning him represent one of a genial humor, a proud nature, a hot temper, and a kind heart. The painters have shown us

that he was a man of a comely presence, (as, indeed, many of the great musicians have been,) that he had bright, piercing eyes in a grand forehead, and a mouth, with great firmness in its lines—not, however, shutting out the power to smile. We can not think of Handel as one to be pitied, or of his career as one to be lamented: while we look up to him with the reverence which belongs to greatness, with the awe which strength commands, and with the love which, in public art as well as in private life is only to be won by greatness and strength when they are tempered and harmonized by the presence of beauty.

From the North British Review.

THE CRISIS IN INDIA.*

THE prophets of evil are always unpopular. The howlings of Cassandra are answered with a howl. If this does not silence the ill-omened cry, it is bellowed down by a chorus of the nation. Neither states nor individuals can bear to be aroused from sleep, and to be reminded of danger. The intrusion upon our tranquility is sure to be resented. We call the alarmist a fool, and betake ourselves again to our slumbers. The next time we wake up, we find our house in a blaze.

This has, unhappily, been the case with respect to our Indian possessions. For many years there have been prophets of evil, announcing, with more or less dis-

tinctness, that mighty dangers were casting their shadows before. Considering the nature of our tenure of India, it was really not a hazardous prophecy. We have been accustomed to contemplate, with quiet and level eyes, the most wonderful political phenomenon that the world has ever seen. The spectacle of a handful of white-faced men, from a remote island in the western seas, holding in thrall an immense oriental continent numbering a hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, has long been so familiar to our sight, that it has ceased to lift our eyebrows or to raise our hands with a look or gesture of astonishment. And yet it was altogether so strange and exceptional a case, that if any one declared that it was not in the nature of things that such an anomaly should last forever, he uttered a mere truism to which every one might have been expected to yield assent. But if any one assented to it, it was in a limited and qualified sense. To hint at the existence of any impending danger, that might at any time descend upon us, was to raise a suspicion of the weakness of the alarmist's intellect; or,

* 1. *Selections from the Papers of Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, etc., etc.* Edited by J. W. KAYE, Author of the "Life of Lord Metcalfe," etc. London: 1855.

2. *Allen's Indian Mail; or, Register of Intelligence from British and Foreign India, etc., etc.* July, 1857.

3. *The Homeward Mail, from India, China, and the East.* July, 1857.

4. *The Mutinies in the East Indies.* Papers presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. July, 1857.

if the "howl" proceeded from a man of generally high reputation, this doubt of the stability of our rule was regarded as a whim—a crotchet—a spot upon his intellectual escutcheon. Thus, when, a few years ago, the life of Lord Metcalfe was published, and people gladly recognized the soundness and clearness of his intellect, as well as the marvelous sweetness of his temper under all provocation, and his almost unexampled patience and fortitude under suffering, they could not forbear from asking one another how it happened that a man of such strong sense and large experience could be perpetually doubtful of the stability of our Indian empire, and continually declaring that we should wake some day and find it crumbling beneath our feet. His biographer speaks of these as the "peculiar views of Sir Charles Metcalfe," and evidently seems to think—indeed, he more than hints—that such opinions were not in accordance with the general wisdom of the man.*

In this respect, the Life of Charles Metcalfe, and the Selections from his papers now before us, were published some two or three years too soon. If the materials of these works were now placed, for the first time, in Mr. Kaye's hands, he would, doubtless, take some pains to illustrate the extraordinary foresight of this great Indian statesman, and instead of speaking apologetically of the occasional prognostications of evil which, in the performance of his editorial functions, he seems to have inserted somewhat reluctantly in the published volumes, would have dwelt with laudatory zeal upon such evidences of prescient sagacity as now lie intelligibly before us. "Time's old daughter, Truth," has come to the rescue. The "barrel of gunpowder," upon which Metcalfe used to say that we were sitting, has now exploded; and we read such passages as the following, by the light of present history, with a right appreciation of their wisdom. The first which we have marked for quotation illustrates the feelings with which Metcalfe regarded what we now look upon as the

paltry mutiny at Barrackpore in 1824. It is taken from a letter to a private friend:

"News has come from Calcutta—you have already seen it in the papers—of the blackest hue and the most awful omen, such as for a time must absorb all the faculties of a man anxiously alive to the dangers which beset our empire in India. I allude to the mutiny at Barrackpore. A regiment of Bengal Sepoys, ordered to Chittagong to form part of an army to be opposed to the Burmans, refuses to march, separates itself from its officers, turns the major-general of the station off the parade, quits its lines, marches to the race-course with forty rounds in pouch, and there threatens to resist any attempt to bring them to order! All expostulation failing, two King's regiments, which happen by chance to be within call, the body-guard and the artillery, are brought against them. The mutineers refuse to lay down their arms, are attacked, make no resistance, and flee. About 70—at first said to be 450—are killed on the spot. Six more, (vide *Gazette*.) I have heard, have since been hanged; others brought in prisoners and in chains in the fort. About 100 taken prisoners in the first instance. Now, what does this mutiny proceed from? Either from fear of our enemy, or from disaffection to our Government. The Sepoys have always disliked any part of Bengal, and formerly no corps marched thither from the Upper Provinces without losing many men by desertion. They detest the eastern part of Bengal more than the western; and the country beyond our frontier they believe to be inhabited by devils and cannibals; the Burmans they abhor and dread as enchanters, against whom the works of mere men can not prevail. What does all this amount to in brief but this—that we can not rely on our Native Army? Whether it be fear of the enemy, or dissatisfaction towards us, they fail us in the hour of need. What are we to think of this, and what are our prospects under such circumstances? It is an awful thing to have to mow down our own troops with our own artillery, especially those troops on whose fidelity the existence of our empire depends. I will hope the best. We may get over this calamity. It may pass as the act of the individual mutineers. The rest of the army may not take up their cause. A

* As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Kaye is quite right when he says: "There is no parallel of this in the antecedents of Indian history. It is commonly the home-bred statesman who is most alive to the dangers of our position. Lord Wellesley and Lord Minto were much more sensible of danger than Sir John Shore and Sir George Barlow."

feeling may be aroused to redeem the character thus lost. But we shall be lucky if all this turn out exactly so; for there is no doubt that the feelings which led to the mutiny were general. Open mutiny, indeed, was not confined to the 47th: 200 of the 62d seized the colors of their corps and joined; 20 men of the 26th seized one color of their corps and joined the mutiny. What were the rest of the regiment about, if 20 men could commit this audacious outrage? The whole business is very bad; and we shall be very fortunate if it lead to nothing more. But we are often fortunate; and the mind of man is an inexplicable mystery.

"Sometimes these violent ebullitions of bad feeling are succeeded by good conduct; let us hope that it may be so in this instance; and let us take warning not to rely so entirely on one particular class of troops. More officers, more European regiments, and a greater variety in the composition of our force, seem to be the only remedies in our power to counteract the possible disaffection of our Native Infantry; and whether our resources will enable us to carry these remedies to a sufficient extent is doubtful. Enough of this for the present. It is the most serious subject that could have roused the anxiety of those who, like myself, are always anxiously alive to the instability of our Indian empire."

Four years before, Metcalfe had written with reference to his favorite Colonization Scheme, that he would give it up, if he were "sure that our army would always be faithful." "But," he added, "drawn, as it must be, from a disaffected population, it is wonderful that its feeling is so good; and it is too much to expect that it will last to eternity." At a somewhat later period, when the revision of the Company's Charter was under consideration he wrote:

"Our hold (of India) is so precarious, that a very little mismanagement might accomplish our expulsion; and the course of events may be of itself sufficient, without any mismanagement.

"We are, to appearance, more powerful in India now than we ever were. Nevertheless, our downfall may be short work. When it commences it will probably be rapid, and the world will wonder more at the suddenness with which our immense Indian empire may vanish, than

it has done at the surprising conquest that we have achieved.

"The cause of this precariousness is, that our power does not rest on actual strength, but on impression. Our whole real strength consists in the few European regiments, speaking comparatively, that are scattered singly over the vast space of subjugated India. That is the only portion of our soldiery whose hearts are with us, and whose constancy can be relied on in the hour of trial. All our native establishments, military or civil, are the followers of fortune; they serve us for their livelihood, and generally serve us well. From a sense of what is due to the hand that feeds them, which is one of the virtues that they most extol, they may often display fidelity under trying circumstances; but in their inward feelings they partake more or less of the universal disaffection which prevails against us, not from bad government, but from natural and irresistible antipathy; and were the wind to change—to use a native expression—and to set in steadily against us, we could not expect that their sense of honor, although there might be splendid instances of devotion, would keep the mass on our side in opposition to the common feeling which, with one view, might for a time unite all India from one end to the other.

"Empires grow old, decay, and perish. Ours in India can hardly be called old, but seems destined to be short-lived. We appear to have passed the brilliancy and vigor of our youth, and it may be that we have reached a premature old age. We have ceased to be the wonder that we were to the natives; the charm which once encompassed us has been dissolved, and our subjects have had time to inquire why they have been subdued. The consequences of the inquiry may appear hereafter.

"If these speculations are not devoid of foundation, they are useful in diverting our minds to the contemplation of the real nature of our power, and in preventing a delusive belief of its impregnability. Our greatest danger is not from a Russian invasion, but from the fading of the impression of our invincibility from the minds of the native inhabitants of India. The disaffection which would willingly root us out exists abundantly; the concurrence of circumstances sufficient to call it into general action may at any time happen."

In the same paper, Sir Charles Metcalfe wrote: "We can retain our dominion only by a large military establishment; and, without a considerable force of British troops, the fidelity of our native army could not be relied on." One more passage will suffice. It is doubly important, inasmuch as it contains a remarkable dictum of Sir John Malcolm, which Metcalfe emphatically indorses:

"The prevalent disaffection of our subjects, the uncertainty under which we hold any part of our Indian possessions, without the presence or immediate vicinity of a military force; the utter inability of our civil establishments to stem the torrent of insurrection, their consternation and helplessness when it begins to roar, constitute in reality the greatest of our dangers in India; without which a Russian invasion, or any other invasion, might, I doubt not, be successfully met and repulsed. . . .

"Persons unacquainted with our position in India might throw in our teeth that this disaffection is the consequence of bad government, and many among us, connecting the two ideas together, are reluctant to credit the existence of general disaffection. But this feeling is quite natural without any misgovernment. Instead of being excited by our misrule, it is, I believe, in a great degree, mollified by our good government. It exists because the domination of strangers—in every respects strangers—in country, in color, in dress, in manners, in habits, in religion, must be odious. It is less active than it might be, because it is evident to all that we endeavor to govern well, and that whatever harm our government does proceeds from ignorance or mistake, and not from any willful injustice or oppression.

"Although Lord William Bentinck appears to despise the dangers of either foreign foes or internal insurrection in India, his Lordship admits some things which are quite sufficient to show that danger exists. He admits that we have no hold on the affections of our subjects; that our native army is taken from a disaffected population; that our European soldiery are too few to be of much avail against any extensive plan of insurrection. This is quite enough, and more than I have hitherto alluded to; for it is impossible to contemplate the possibility of disaffection in our army, without seeing at once

the full force of our danger. As long as our native army is faithful, and we can pay enough of it, we can keep India in order by its instrumentality; but if the instrument should turn against us, where would be the British power? Echo answers, Where? It is impossible to support a sufficient army of Europeans to take the place of our native army.

"The late Governor-General appears also to adopt, in some measure, the just remark of Sir John Malcolm, that 'in an empire like that of India we are always in danger, and it is impossible to conjecture the form in which it may approach.' This sentiment expresses the reality of the case in perhaps the truest manner, and I will not longer dwell on this part of the subject."

We wonder now that such utterances as these should have been rare and exceptional, and not at all consonant with the general belief. For, looking at this whole question of Indian government, or endeavoring to look at it, as though we were regarding the great political phenomenon for the first time, the feeling uppermost in the mind is one of wonder, not that a great disaster should befall us at the end of a century, but that the structure we have reared should have lasted half that time, with even a semblance of stability about it. But this marvelous edifice of our Indian empire had become a mere matter of course. Content with its wonderful present, people troubled themselves little about either its past or its future. Practically they seemed to doubt whether it had ever had a beginning; and they felt assured that it could never have an end. It was enough for the multitude, that the Anglo-Indian empire, like *Topsy* in Mrs. Stowe's fiction, had "grewed." The fact is, that we have been too successful. From generation to generation, through one reign after another, we have floated down the stream of prosperity, basking in the summer sunshine, and falling asleep with the rudder in our hand. From this pleasant drowse we have now been awakened by a terrible collision; and have therefore begun to condemn ourselves, or more properly, to condemn one another, for the want of ordinary prudence and caution, which has led us to disregard the rocks and whirlpools lying in our way. And yet nothing is more true than that disaffection may be prevalent without any actual mismanage-

ment on the part of the Indian Government at home or abroad.

That cartridges greased with bullock's fat should be served out to Hindoo Sepoys, appears *prima facie* to constitute a case of mismanagement. But we know so little about the history of these cartridges, that we are not prepared either to fix the extent to which this alleged grievance may have contributed to the great military outburst, or how it happened that any thing so inflammable was placed in the Sepoys' hands. All, indeed, that we know with any certainty is, that there has been a terrible disaster. Whole regiments of Sepoys, in different parts of the Bengal presidency, have broken out into revolt. They have not only raised the standard of rebellion, but have turned against their European officers, and murdered them without a pang of remorse. In many places, the mutineers have struck indiscriminately at white life; massacring, often with a refinement of cruelty impossible to describe, man, woman, and child; burning and pillaging in every direction; sweeping away the civil government like chaff; and openly declaring the rule of the Feringhee usurper at an end. And this storm, it may be said, has burst suddenly on the land. It is true that we heard some months ago distant murmurings, indicating a troubled state of the political atmosphere. We knew that one or two regiments near the capital had exhibited symptoms of disaffection; but it was believed that the feeling was local, that it had been suppressed, and that it would not break out in other places. In this country it had excited no alarm, and scarcely any attention, until, on the morning of the 27th of June—four days after the centenary of the great battle of Plassey, which, in the stereotyped historical phrase, "laid the foundation of our Indian empire"—the pregnant sentences of the telegraph announced as tragic a story as has ever yet been embodied in a few terrible words.

We need not enter into details, which will be found fully and accurately narrated in the excellent summaries of Indian intelligence, the names of which we have placed at the head of this article.* Every

reader in the United Kingdom has made himself more or less familiar with these details; and, as we write, is anxiously awaiting the arrival of further intelligence, upon the nature of which greatly depends whether order will speedily be restored to the disturbed districts, or whether, at the commencement of the cold weather, England will have to commence the reconquest of Northern India. In the meanwhile, people knowing something about the matter, are loudly and angrily accusing and condemning, and people knowing nothing about it are, in accordance with the usual scale of inverse proportion, louder and angrier still.

It is natural that there should be an outcry against some one. Some one ought to have known better; some one ought to have foreseen all this; some one ought to have prevented it. But, after all, it is the great Outis, or No one, who has done all the mischief. Outis has put out the giant's eye, and left him to grope in the darkness. We say it not ironically, but seriously, truthfully, that no one is to blame for the false security in which the nation has long been lapped. It was the necessary result of progressive success. Indeed, we are by no means sure that it has not been also the *cause* of our progressive success. A more cautious and suspicious policy might not have been so successful. We have raised, step by step, during the last century, an army consisting of two hundred thousand natives of India—men of different nations and different castes, all differing from ourselves in color, creed, institutions, language, habits, every thing that can separate one people from another. Over this immense mass of Indian humanity, a handful of English gentlemen has held undisputed sway. The thousands and tens of thousands have obeyed the word of the dominant tens. And not only have these thousands and tens of thousands obeyed the dominant tens, but millions and tens of millions have followed the same straight line of obedience. Hiring troops—foreign mercenaries are to be found everywhere, ready to fight and to kill any one for pay. In India, the English pay has been paid with a regularity wholly unknown under any oriental government. The Sepoys, therefore, have had their reward. And for

* It is difficult to over-estimate the value and the interest of these publications at the present time, when even the copious details in the morning journals fail to satisfy the painful curiosity of the public;

and especially of that large portion of it which is personally connected with India.

this reward, obedience was expected in return. But we have had no such claim, no such hold upon the affections of the people. The legitimate inference, therefore, was, that the soldiery were more likely to be true to us than the people; and that we should always be able to keep the latter in check through the agency of the former. The general proposition has been, that our tenure of India is safe, so long as we can rely upon the fidelity of the native army. Let the bayonets of the Sepoys bristle on our side, and we are safe.

But, was it likely that the bayonets of the Sepoys would always bristle on our side? We confess that it appeared to us very likely that they would. The belief was not at all a preposterous one. There was no discredit in credulity. No mightier lever than self-interest moves the hearts and shapes the actions of men. It is true that Indian armies always mutiny. The Mahratta, the Sikh, the Patan, the Arab soldier, lives in a chronic state of mutiny. But the Mahratta, the Sikh, the Patan, is always in arrears of pay: when the arrears are paid, the mutiny ceases. In these days, on the other hand, the pay of the British Sepoy is never in arrears. It is liberal in amount; regular in disbursement. The soldier has never had, and is never likely to have, so good a master as "John Company." The son follows the example of the father, and enlists into the service of the British Government, well knowing that in youth, in maturity, in old age, he insures a provision for himself; that a certain number of years will see him in regular receipt of pay, and an uncertain number of years in regular receipt of pension. It is manifestly to his interest to uphold a state of things which secures him advantages never to be expected under any other government. There has always been good reason to believe that the natural tendency of the Indian soldier to revolt would be suppressed, in the person of the British Sepoy, by the conviction of the folly of the movement.

From this belief we may except those small local and accidental mutinies, on account of some order, real or supposed, connected with the pay of the Sepoy. These mutinies are little more than strikes for wages, not peculiar to military society. They are limited to the locality of the special grievance—are epidemic, but not contagious. The cause is of an exception-

al character, and the result only "proves the rule." So long as the Sepoy has nothing to complain of on the score of his pay, it has been assumed that we may rely upon his fidelity. And so long as we may rely upon the fidelity of the Sepoy, it has been held that we may feel assured of the security of our Indian empire.

So long, it has been said, "and no longer." But now it appears that this latter proposition is as likely to be falsified as the former. The Sepoy receives his pay and pension with the old regularity—but he is mutinous; and we are now about to demonstrate to the world that we can hold India in spite of him. Sir Charles Napier, seven years ago, wrote of "losing India"—"after a destructive collision between the European regiments and a mutinous native army." The collision we have now actually seen; but we have not lost India, nor are we about to lose it: we are simply about to inaugurate a new system.

Read by the light of recent events, the old system of holding India by the agency of a native army, now appears to be a failure; and, of course, it is declared that the Government of the East India Company are responsible for this failure. The native soldier, who would, it is said, under good management, have stood by us to the last, has risen against his European officers, and turned our cantonments into shambles. Therefore, it is argued, there must have been mismanagement. Only by some culpable folly could such an element of strength be converted into weakness and danger.

And this is, of course, supported by the assertion that the present crisis has been steadily approaching, and that many have seen and have announced its approach. In such a conjuncture, hasty verdicts and rash judgments were to be expected. The time has, perhaps, not yet come, for a calm, dispassionate, judicial consideration of the whole case. Already, in the absence of information, has much been written very vehemently on one side of the question. Little time does it take to acquire the materials of a virulent condemnation. It is quite sufficient that something has gone wrong, for people, with the least possible knowledge of that something, to denounce the Government under whose hands the disaster has arisen, and to cry frantically, "Down with it—*delenda est Carthago*." This shout, as we have said, has gone up already; condemnation

has preceded inquiry. It is probable, however, that ere long there will be a reaction; at all events, there will be an inquiry—a grave, solemn, and deliberate inquiry. In prospect of this we now write. Many difficult political problems will press for solution. We do not, at this early period, declare ourselves competent to solve them. On the contrary, it is with much humility that we offer to our readers some considerations which may, perhaps, enable them, when the time comes, to approach the discussion in a proper judicial spirit.

We have already observed, that the wonder is not that, once in a hundred years, there should be such an outbreak as we now are deploring; but that such a disaster should have occurred only once in a hundred years. "All government," it has been truly said, "is more or less an experiment. In India it is especially an experiment, and it is one on a gigantic scale. We have been compelled to experimentalize on a foreign people not easy to understand—upon a people whose character and institutions are not only extremely dissimilar to our own, but so fenced in with exclusiveness, so bristling with all kinds of discouragements and denials, that it is difficult above all things to acquire that comprehensive knowledge of their feelings and opinions, which can alone enable us to adapt our legislation to their moral and physical requirements." In a word, we desire that it should be always remembered, that it is not easy to govern such a country as India; and that the wonder truly is, that the experiment has been attended by so *few* serious mistakes, not that it has been characterized by so *many*.

Having anticipated this consideration, in the earlier part of our article, we need say nothing more to bespeak general toleration towards the errors of our Indian government. We pass on, therefore, to another and a very important point of inquiry. It is extremely desirable that it should be well considered in this conjuncture, whether the present crisis is not the result of an over-anxiety to govern well, rather than of any culpable negligence and indifference—whether, indeed, we have not done too much rather than too little. Sir John Malcolm, who knew India and her people as well as any man who ever lived, was continually insisting upon the evils of precipitate reform. It

was his opinion that great evil would result from over-governing the country—from attempting to do too much for the amelioration of the people. The government of the East India Company has been perpetually reproached for being so slow in the work of improvement. But we suspect that it will appear, on inquiry, that it has been not too slow, but too rapid. And as the people of England at the present time—men of all classes and all interests—are crying out against the misgovernment out of which our disasters have arisen, it may be not undesirable to consider whether many of the circumstances which have contributed to evolve the present crisis, are not the results of their own incaution and impatience—the growth, indeed, directly or indirectly, of some clamor at home, some urgency for particular reforms. The progress may have been all in the right direction. The Parliament, the Platform, and the Press of Great Britain may all have urged what is right; and the government of the East India Company may have been right in yielding to the pressure; but it does not follow that, because it was right, it was not dangerous.

Indeed, we do not see how this inquiry can be entered into, in a proper spirit, unless we entirely divest our minds of the assumption that whatever may weaken our hold of India, is necessarily culpable. We hold it to be, on the other hand, the first principle of Indian government, that we are to do our best for the country and the people, without a thought of the effect that our measures will have on the duration of our empire in the East. If what we do be right in itself, it can not be made wrong by the fact or the conjecture that it may be injurious to our own interests. Keeping this ever steadily in view, the reader will not misunderstand us. There are things which, if it were clearly shown that they had been the immediate and the sole cause of our recent disasters, we should never wish undone.

It is our duty to enlighten and civilize the people. No fear of consequences should ever deter us from the steadfast prosecution of measures tending to wean the people from the cruel and degrading superstitions to which they have so long been given up, bound hand and foot by a priesthood, whose interest it is to perpetuate ignorance and barbarism. We do

believe that what we have done for the people at large, has given dire offense to the Brahmins. At present, affairs are in a transition state. The Brahmins feel that their influence is declining, and will decline still more, as the effects of European education diffuse themselves more and more over the face of the country. But they have still power to lead the people astray, and especially that class—the soldiery—which is least exposed to counteracting influences. That they have been busily employed in disseminating a belief of the intention of the British Government to interfere, in a far more peremptory and decided manner, with the religion of the people, is a fact which is rarely questioned. They have, doubtless, pointed to repeated measures of interference, of no great import, perhaps when viewed singly, but alarming in their aggregation. The abolition of Suttee—the suppression of female infanticide—the prohibition of the cruel ceremonies attending the Churruck Poojah—the modification of the Hindoo law of inheritance—the promotion of female education—the legalization of the marriage of Hindoo widows—the diminished endowment of religious institutions—and the relaxation of the once stringent rules interdictory of all, even indirect or constructive, encouragement of educational or missionary efforts for the evangelization of the people, are, doubtless, all referred to as indications of the insidious endeavors of the Feringhees to break down the walls of caste. A little thing will fill the cup of suspicion and alarm to the brim. Nothing could answer the purpose better than the greased cartridges, of which we have heard so much. Alone, the cartridges would not have stirred a single company to revolt. But, added to all these foregone manifestations of our disregard of Hindoo superstitions, and coupled, moreover, with vague and mysterious rumors of some more open and undisguised assault to be committed upon Hindooism, under the protection of an overwhelming European force, even a less outrage than this might have made the seething cauldron bubble over in rebellion.

We should be far better pleased if we could bring ourselves to believe that religious alarm were not the main cause of this outbreak among the soldiery of Bengal. But we can not resist the conviction

that the Brahmins have wrought upon the fears and the prejudices of the military classes, by assailing them with stories in which a vast superstructure of falsehood is reared upon a basis of truth. If this "leprous distillment" had not been poured into their ears by the dominant class, they would never have admitted a belief of the intention of the Government to use any other instrument than that of persuasion. We have heard it said that the delusion has been fostered by the indiscreet zeal of some Christian ministers, who have preached God's word in military hospitals and military lines; and that some not connected with the Christian ministry, servants of the Government, in some cases regimental officers, have endeavored, in like manner, to win over the Sepoys to the truth. But the quiet, unobtrusive efforts of individual men were not calculated to alarm the general body of the soldiery. It was the apprehension only of the interference of the State that could have raised such a wide-spread feeling of dismay and resentment. And it demanded the agency of some active emissaries of evil to make the poison do its fatal work. The Brahmins have good reason to hate us. The tendency to all our ameliorative measures in India, is essentially anti-Brahminical. The education of the people is alone sufficient to make them gnash their teeth in despair? The white man has come with his new truths; and the old errors of Hindooism must fall prostrate before them. What wonder, then, that the priestly and privileged class should chafe at our presence, and desire to sweep us from the face of the land?

We do not mean to affirm that the disaffection is limited to the Hindoos. But it appears that the open manifestation of discontent originated with them. The Mohammedans appear to have been easily persuaded that some of the objectionable cartridges were greased with hog's lard. This was probably a mere invention of the enemy. At all events, it appears that none of the cartridges from England had in them any of the grease of the unclean animal. Intelligible as was the objection raised by the Hindoos to tallow made of bullock's fat, it was for some time hoped and believed that the movement was confined to the Hindoos. Later events, however, have shown the fallacy of this hope. The Mussulmans have

their own special grievances. "The resumption measures," says a recent well-informed writer,* "the discontinuance of the use of Persian in the courts—the attempted conversion of the Calcutta Madrasa, an institution founded by Warren Hastings to educate Moolavees, that is, doctors of Mohammedan law, into a common English school—the striking off from that establishment of all officers whose service was religious, and the introduction of such tests and conditions of admission to public employment as have had the effect of excluding Mohammedans entirely from the courts and other public establishments—these and many similar observed results of the new principles adopted by the ruling authorities, are quite enough to account for the alienation of this part of the population. There needed very little perversion of representation to induce the Mohammedan Sepoy to believe, equally with the Hindoo, that the subversion of his religion also was the object and aim of the government he was serving." He had his own faith to defend, and in defense of it, who so violent and outrageous as a Mohammedan?

Assuming this to be the correct view of the case—that the revolt in Bengal has been fostered by our interference with the religious customs and privileges of the people, or with laws and customs supposed to be sanctioned by religion, does it, therefore, follow, that the Government of the East India Company is culpable? If such is the inference, it is only right that it should be remembered that the blame is shared by a large body of the people of England. It was long a reproach to the East India Company, that they were too keenly alive to the dangers of such interference—that they sanctioned and sustained the cruel and idolatrous rites of Hindooism—and were altogether too tolerant of error. It was long declared to be a shame and a disgrace to a Christian government thus to shelve the religion of the Redeemer, and to appear openly as the friends and abettors of an abominable superstition. If, then, there be any blame in this matter, it is clear that there are thousands and tens of thousands of culprits out of Leadenhall street. But we hold that there is really no culpability anywhere. As regards the gov-

ernment, it can not be said that it has not respected the religious faiths of the people of India, because it has suppressed or endeavored to suppress, certain abominations, which were clearly breaches of the law of the land, and which were really not sanctioned by the national religion, although the priesthood, for their own purposes, made it to appear that they were divinely ordained.

We concur entirely in the view of the duty of government towards its native subjects in India, enunciated, some forty years by Sir John Malcolm, in a letter to Dr. Marshman, the eminent missionary of Serampore. "Though most deeply impressed," he wrote, "with the truth of the Christian religion, and satisfied that were that only to be considered in a moral view, it would be found to have diffused more knowledge and happiness than any other faith man ever entertained; yet I do think, that from the construction of our empire in India, referring both to the manner in which it has been attained, and that in which it must (according to my humble judgement) be preserved, that the English government in India should never, directly or indirectly, interfere in propagating the Christian religion. The pious missionary must be left unsupported by government or any of its officers, to pursue his labors; and I will add, that I should not only deem a contrary conduct a breach of faith to those nations whom we have conquered, more by our solemn pledges, given in words and acts, to respect their prejudices and maintain their religion, than by arms, but likely to fail in the object it sought to accomplish, and to expose us eventually to more serious dangers than we have ever yet known."

With such information as we have before us, it does not appear that the government of India has transgressed the principles enunciated in the above passage. If there be one act more than another which may be construed into an indirect support of proselytizing efforts, it is in the admission of missionary schools and colleges to the privilege of receiving, in common with other scholastic institutions, the benefits of grants in aid from the public purse. This measure was greatly approved at the time, as was the whole scheme of education, launched while Sir Charles Wood was President of the Indian Board, doubtless in obedience to popular outcry.

* "The Mutiny in Bengal: Its Causes and Consequences."—*Allen's Indian Mail*.

But the propagation of the Christian religion is one thing, the extension of secular education is another. The latter, however, which is unquestionably the duty of government, is as fatal to Brahminism as the former. In this, and in another more enlarged sense, the education of the people is dangerous. The "danger" is the loss of India. But we have never closed our eyes to the possibility of this result—and we believe that we have never been deterred from doing what is right by any fear of hastening the downfall of our empire.

Still, it may be said, that the proximate cause of the outbreak in Bengal, is to be found in certain lies disseminated, with a malicious object, among the native soldiery; and that if the authorities in India and England had been duly acquainted with the state of feeling in the army, they might have anticipated and counteracted the evil influences of those who have exerted themselves, with too much success, to fan the latent fires of disaffection into a blaze. There are, indeed, two distinct branches of inquiry—the one, why the disaffection arose; the other, why, having arisen, it was not allayed by the European officers before it broke out into acts of violence. If proper relations had been maintained between the Sepoy and his English officer, there would never have existed this dangerous delusion, "that they should believe a lie." The Sepoy is very credulous. There is, indeed, a child-like simplicity in the readiness with which he believes and ponders over the most absurd story. But he has far greater faith in the word of the white man than in that of his own people. A few words of explanation from an officer esteemed by the men under his command, will speedily remove a dangerous error rankling in the Sepoy's mind, and send him back to his lines a contented man and a good soldier. Fortified by the assurances of his captain, he will be proof against the designing falsehood of the emissary of evil. No one, knowing how easily the Sepoy is alarmed, will doubt for a moment the effect which the greased cartridges may have had upon his mind, especially when interpreted to him by one bent upon mischief. But no one knowing how docile and tractable he is, when properly managed by his European commander, will have any more doubt that this alarm might have been easily dissipated by a few words of timely explanation.

Then, why were these words of timely explanation not spoken? We desire not to be understood as making any sweeping assertions. We do not say that in *no* case has a statement been made on the subject of the cartridges, tending to allay the alarm and irritation in the Sepoy's mind. It may have been made in time; it may have been made too late; or it may not have been made at all. We will assume the worst, although we have no information to lead us to a belief in any thing better. But it is impossible to resist the conviction that, in the greater number of cases, the explanation was *not* offered; and that regiments have broken out into rebellion, because there have not been intimate relations between the Bengal Sepoy and the British officer.

And why? Simply for this reason: that it has been the inevitable tendency of the social, the administrative, and the material progress of the nineteenth century, to weaken the bonds between the Hindostanee soldier and the European officer. Little by little, the English in India have been more and more un-Hindooized by the growing civilization of the West. In the old time, he conformed himself, more or less, to the habits of the people. If he did nothing else, he conformed himself, with wonderful alacrity, to their vices. He might not adopt their religion, but he very soon forsook his own. There were few Christian churches; there were few Christian ministers; there were few Christian women. He, therefore, soon ceased to worship, and he found his female companions among the women of the country. He lived in the Zenana. He participated in the ceremonial festivities of the people. He was all things to all men—now a Hindoo, and now a Musulman. He was a Sepoy officer; and content to be a Sepoy officer. His regiment was his home. The native officers were his brethren; the soldiers were his children. He spoke their language—though, in all probability, he could not read a single word. Reading, indeed, was not part of his vocation. He, therefore, talked all the more. He was glad to converse with his native officers. The soobahdar or jemadar of his company was ever welcome to his bungalow. He had always a kind word to say to them; he seldom failed to ask what was going on in the lines: and what was the bazaar *gup*, or gossip. It is the pleasure of the native

officer to be communicative. He is never slow to talk if he is encouraged. He will not hoard up his grievances if he can find a sympathizing listener; he will not hatch sedition in secret if he is encouraged to make a confidant of one who has any power to redress them. So, when he visited his officer in the olden time, when Englishmen were content to be mere soldiers in India, he freely disclosed to him all that was done and was talked of in the lines. If sinister rumors were afloat, they were communicated to the officer, who investigated their origin, and explained the circumstances in which they originated. The native soldier then carried back to his comrades words of comfort and assurance. The lie was strangled; the delusion vanished; the panic subsided; and men went to parade with cheerful faces as before.

That this is not the case now, or, if ever the case, is the exception, and not the rule, is generally admitted. The Englishman in India has become more English—the officer has become less a soldier. We no longer leave our country, with its religion, its manners, its literature, its domesticities behind us, when we set our faces towards Calcutta or Bombay. We carry with us to the East our civilization, our propriety, our old ideas and associations, and, as far as possible, our old way of life. We do not cast off the mother country, but still turn fondly towards it; and as increased facilities for communication multiply around us, we hanker more and more after home. The English drawing-room has supplanted the native Zenana. Instead of the dusky paramour, the pale-faced English wife has become the companion of the officer's solitude, and the mother of his children. A wide severance between the conquered and the conquering races is the result of this social change. Some may lament it—some may say that we have become too English, and that a greater assimilation to the manners and customs of the people, and a more thorough appreciation of their tone of thought, and a more enlarged sympathy with their feelings, are absolutely necessary to insure our permanent occupation of the country. But this is simply impossible. The change of which we speak is the inevitable result of the civilization of the nineteenth century. We can not Hindooize ourselves again, any more than the butterfly can return to the

status ante of the grub. We can not demolish our Christian churches, or burn our English books, or place a five months' voyage between India and Great Britain. When we consider the atrocities which have been inflicted during the last few months upon delicate women and innocent children, it is not unreasonable to surmise that there may be less willingness than heretofore to transplant English ladies to so perilous a land; but even if this, as we greatly doubt, were to be the permanent result of our recent disasters, there are other influences (not the least of these being the progress of public opinion with respect to religion and morality) which would prevent our again assuming the old loose garments which once we wore in true Hindostanee fashion. We have divested ourselves of them forever.

But is it only by ceasing to be Englishmen—by ceasing to be Christians, that we can win the confidence and affection of the natives? We believe that there are other and better ways,* but scarcely as the present military system of the country is maintained. The men whose names are borne on the lists, as officers of our Sepoy regiments, are far better specimens of English gentlemen than their fathers and grandfathers in the days of Wellesley and Cornwallis. But modern improvement has here again been fatal to the native army. It is now of administrative progress that we are speaking. There has been long an outcry against the old exclusive civil service and the regulation system. All our more recent acquisitions of territory, as the Punjab, Pegu, Nagpore, and Oude, have been administered since their annexation, under the "non-regulation system," by a mixed commission, composed of civil and military offi-

* It is very possible not to be too English, and yet at the same time, not to be too Oriental. The biographer of Sir John Malcolm says of him: "The great secret of Malcolm's success was, that he was neither too native nor too European. He understood the native character, and he could sympathize with the feelings of the natives, but he never fell into native habits. . . . It was by preserving the high tone and the pure life of the English gentleman, and yet carrying to his work no European prejudices, no cut-and-dried maxims of European policy, to be applied, however inapplicable, to all cases of native government, that Malcolm achieved an amount of success, and acquired a reputation among the people of Central India, such as no man, before or since, ever earned for himself in any part of the world."

cers—the latter generally predominating in respect of numbers. These military administrators are commonly the picked men of the service. They are not the sons and nephews of directors, or young men of good connections at home, strongly recommended to the Governor-General, but men of proved capacity and undoubted vigor, acquainted with the native languages, with the country, and with the people, and full of activity of the best kind. These are the men who are most wanted with their regiments, but they are not suffered to remain soldiers. The temptation to accept any extra-regimental employment is great. There is better pay, more credit, a better prospect of gaining future distinction, and rising to eminence in the service. The allurements, therefore, is not resisted; and regiments, already denuded of their best officers to supply the ordinary requirement of the staff, are still further stripped, and all the remaining men of any mark and likelihood carried off to administer new provinces, or to take the place in other detached situations of those who have been selected for the government of our new acquisitions. Thus the civil administration is strengthened, but the strength of the army is sacrificed to it. Every body admits that the experiment has been in itself amply successful—so successful, that, whatever new provinces may be added to our Indian empire, the old system of pure civilianism will never be resorted to again. It was the growth, too, of the very best intentions—of a laudable desire to govern in the most effectual and least expensive manner. They who had accused the East India Company of a desire to maintain their privileged civil service at the highest possible numerical strength, and of being jealous in the extreme of all interference with the exclusive rights of the dominant few, now saw this aristocracy of caste broken down; and were compelled to admit the sacrifice and to laud the disinterestedness of the reform.

Almost contemporaneously with the extension of the "non-regulation system," was the extension of public works in India. This, also, was a laudable movement. It is not to be doubted that it was promoted, in no small degree, by a pressure from this country. The East India Company had never been unmindful of the importance of great material works, remunerative and reproductive; but the pace at

which they had proceeded had been too slow for home-bred politicians, and there was a clamor for greater speed. Large sums of money were devoted to roads, to canals, and other great works of public utility. The department of public works became an important department of the State. Great numbers of officers were required to give effect to our measures. Young military men took to the study of engineering, and came to England to work upon the railways. Any one with a little knowledge of practical science felt himself secure of obtaining an appointment in the public works department; so here was another mode of escape from that penal settlement—the military cantonment. It was, doubtless, a movement in the right direction; but, excellent as it was in itself, it struck another blow at the efficiency of our native army. More active enterprising young soldiers were carried away for detached employment, and the residue became scantier, more dissatisfied, and more inefficient, until the attachment and confidence of the Sepoy towards his British officers became little more than things of the past; and this, perhaps, less because the number of officers left with a regiment was so small, than because the quality was so indifferent. We have no doubt that a few good officers are better than many bad ones. We have some tangible proof of this in the Company's Irregular regiments, which have mostly only three European officers, a commandant, a second in command, and an adjutant, and yet are always in an admirable state of efficiency. These officers are picked officers; their appointments are staff appointments, hungered after like all others. A man in command of an Irregular corps is satisfied with it; the officers beneath him aspire to nothing better than the command, in due course, of the regiment to which they have long been attached. The regiment is their home, the soldiers are their comrades. They are proud of their connection with the corps, and are eager to exalt it; whilst the officer with the Regular regiment sits loosely to his duty, and is continually longing to escape. It is of less importance that we should secure the services of good than of many officers with the Sepoy regiments. But it is impossible that any man should be a good regimental officer who looks upon himself merely as a bird of passage with his regiment—dislikes, and,

perhaps, despises his duties, and is expending all his energies in efforts to get himself transferred to the staff.

The "Staff," indeed, has, for some years past, been gradually swallowing up the commissioned ranks of the Indian army. The intention of employing military officers in civil offices was, we repeat, an excellent one, and, so far as regards the administration of the country, it has been eminently successful. But it has destroyed the military feeling and the military capacity of hundreds, who might have become first-rate soldiers. We suspect that the number of officers who, if suddenly recalled to their regiments, would be quite incapable of putting a company through their ordinary marching drill, or through the manual and platoon exercise, is something really astounding. Even commanding officers, after a long series of years on the staff, have been known to enter again upon regimental duty, as ignorant of military details as a cadet fresh from Harrow or Winchester. And we are afraid that there are not many who, after having discharged large civil and administrative functions, and been invested with weighty responsibilities, do not look upon regimental duty with something like contempt, especially under a system, the unhappy tendency of which is to transfer all real power from the regimental authorities to army head-quarters, and to make the colonel of a regiment, who ought to be a very king over his own people, a mere degraded cipher—the shadow of a name. The tendency, indeed, of our entire system has been to degrade regimental duty, in all its degrees, to the utmost possible extent, until the zeal and the pride of the soldier are almost wholly extinct.

Much more might be said upon this subject, but for the exigencies of time and space, which forbid us to enlarge, as we desire, upon the evils of excessive centralization in all the branches of the State. But enough, we think, has been advanced to indicate—firstly, what have been the predisposing causes of the disaffection of the native army of India; and, secondly, what has prevented that disaffection from being allayed before it had become dangerous—in a word, the active and the passive causes of the recent disastrous outbreak. In both cases, an undue zeal for precipitate reform has been at the bottom of the mischief. The wheels of

progress would have rolled on surely and safely, without creating alarm or rousing national prejudices into violent action, and great moral and material improvements would have struck root in the soil, when the country was ready for them. But the pressure from without has given to these wheels of progress a forced and unnatural rapidity of rotation, and we have been roused to a sense of our danger by seeing the State machine rushing down the hill to destruction, beyond the power of human agency to control its headlong course. The Government of the East India Company has often been called a "drag." It was a drag that was much needed. But Parliament, the platform, and the press, scouted the dicta that India was not yet ripe for this or that measure, and that to reform effectually we must reform slowly, as the antiquated conservatism of the effete oligarchy of Leadenhall street. The wisdom of the *festina lente* doctrine was ignored. The prudence, which shook its head and whispered caution, was derided. There was not wanting, perhaps, some just ground of complaint, that the Government of the Company moved slowly—that it carried the *quieta non movere* principle a little too far—and that it needed some external stimulus to keep it from falling in the rear of the general progress of the age. But it was very possible to fall into an opposite extreme; and, by attempting to sow broadcast reform and improvement over the land, before the soil was ready to receive them, to do more to retard the desired progress than by advancing, with painful effort, as though the *tarda podagra* were in every limb.

We have said, and we can not too emphatically repeat, that we are not to cease from doing good, because there may be temporal danger in the enlightenment of the people. But the highest wisdom has taught us prudence, and counseled us against pouring new wine into old bottles. They who have the most genuine—the most heart-felt desire to root out error from the land, ought to be the most eager to inculcate caution, lest all their efforts be defeated by bringing on a collision, and precipitating a crisis, which must prove fatal to the accomplishment of all their most cherished hopes. This is no mere speculation. The events which have recently occurred—which are now occurring—must necessarily check the course

of progress of every kind. The saddest thing of all in connection with the great outbreak of 1857, is the heavy blow and great discouragement given to the cause of national enlightenment. It will be long now before we cease to be timid and suspicious. The good work of half a century, indeed, has been undone in a few weeks.

We believe that our hold of India is as firm as it has ever been. There may be outbreaks not yet reported; there may be more bloodshed, more terror; and there will be horrible retribution. But the English will be masters of the field, and remain rulers of India. The immediate remedy for the great disease is an over-awing European force. Upon this point there are not two opinions. Brute force, however, is but a sorry cure for such an evil, and can hardly be a permanent one. India may be conquered again and again by European troops. But to conquer the country is one thing; to hold it is another. There are able men—powerful writers—who recommend that we should break up the Bengal army, and disarm the whole of India. It might be done, but it is not worth doing. Such an empire as we should then have, would not be a credit to us, and could not possibly be a profit. It could not last long, and would be a sorry spectacle whilst it lasted. Even if it did not come to a sudden and violent end, such an experiment must necessarily break down for want of money to maintain it. We must look for the remedy in some other quarter than a continued exhibition of brute force.

We can not carry on a war of extermination against a hundred and fifty millions of people—many of them brave and warlike, skilled in the use of arms—and if we could, what use to us would be a country which we can not colonize? If we can not reestablish our moral influence in India, and again place our confidence in a Sepoy army, we had better abandon altogether the experiment of Indian government. When we speak of confidence, we do not mean blind confidence. We can no longer regard the fidelity of the native army as a matter of course—we can no longer go to sleep with our doors and windows open, whilst two hundred thou-

sand of foreign bayonets are bristling around us. Doubtless there is much to be done; there is need of consummate wisdom and sagacity to turn what may at any time become a source of immediate danger into an element of continued safety. It is not so much that the Sepoy is not to be trusted, as that we have proved ourselves not worthy to be trusted with the use of so perilous an instrument. If a gun goes off unexpectedly in our hands, it is not the fault of the gun, but our own fault for improperly handling it. We believe that the Sepoy army may yet be all that it has once been to us, and much more. But we must look upon the management of these immense bodies of foreign troops as a science, and not leave things to take their course, as though the very name of a British officer were sufficient to keep these gigantic legions in control.

Every body agrees that the first thing to be done is to put down the rebellion. This can only be done by force. Having done this, we have to punish the guilty, and we have to reward the faithful. Reward must go side by side with punishment, or we shall only do half our work. Then we have to re-model our system, and to reorganize our establishments. To accomplish this successfully, we must have full information—we must look the matter boldly and honestly in the face; we must cast aside all prejudices, all foregone conclusions, cling to no ancient errors, and care for no vested rights. We shall find in our system and practice of government, when we come calmly to examine it, much that is good, much that is evil—but much more which, good in itself, has become evil by its excess, and has hurt where we meant to heal. So terrible a lesson can not be thrown away upon the nation. In spite of the present darkness, it is yet permitted to us to hope that we shall yet derive strength from our present weakness; and that, when at last we lay down the reins of empire in the East, we shall do so of our own free will, not as the beaten enemies, but as the triumphant friends of the people, leaving them to the self-government for which we have fitted them by the precept and the example of a second century of beneficent rule.

BARON MACAULAY, THE HISTORIAN.

THE outlawry of genius, it is said, is for once about to be waived, and Mr. Macaulay is to be made a Peer. We give Lord Palmerston the full credit he is entitled to for this politic and just violation of the odious rule that has heretofore excluded every man of intellectual rank from the Upper House of Parliament, unless he happened to be a successful lawyer, priest, or soldier. All the arguments that were made use of by us and by all other sincere friends of popular right in support of Life-Peerages apply to cases like that of the brilliant essayist whom we have just named. As a lawyer, Mr. Macaulay never affected to practice. As a legislator he has never attempted any thing. As an administrator at home or in India, his warmest admirers do not pretend that he ever manifested any peculiar fitness or faculty. Not upon his success in any of the routine walks of eminence will his future reputation rest; not upon any of these grounds, therefore, can his title to nobility be based. Thomas Babington Macaulay is a man of letters—perhaps the most distinguished man of letters of his country and his time—and a celebrity. Nothing else. Ornamental he has always been to his party when in Parliament; but it has never been his good fortune to render them any particular service that we are aware of in debate. His exertions on Reform in 1831 and 1832 were loudly cheered and generally admired; but in power of grappling with formidable opponents by ready reference to facts or nervous strength of argument, he was never for a moment comparable to Grey or Brougham, Stanley or O'Connell. His speeches were the gilded pinnacles of the edifice, not the massive columns which upheld it; without these it must have quickly perished; without the glittering adjuncts it had been to all practical intents and purposes the same. When in the following year the illustrious pamphlet-speaker undertook to instruct Parliament what it ought to do with India, the House of Commons sense quietly went to dinner, and left him to pour forth his gorgeous unoriginalities to empty benches.

It was always ready to applaud him when it had leisure to listen; but it instinctively thought that there were many things on which it was more important for Mr. Macaulay to make a speech than for it to listen. Of the five years spent by him as a member of the Legislative Council in India, the less that is said the better. The Macaulay Code remains, and will ever now remain, an unattractive fragment in the museum of British blunders in Hindostan. On his return to England Mr. Macaulay was invited to reënter Parliament by one of our great constituencies. It ought not to be forgotten that he thought fit to signalize the occasion by a manly and uncompromising declaration in favor of the Ballot. It was the one act of his political life in which he preferred the sympathy of the class from which he was sprung to that of the sycophants who habitually crowd the ante-rooms of Whig Ministers.

As Secretary at War his name was seldom mentioned, and the fact of his having been for a time in the Cabinet is almost wholly forgotten. Were he nothing more than a second-rate Whig politician, few would deny that he has been adequately rewarded, and that others have as great or greater claims than he to titular distinction. But Macaulay's claim to rank with the highest and the noblest in the land rests upon wholly different grounds. For more than thirty years he has contributed conspicuously to sustain the glory of English literature in some of its best and most important departments. His style as a speaker has never been equal to that by which he is familiarly known as a writer. It is with his pen rather than with his tongue that he is truly eloquent. We do not speak of his History now in progress; for we think, with all its merits, and they are great and manifold, that it is less perfect in its way than his contributions, biographical and critical, to periodical literature. From many of his opinions expressed in his essays we entirely dissent, but of their general tenor and tendency every enlightened thinker must approve; and

though to our taste less of mannerism and verbal magnificence were desirable, it is impossible for any man who has himself ever written successfully, or who has ever devoted thought or study to original composition in the English tongue, to question the splendid ability, versatile power, and marvelous range of illustration, which Mr. Macaulay has shown himself to possess. As a man of the pen, and for the services he has rendered to his party, his country, and mankind, by his industrious use of his rare power of writing, he has long been known and valued. Letters-patent of ennoblement are but the tardy recognition in official form of that which the community at large had long since decreed. It was a stupid and senseless injustice that such a man should of late years have been excluded from Parliament. From the time that he found the performance of representative duties incompatible with the labor required for the completion of his great historical work, he acted, we think, wisely and well in relinquishing his place in the Commons. His proper place was thenceforth in the Lords; where, with less fatigue and less sacrifice of health and time, a man of learning, eloquence, and spirit may frequently render good service to the state.—*Daily News*, August 31.

In some respects, although the new creation of Peerages does not now look so comprehensive as it did in the first announcement, it does show that Lord Palmerston is not bound in the iron bands of precedent. It is true that the creation of Baron Macaulay has been prepared by many antecedents, which prevent its coming upon the public by surprise, and which smooth its way as a measure of change. Mr. Macaulay has been in office; he has made his way to distinction by gradual advances; he has identified himself, if not intellectually, at least socially and by the habits of life, with the upper classes—with those classes that people the House of Lords and the leading benches of the House of Commons—that hang about Piccadilly and Belgravia, and attend divine service in fashionable churches. He has for some time worn one of the highest stamps of social rank in the "right honorable" augmentative of a Privy Councillor. But heretofore the only modes of entering the House of Lords

have been—by acquiring such wealth and social "position" as to make a man almost a Lord before his admission to the House; by rising to the wool-sack, or some other great dignity, in the ladder of the Law; by performing the same tedious feat in the ladder of the Church, and ascending to a bishopric; by defeating the enemies of the country in combat as a soldier; or, lastly, by assisting the enemies of the country in corrupt party conflicts. Hitherto there have been built but these five portals to the House of Lords; but now Lord Palmerston, with a grand superiority to precedent, has applied the force of his will to the wall of the House, and has cut out a sixth portal, through which Baron Macaulay is the first to enter as an ennobled writer.—*London Spectator*, September 5.

WE are justified in regarding it as bestowed upon Mr. Macaulay as a writer, by the manifest opinion of the public and the press. Macaulay has been a Minister and Member of Parliament as well as a littérateur; he has been from early years as a student, and from a part of his official life, familiarized with Indian affairs; and in India he at one time made some figure as a legist, by force of "the Macaulay Code." But, as in the case of Disraeli, who is by nature a littérateur, by manufacture a statesman, Macaulay has left no accomplished facts to attest his skill in any official or legislative capacity; and, unlike Disraeli, he has never acquired any power as a master of debate. He rests, therefore, on his literary fame alone. And even within the province of literature, it is less any original creation, which he can display in the form of poetry, any originality of view as an historical philosopher, or even any force of elucidation as a plain historian of events, than an extraordinary power in giving to known events the interest of a connected and brilliant narrative. His earliest contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* stamped the genius of the man, and indicated future power. His historical monographs, his political biographies, brought groups of events before the reader with the clearness and force of pictures, made the working of political action intelligible, and by the way "insinuated the plot into the boxes" favorably for the interests of his party. His lucid and graphic illustration imparts

to received opinions a force which looks like novelty, and most especially charms those who share the same opinions already, and rejoice in the opportunity of borrowing new language to propagate them withal. It is by these achievements as a literary man that Macaulay has won the distinction which constitutes his recognized title to the Peerage.

Perhaps, however, the effect of this consideration has been somewhat exaggerated in the critical remarks on his promotion to a seat in the House of Lords. The views to which he has given effect when he has had administrative opportunity, as in the case of the Indian Code, have not been ultimately accepted as possessing practical value; and he has not in his spoken compositions, any more than in his history or critical essays, thrown original light upon political questions: but he has thrown great eloquence into what we may call grand memoranda of our national duties, our historical purpose, our political creed, and long-sustained moral principles of public life. No man has more directly and vigorously maintained in the political arena the influence of high principle; and if Macaulay will not in the Indian discussions, or other grand debates, be likely to propose any definite course, or to strike out any unanticipated view—if at times he may develop views which are not applicable to the circumstances—we may remember that it is on such great occasions most useful to be reminded of loftier considerations—ay, even at a time when, for special purposes, we may be disposed temporarily to set them aside.—*Ibid.*

It is the cruel intention of Lord Palmerston's Government to heap coals of fire on the heads of Sirs Edward Lytton and Archibald Alison—fain to put up with baronetcies—by the elevation of our greatest modern historian and essayist to the peerage by the title of Baron Macaulay. The announcement has been received variously by members of the literary profession. Many writers accept the admission of a brother scribe to the rank of an hereditary legislator as the highest conceivable compliment to their order. Others, on the contrary, take the matter in high dudgeon, and maintain that Mr. Macaulay is to be made a baron, not in consequence,

but in spite, of his literary attainments—that it is the statesman simply, and not the author that has been rewarded, and that the literary world need not consider it in the slightest degree honored in the transaction. There is great truth in the latter view of the case, which, nevertheless, should not be subject for the slightest regret. Mr. Macaulay's promotion to the peerage—one of the most creditable acts of Lord Palmerston's ministerial career—has nothing whatever to do with the right honorable gentleman's literary merits. It is a question apart. It is not because he has written history that Mr. Macaulay desires a peerage so much, as because he knows it.

He is a Liberal statesman, of high and long standing—better versed in the history of our Constitution than most men of his age; he is an eloquent speaker and skillful debater; moreover, at the present juncture, he possesses the special qualification of being one of the highest living authorities on subjects connected with our Indian empire. The presence of such a man in the House of Lords, where the average of such knowledge does not happen just now to be of the highest, (*testis* Lord Granville on Cawnpore,) will be most valuable.

The fact that Mr. Macaulay has written brilliant essays and stirring ballads, will not militate against him in the House of Lords. Peers are as proud to claim brotherhood with a clever man as any other body. But if these had been Mr. Macaulay's only achievements, he would not have been entitled to a seat in the peerage. We wish authors would leave off their peevish cry for participation in the titles and dignities of the land. It seems as though they were not so proud of their order as they profess to be, since they are so discontented with its intrinsic honors.—*London Atlas*, Sept. 5.

Of his unblemished honor, his practical self-respect, his manliness and his patriotism, there are not two opinions possible. The congratulations his elevation provokes from all parties, show how much he gains by the increasing kindliness which his conduct and his productions have exhibited of late years. It may be profitable to contrast him with a man very greatly his inferior, but still of very considerable power,

and one who happened to be several times matched against Mr. Macaulay in political and literary strife. John Wilson Croker died the other day, having cultivated his asperities to the last. The only newspaper of his party which shows the least talent, instantly felt it its duty to follow where Mr. Disraeli's hinder leg had been, and heaped insult after insult on the dead politician's memory. The pithiest remark we have heard about him is one somewhat tinged with profanity—"How he *will* dispute with the recording angel about the dates of his sins?" We quote it for the sake of comparing it with the universal exclamation called forth by Mr. Macaulay's new dignity: "At last there is some body in public life who can speak worthily about India!"—*Saturday Review*, Sept. 5.

MR. MACAULAY had already been admitted into "the best society," and people have become so accustomed to regard him as belonging to that upper hemisphere, that they will almost have forgot-

ten any thing peculiar in his being made a Peer, excepting that he is known not to be rich. Mr. Macaulay is an independent man, but exceedingly *safe*; a Whig and something more—in the *official* direction. Although he has not been famous among the rulers of his fellow-countrymen, the fame of his writings has made the man famous. Without any thing to show for it, he has acquired a considerable name in connection with India; much more on account of what he has said than what he has done. He will be considered, on account of that repute, to bring some additional wisdom to the House of Lords in reference to the debates on India. As a constitutional historian he will confer dignity on the discussions of the Reform Bill. As he is a thorough gentleman, in bearing, in principle, and in feeling, as deeply respected and esteemed by the immense circle with which he has personal acquaintance, the Minister who has advised his selection for the honors of the Crown gains unbounded and not unjust credit for this graceful *coup d'état*.—*London Leader*, Sept. 5.

From the British Quarterly Review.

AGES OF CHRISTENDOM BEFORE THE REFORMATION.*

SOME of us who are old enough to remember the authorities on church history most accessible forty years since, may well look with something like envy on the privileged students of this later time. *Mosheim* and *Milner* were then the standard books among us. The bulk of those who read church history read it there. *Mosheim* had learning enough, and breadth enough, but there was no heart; it was light without heat. The long march of his six volumes was like passing through so many provinces of Siberia. In *Milner* there was warmth, but the objects which

it seemed to vivify resembled the monotonous, ever-recurrent images which come upon you in a feverish dream. It was not so much traveling through ages, as going round in an everlasting circle. The work consisted of brief biographies and select meditations for the pious; very good in their way, but taking in so little variety of topic, and so small a compass of thought, that we wonder nowadays how any man could have presumed to call the work a history. Nevertheless, this so-called history passed through we know not how many editions. *Mosheim* still lives, and has his uses; but we know not what has become of *Milner*. We have not crossed his path for many a day. But since the time of which we speak, another

* *Ages of Christendom before the Reformation*. By JOHN STOUGHTON. 8vo. London: Jackson and Walford. 1857.

Milner—who is indeed another—has entered on this field. Much light has been thrown upon it by such men as Burton, and Hallam, and Guizot, and Stephen; while Germany has given us her Neanders and Gieslers, her Schaffs and Baumgartens, her Hases and Guerickses, her Rankes, and a host beside. The difficulty now is more from the plenty than from the paucity of material.

But there is a large class of persons for whom the authors above named do not provide the thing that is needed. Many such writers seem to forget that the history of the Church ought to embrace something more than a history of ecclesiasticism, or a history of theology—that it should, in fact, be a history of religion. While it is needful in many quarters that church history should be treated thus comprehensively, it is no less necessary that its authors should know how to compress their material, and how to present such an analysis of events as may seem to bring out the great ideas which have become developed, each in its turn, in the course of ages. Neander, Guizot, Stephen, all have done something in this way. But no one has attempted to depict the successive acts in the great ecclesiastical drama as the author before us has done. Of course, to achieve such an object, giving us, as the case requires, effects in relation to their causes, the Church in her relation to the world, in the compass of a moderate volume, has been a work of much difficulty—many will pronounce it an impossibility. But we must congratulate the author on the measure of success which has attended the prosecution of his purpose. The volume before us combines the compendiousness of a hand-book, with the elaboration of a philosophical treatise, and with such an appeal to authorities as we expect in a first-class history. So much have we been gratified in reading this production, that we shall place before our readers such portions of it as may, we think, dispose them to procure the volume, and to read and study it for themselves.

The first two lectures, embracing the interval A.D. 30-100, have a twofold purpose—to show what Christianity was as a system when first published; and what it became as a realization, in the form of the first churches, and in the character of the first Christians. The first lecture describes the gradual manner in which the first

preachers of the Gospel became alive to the greatness of the sphere for which it was destined, embracing the world, alike the Jew and the Gentile. It is then shown that in a manner equally gradual, the Mosaic observances were made to give place to the simplicity and novelty of the Christian ritual. In this there was much evidence of the Divine condescension and wisdom. Mr. Stoughton next glances at the apostolic epistles in their chronological order, and endeavors so to look at their contents, as to trace the progressive light which is supposed to have been vouchsafed to the apostles themselves concerning the great religious doctrines which they were to teach. Our author moves cautiously here, and well he may, for the ground is tender, and there is room, we think, for some exception to what he has written, though sound in the main. The following passage shows very clearly and justly how the formative process went on in the early Church:

“The word used to describe the early Christian believers in their religiously social capacity is *Ecclesia*: and as it will be found of advantage to use that term rather than any translation of it, and as it has become so far Anglicized as to form the word *ecclesiastical*, we shall not be regarded as pedantic in here retaining an original Greek term until we have arrived at its full technical meaning. The first Christian *Ecclesia* was gathered on the day of Pentecost. The word literally signifies ‘called from,’ or ‘out of.’ The persons who on that day gladly received the word, and were baptized, came out of their former state, and from amidst the ungodly and unbelieving, to serve Christ as their Lord and Master. It was not meant by Him who called them that they should cast off their human sympathies—that they should cease to be men; but only that they should cultivate in addition a new order of sympathies, and so become more than common men. In the *Ecclesia* they found a spiritual family bound by ties not of nature’s weaving. They were of one heart and one mind, filled with a love to God and to one another, such as they had never been conscious of before. Their simplicity was great, their intelligence limited; but strong was their faith in Jesus Christ as the true Messiah. They met together daily in the Temple, they broke bread (at home) ‘from house to house.’ They were sometimes all together—they were sometimes broken up into smaller companies. ‘They continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship in breaking of bread and in prayers.’ All this was done by apostolic sanction; but here—to say the least—it would be premature for any man, be he Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Independent, to bring out his peculiar notion of a

Church, and to affix it to the word *Ecclesia* in the second chapter of Acts. Whatever the *Ecclesia* afterwards became, it was certainly in a very unformed condition at first. The word indicated simply a gathering of earnest souls under the power of a new faith. Such a gathering would have in it more of the spirit of a family than the arrangements of a society. This is the first stage of its history. Some weeks or months afterwards, when Ananias and Sapphira deceived their brethren, Divine Providence, through a solemn act of Peter, made an example of them. Then, when murmurings arose about the distribution of relief to needy disciples, the apostles directed the *Ecclesia* to look out seven honest men to superintend such business. Both discipline and a division of labor now appear in the *Ecclesia*. Distinct officers are appointed to administer the temporalities. This is the second stage of the history. Other *Ecclesia* besides that at Jerusalem are mentioned in the 9th of Acts in reference to a later period, (about A.D. 36.) In the eleventh chapter, not till nine years afterwards, we read of *elders* for the first time. They belonged to Jerusalem. Next we are told that Paul and Barnabas visited Derbe, Lystra, and Iconium, ordaining *elders* in every *Ecclesia*. This is the third stage of the history. Allusion is made to an *Ecclesia* in the house of Aquila, when at Ephesus, and again at Rome, (his premises as a tent-maker being probably spacious and convenient for worship.) There is notice also of an *Ecclesia* in the house of Philemon, at Colosse, and afterwards of an *Ecclesia* in the house of Nymphas, in the same city; but whether the word in these passages is to be taken in a generic or specific, in a common or technical sense, admits of a question. This is the fourth stage of the history."—Pp. 29-31.

The following passage on this subject is also instructive:

"The divine idea of a Christian Church can be obtained only from a study of the whole history of what may be called the genesis of its organization. As in doctrine so in polity, the unfolding of the plan was gradual in connection with circumstances. No picture of the object appears to have been presented to the minds of believers, or even of the apostles, but rather what was developed kept growing up under their hands just as from time to time they were guided in its culture by heavenly wisdom. And all the information afforded amounts to no more than the general outline that a church, in the technical sense of the term, signifies a select community, whose bond of union is faith in Christ, and mutual love—whose limits are confined within narrow local boundaries—whose officers are of two kinds, pastoral and diaconal—whose discipline is in harmony with its spiritual character—and whose constitution is complete in itself. A great deal which some would desire is wholly withheld. No rubric, no lit-

urgy, no canon law is supplied. Much is left to sanctified experience, observation, and reason to determine, in accordance with the grand guiding points set down, so as to adapt ecclesiastical arrangements to existing states of human society and civilization. He has not seen in the Bible all the wisdom which it shows, who has not pondered well what God leaves out, as well as what God puts in.

"Scholars learned in Jewish antiquities, especially Vitringa, have noticed several striking coincidences between the constitution and order of primitive churches and the usages of the synagogue, a circumstance which further illustrates the close connection between primitive Christianity and Judaism, and one which shows how gently, and by what a wisely-arranged course of previous education, the first believers were led into the use of a framework of social religion well adapted to its simplicity of spirit. In proof of some of the institutes of Christianity being grafted on a Jewish stock, it may be observed that in the Jewish synagogues there were elders who presided over their affairs, and Chazans who took care of the building and the books of the law, and collected alms for the relief of the necessitous. One of the elders acted as president, but still remained of the same order with the rest. Excommunication from the synagogue in cases of delinquency was a prevalent practice, as every one is aware; and it may be further observed, that alms for the poor were put into a chest before the prayers, and on Sabbath evenings what had been collected was distributed. But while we recognize certain coincidences between the church and the synagogue, we are quite unable to follow some archaeologists through all the resemblances they endeavor to detect, many of which seem entirely fanciful and groundless. A Christian Church, in some of its most essential points, was, after all, a perfectly new institute, in immeasurable advance of any thing which the Jews before had witnessed or been taught to conceive. It was not a new device of man, or simply the improvement of an old one, but an original and beautiful thing which God, by special teaching, showed his servants how to fashion."—Pp. 35-37.

This second lecture contains some well-written passages on the imperfections which evidently marked some of the earlier of the apostolic churches. Modern Christians are disposed to look back on that age as full of privilege to believers, and to regard the people so privileged as eminently wise, consistent, and holy. This misconception is not unnatural, but, like all untruth, it is not wholesome in its influence. There are facts, says Mr. Stoughton, which "dissipate the illusion of a golden age while apostles lived—a play of fancy indulged in stange forgetfulness of express statements in the New

Testament, and striking analogies in the Old. Paul, Peter, and Jude bewail the immoralities of their professed converts, and old Hebrew history proves how men can stand face to face with God's messengers fresh from heaven, and signs and wonders blazing round them, and live in sin." But it would be unjust to look only on this side of the picture.

"The experience of 1800 years has shown that in the spiritual no less than in the physical world, there may be imperfect development and much disease, where there is life. With partial paralysis there may be partial sensibility. The heart may play while here and there the blood may stagnate. There may be action in the cerebrum, though a limb be palsied. To some truths, duties, and privileges, a man may be dead; to others he may be tremblingly alive. Imperfect spiritual life has been the too common experience of Christendom. Many Christians of the first century were neither worse nor better than those of the nineteenth. They caught and embodied but a portion of the Divine ideal. Yet, so far as they did so, they were witnesses of a power in humanity, the working of which we should in vain search for throughout the history of pagan law, philosophy, or religion. Even some narrow Jews, warped by nationality, the pride of which we might almost pardon; and others whose asceticism rested on different grounds, and whose narrow scruples disturbed harmony and created division—we should wrong if we wrote them down as aliens from Christ's kingdom. Some such persons the apostle Paul only judged 'weak,' yet brethren still, not living to themselves, but in the thing they allowed not, living to the Lord. And his lesson to the strong was to show their strength, not by censuring others, but by being cautious themselves; not by asserting their liberty so much as by loving care not to make it a stumbling-block in another's way. And some, who even fell into sin, were recovered by grace; nor was cleansing fire wanting in many a Corinthian heart to separate and consume the dross of carnality, and to leave for the last day much fine gold of righteousness."—Pp. 59, 60.

"We have no space to dwell on the love of the Corinthian Christians—on the works, labor, and patience of Ephesus—on those at Sardis, who defiled not their garments, nor on the many virtues of the elect at Rome, including those of more than valorous constancy, who in Nero's gardens, on the slopes of the Vatican, were hung up as blazing torches for the monster's shows. Nor can we tell, for want of material, as well as of space, of missionary efforts, which, notwithstanding, we know were made. Documents recording some may have perished; but we can not help thinking that the workers of that day were not careful to write down their own doings—they sought a better immortality. Did the Gospel reach Britain during the first century? If so,

then, while we know all about the military Cæsar's coming, and can point to the shingly beach where he landed, and to the downs and river-banks whither he marched, (for the conqueror has reported his own achievements;) where the missionary Cæsar arrived, whence he came, whither he wended his way, how he fared, what he did, we do not know. I think the hero did not care that we should know. In other cases, we have indications of the result without marks of the process. Lights are seen at midnight stealing up the hill sides of Paganism. We discern the torches, but not the bearers."—P. 63.

The third, fourth, and fifth lectures embrace the period from 100 to 325, and this is designated the period of "Innovation." The first division in this section treats of the doctrinal opinions of that time, and of the mode and measure in which they were affected by the forms of philosophical thought then prevalent. The second division relates "to the ecclesiastical principles, and the influence produced by certain innovations in this respect, also in part, but by no means wholly, arising out of mistaken philosophies." Then we have a description of the Religious Life of the Christians during the second and third century in the history of the church. Under each of these heads we have many beautiful and instructive passages, a single paragraph being often made to suffice for giving the results of much reading and thought. Here is an account of Justin Martyr, which may be taken as a sample of what is done in this way:

"Turning to look at the divines of the second age, we have the Greek Justin Martyr, who had gone the round of Greek speculation, 'seeking goodly pearls,' before he met the old man by the sea-shore, who told him of Hebrew prophecies and of Christ's Gospel, and exhorted him to seek by prayer 'the opening of the gates of light.' 'This great and wonderful man,' as the Byzantines call him, whose noble words were, 'There is truth, and nothing is stronger than truth;' who had been seeking it all his life long, and strengthening his natural habits of thought, felt, after he became a Christian, a desire to attain to deeper views of Christianity than such as might content Ignatius or Polycarp. It was perfectly natural for him to make theology his study. Deep and comprehensive views of it to such a man would be a pressing want. That he should adopt philosophical forms of expression—that he should connect with what he had long known, the fresh and wonderful tidings of heavenly truth—that, in the light of Christianity, he should look at

the moral and religious problems which had for ages puzzled the most earnest thinkers—can surprise no one. But it is plain, at least after the experience of centuries, that it behoves men of the Justin class to keep a tight reign on their thoughts when investigating the metaphysical mysteries of religion; to mark with carefulness the boundary between the *terra firma* of the Divine word and the cloud land of human speculation; to distinguish between the authority of Scripture and the inferences of reason—between objective facts and subjective deductions from them, and ever to make the former the ground of their whole Christianity. Now Justin Martyr, not apprehending this sufficiently, was fond of speculating on abstruse points, unilluminated by Scripture; and further, in his regard for the studies of his earlier days, did not always draw a line of sufficient breadth between the Greek philosopher on the one hand, and the Hebrew prophet and Christian apostle on the other. The generation of the Divine λόγος was with him a favorite inquiry; and, at the same time, he spoke of that Logos as the reason of which the whole human race participates—as the source of wisdom to Socrates, of inspiration to Elias. A very important sense there is in which reason is a Divine gift, and conscience a heavenly voice—in which the same Divine Being is the fountain of intellect to the sage and of holiness to the saint—in which He who speaks in the Bible is the Author of all true and beautiful thoughts in the soul, of genius and inspiration—of ideas in the Bible and of ideas in some other books. Nor are we warranted to deny something above mere genius in the case of the most eminent of the heathen—a Divine influence more spiritual than that which works on the intellect alone. Yet, though the *origin* of an inward light and of an outward revelation be the same, the *gifts* in themselves are widely different, not only in *degree*, but in *nature*—a distinction which, if Justin saw, he did not express, but by his language gave countenance to a confusion on the subject, which has often since been mischievously revived, especially of late. To his philosophical habits and predilections, no doubt, is to be ascribed Justin's inquiry into the generation of the Logos, but it is utterly unjust to attribute to the same cause the substance of his theology respecting the Divine personality of the Logos, and his incarnation in the humanity of Jesus. To pretend that the doctrine of the Trinity was borrowed by this first uninspired Christian philosopher from the pages of Plato, is utterly without foundation, as Bishop Kaye has very ably proved in his work on Justin's writings."—Pp. 73-75.

This is followed by a similar sketch, touching the genius and speculations of Clement of Alexandria, and of Origen, and it is in the following terms that our author makes his transition from the idealistic refinements of the East to the work

which was left to be done by the more practical genius of the West:

"What Origen was among the Greeks, says Vincentius Lirinensis, Tertullian was among the Latins, 'nostrorum omnium facile princeps.' Tertullian, however, enjoyed preëminence over Origen and all the other Fathers of his age, in this respect, that he was founder of theology in a new language. Latin Christian literature owes its birth to him. Pagan Rome had blotted out Carthage: Christian Carthage now took precedence of Rome. We hear Patristic Latinity in rich Punic tones before we catch the sound of it in any other. Theology was all Greek till Tertullian made it Roman. Neander calls him Antignostikos. The title is just in its largest meaning. He was not a Gnostic in the Clementine, any more than the heretical sense of the term. He had no sympathy with the Alexandrians. Plato was any thing but a favorite, and the African father insinuates that the demon of Socrates was of a very questionable character. Tertullian's theology, like himself, was realistic, practical, earnest. But though he eschewed philosophy, he could, like other men of his class, while condemning it in one form, use it in another; be very un-Platonic, and at the same time very Aristotelian; abuse transcendentalism and embrace metaphysics. In the treatise '*de Animâ*,' Tertullian grapples with Plato with dialectic skill, and employs to boot speculations as wild as the Academy ever heard, and all in behalf of the corporeity of the soul. Tertullian's case also shows, that if theology has suffered from Greek philosophy, it has also suffered from prejudices traceable to unphilosophical Jewish ceremonialism—that the narrowness and bondage of the one may do harm, as well as the stimulus to excursive ness supplied by the other. And whereas the habits of the Greek sage are seen in Origen, the habits of the Latin lawyer are manifest in Tertullian, for he was wont as a Christian advocate to speak like a special pleader, with rare ingenuity, copiousness, and eloquence; but at times with arguments which, though earnestly adopted, will raise in many minds a suspicion of the orator's not being over-scrupulous. He ably vindicated the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity, though here he indulged in material analogies, which really degrade the ineffable truth they are intended to illustrate. His representations of human depravity are much stronger than those of the Alexandrian school, and he earnestly pleads for the literal resurrection of the body, a doctrine afterwards impugned by Origen. Though occasionally allegorizing what we should take literally, Tertullian was quite opposed to such a method of interpretation as prevailed in Alexandria, and some remarks of his on the interpretation of parables would be deemed in the present day very sober and judicious. He also took views of Divine grace and the human will harmonizing with those so fully developed by Augustine, but he did not exhibit what are

justly deemed some grand peculiarities of Christianity more clearly and prominently than his philosophical brethren; thus showing that there was something beside philosophy at the bottom of that reserve. His adoption of the fanatical views of Montanus—so similar to those of modern Irvingism, the fervid African of the third century finding his parallel in the gifted and erratic Scotchman of the nineteenth—did not materially modify his doctrinal opinions, though they strengthen, as we shall hereafter see, certain principles in his character and teaching.—Pp. 85-88.

Concerning the theologians of this period, as a whole, our author says:

"They dealt in questions of immediate interest, and defended the citadel of Christianity against Jews, infidels, and heretics. They wrote on the controversies of their age, and hence they did not attain to the calm contemplation of Divine truth in its breadth and variety. Even the most philosophical were driven into what was partial and one-sided. Doctrines which have occupied much thought in subsequent ages were not distinctly present to their minds. They saw generally the essential facts of the Gospel, but they did not make them all objects of scientific study. Their theology, regarded in the light of later research and thoughtfulness, appears defective and inaccurate.

"Their idea of Christ's satisfaction did not amount to the idea of modern evangelical divines. They were generally content with a simple religious view of the death of Christ as the price of our redemption, without aiming at any philosophy of the atonement. The tendency was to look at it not so much in relation to Divine law as in relation to Satanic power. Redemption was a deliverance from the devil, yet not by simple force, but in a manner which would prove to him the righteousness of God, so says Irenæus—a view which, though foreign to our habits of thought, perhaps involves some principle of satisfaction to Divine law. Neither was the forensic view (as it has been called) of the believer's acceptance, clearly brought out by the ante-Nicene theologians. They distinguished, of course, between the enjoyment of forgiveness and the possession of Christian sanctity; they also spoke of justification by faith, but not so as to indicate a distinct apprehension of the doctrine of Paul on that momentous subject. They were too apt to confound justification with holiness, and to insist upon the efficacy of baptism and martyrdom so as to undermine the Pauline principle of Christian righteousness. Nor were the doctrines of human corruption and Divine grace precisely defined. They remained simply as facts for the excitement of religious feeling; they were not yet transferred to the region of the understanding to undergo there a logical process and assume a strictly dogmatic shape. The ante-Nicene Fathers did theologize upon the Trinity

—it was the grand problem with which they grappled; but after all which has been written by Bishop Bull and others on the subject, it is impossible to reduce their opinions into any harmonious and consistent form. The pre-existence and Divine glory of Christ in some sense, however, were almost universally believed by those calling themselves Christians. It can not be proved that, among the heretics of the first two centuries, there were many who believed in the simple humanity of Jesus Christ."—Pp. 90-92.

The fourth lecture shows how the church system of the second and third centuries was affected by the rise of the priestly spirit, and not less by the infusion of secular influence on the one hand, and by the rise of the ascetic spirit, which grew up as a reaction, on the other. We do not regard all the changes that took place in the polity and usage of the church during this period as being only so much deterioration. Many of them were only the natural development of principles which had come down from the apostolic times, or which were much older than those times, having their resting-place in common-sense. In so far as these changes consisted in a wise expansion and application of such principles, they were good; but they, no doubt, often went beyond that limit. As the distinction came to be so marked between the bishop and the ordinary priest, and between the monks and the clergy generally; as the ritual of the church came to be more showy and pagan in its complexion; and as the sacraments came to be mixed up with many unscriptural and superstitious notions, all tending to raise the function of the priest, and to give false confidence to the worshiper, it of course followed that the religious life of the time was not without its grave blemishes. But it had its brighter side—a side matched nowhere else.

"As one gives a broad glance at the history of the period, the eye is ever and anon arrested by indubitable signs of a great moral power, new in its character, vigorously at work in many forms of blessing on society. Yonder we catch the indistinct appearance of men unknown, engaged in extending the outposts of Christendom, toiling with earnestness and in silence, to subjugate heathen souls to the government of Him, whose spirit and purpose might well strike the Greek as a strange contrast to Alexander's ambition, and the Roman to Cæsar's. And, at home, in the heart of the churches, we find ourselves surrounded by pledges innumerable of fraternal love, of pledg-

ed attachment, of self-sacrifice for a brother's or the common good—all through union with the Elder Brother in heaven, and faith in his own sacrifice. Through the exhibition of disinterested beneficence to those without—beneficence even at the hazard of life, while some tremendous plague was raging—as, for example in Alexandria in the time of the Bishop Dionysius, when Christians nursed the sick and buried the dead, the heathen leaving them to their fate—through such charity, which spake to the hearts of men, and through the testimony borne to Him who himself died to save, souls savage and selfish, or frivolous and vain, were turned to a life of love and wisdom. The heavenly music of the Gospel changed them, outrivalling in reality, as the classic catechist of Alexandria used to say, the poetic fable of Amphion and his lyre. The heroism of the martyrs is known to all who have the slightest acquaintance with Church history. Ignatius thrown to wild beasts in the Coliseum—Polycarp at the stake in Smyrna—Blandina tortured and slain at Lyons—Cyprian beheaded by the gates of Carthage—these martyrs afford proofs of Christlike patience which all ages have conspired to venerate and extol. Nor was the number of these heroes small. The extent of persecution must not be measured by imperial decrees. Magistrates overstepped legal bounds—popular fury raged—and a man's foes were those of his own household. The number of martyrs must not be estimated by the names preserved. The pages of Eusebius testify to the noble army in the east; the catacombs to that in the west. We forget not that the temper of some Christians in reference to martyrdom was fanatical, and that their notion of it as a second baptism—a purification from sin—involved an alarming error; but on the other hand, we have proof sufficient of the calmest, gentlest, and most thoughtful constancy, in many instances; and that their hope rested on no merit of their own, but on Him who loved them. At the worst, their sacrifice of this world to the next involved a strength of faith in the unseen, of triumph over the visible and earthly, which no one who can appreciate the sublimity of such faith but must be constrained to admire. And the spiritual devotions of the early Christians, their worship of the invisible God, through Jesus Christ our Lord—the meeting of the faithful for this purpose in some large house, at Rome, or in the crypts and vaults of the dark catacombs, when persecution raged above ground—what a contrast, full of instruction, teeming with proofs of the divinity of the Christian religion, and of its elevating spiritual power, do these scenes present when placed beside a picture of the temples around the forum, or the grand Pantheon crowded with worshippers, paying homage to their gods of marble!—Pp. 140–142.

The age from the beginning of the fourth century to the close of the eighth,

Mr. Stoughton designates as the age of "development." In 325, the Emperor Constantine invited the Bishops to a banquet. "None of them," says Eusebius, "were absent. Guards and soldiers, drawn up in order, with naked swords, kept the vestibule of the palace, and through their midst the men of God passed without fear, and entered into the inner hall. There some sat with the Emperor himself, others occupied couches on either side. Any one might have thought it a picture of the kingdom of Christ, and a dream rather a reality."* The good men of those times, it seems, saw in this marriage between the spiritual power of the church and the secular power of the state, every thing on which to congratulate each other. In their view it was the precursor to the millennium, foreshadowing the splendor and happiness of that age. The time was to come when even good Catholics—such as Dante—would learn to attribute the great corruption of the church to this supposed auspicious union between things ecclesiastical and things civil.

Mr. Stoughton is careful to observe that all post-apostolic "developments are of man, not of God—of human thought, not of Divine Revelation." To develop is to bring out of a thing what is in it. It is not to add to a thing that which it does not itself include. In this sense, no doubt, much that has come to us as given from God, may be usefully developed by man. But, unhappily, men do not always sufficiently distinguish between developing a truth, and giving it a supplement—between drawing out what a truth contains, and connecting with it, by way of inference or otherwise, what does not belong to it. How the hierarchical system grew from the fourth century to the ninth, how the monastic system spread and rooted itself over Christendom during that period; and how the function of the churchman—especially as represented by the Bishop of Rome—became a function mixed up with nearly all secular affairs; these are all notorious facts in history. All were little else the developments of what had gone before. The fourth century gave the germs, the later centuries brought out what was in them.

The only feature of this period we care to glance at is that which relates to its

* *De Vitâ Constant.*, lib. iii., c. 15.

theology. This embraces controversies concerning the Trinity and the Person of Christ in the East, and concerning the doctrines of grace in the West. There are just and important observations in the following paragraphs :

"The doctrine of Athanasius was a development of Christ's Divinity as believed by many of the Fathers. According to our convictions with regard to Scripture teaching, that teaching was followed in the main by most of the Antenicene Fathers on the subject of the Divinity of Christ, though we by no means approve of their speculations and their fondness for defining—a fondness, however, indulged in by their opponents more than by themselves.

"Further, on this subject, there is a great difference in the form of the three principal creeds of the Church, illustrative of the progress of theology and the new spirit which had entered it. The Apostles' creed is a simple affirmation of faith in the personal nature and work of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit. The Nicene creed is also personal, but it is also most elaborately definitional, being a laborious effort to fix the difference between the Father and the Son. The Athanasian creed—certainly not the composition of Athanasius, yet reflecting the mind of Athanasius, in the fifth century—drops the expression of faith in the Divine persons, and becomes a series of cold logical propositions. The creed is taken out of the sphere of simple Christian religion, and placed in the sphere of scientific theology. The exercise of childlike faith in facts is succeeded by the busy activity of the understanding among the deepest mysteries. Both Nicene and Athanasian symbols have damatory clauses—a most significant addition, showing how religion was now confounded with theology, how Christian faith had come to be regarded as the acceptance of certain propositions, and how Church teachers had lost the mildness of the earlier Antenicene theologians, and had arrived at the terrible conviction of having a right to launch the sentence of damnation against those who differed from their opinions."—Pp. 180-182.

With regard to the controversy in relation to which Augustine and Pelagius are the representative men, Mr. Stoughton says :

"Between the two conflicting systems just noticed the minds of thoughtful men, since the days of Augustine, have been much engaged ; and if only few have adopted his views entirely, fewer still have embraced those of his adversary ; most have traversed something of a *via media*, and the majority of these have inclined very much nearer to the Augustinian than the Pelagian theology. Through the middle ages Augustine was the great authority with di-

vinos : since the Reformation, his influence, transmitted to Protestants through the writings of Luther and Calvin, has been immense ; and it is to be remembered that his views of grace, in substance, have been welcomed and cherished by many who have recoiled at his predestinarian opinions. As to Semipelagian schemes, a noted one was broached by Cassian. He considered man as not morally dead, but only diseased, as having in him naturally a debilitated spiritual life, which only needs health-giving grace and revival ; and he further ascribed to free-will the commencement of man's spiritual ascent to God and heaven. His views prevailed for a little while, and then died, as all such views ever must for want of inward vitality, as well as for want of those strong resting-places for the soul, to which men earnestly devout, and accustomed to spiritual conflict, will—in spite of all attempts of the argumentative faculty to dispossess them of their hold—most resolutely cling, from a spiritual instinct which tells them clearly that safety and strength are to be found there alone."—Pp. 193-194.

Mr. Stoughton accounts all things to have been more or less progressive, though by no means in a happy direction, until the meeting of the second council of Nicæa in 787. By that time the developed opinions and settled customs of the Church had become themselves an authority. What had been matured thus slowly, and by such an agency, could not, it was presumed, be erroneous. The power which had been so long employed in interpreting the Scriptures, now came into the place of the Scriptures. To this authority, more than to the authority of the Scriptures themselves, all men, and all churches, were prepared to do homage. What had been the voice of the "Fathers," became the voice of the "Church," and beyond lay no appeal. This stage of affairs characterizes the period marked off by our author as that of "Traditionalism." We prefer now passing to the period of "Agitation and Reaction"—which ended in the Reformation—without forgetting, however, to say, that the acquaintance with the writings of the schoolmen which our author evinces would have been accepted in our younger days as proof of an unusual spirit of research. Even Mr. Hallam would so have thought it ; and as to our friend John Foster, as he knew not how to believe the boasting of Coleridge on this subject, in the present instance he would hardly have believed his eyes.

Welcome, then, say we, the era of "Agitation and Reaction." Mr. Stoughton has done well in dating this era far back beyond the time with which we are wont to connect the Reformation. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing in history as great effects from little causes. Great changes, whatever may have been the last influence in bringing them about, are always the result of predisposing causes equally great. The Reformation was the result of a seething of principles and passions which had been working towards that issue for ages. This is manifest in our own British history, and Britain in this respect may be taken as a sample of Europe.

Ambition, ordinarily, must be wise to succeed—wiser still to perpetuate its power. Where success has been great, it is easy to believe it may be greater. Hence the excess which often brings reaction. Innocent III. was one of the most powerful and sagacious of the pontiffs; but his course towards England brought the papal authority to its culminating point in our history. The vassalage which he laid on King John, and the manner in which he opposed himself to the feeling of the nation in condemning the Great Charter, and excommunicating its authors, supplied lessons which were not forgotten. In his person, the see of Rome, falling back on her traditions, real or invented, had affected to be the arbiter of all rights, whether as set forth by sovereign or subject. But sovereign and subject came to feel that this monstrous priest-rule must be an error, and that the mischiefs of it ought to be sternly resisted. Resistance, however, becoming familiar on that ground, prepared the way for it on other grounds. It came to be a point beyond doubt that the infallibility of the Pope must have its limits, and so the question, the very dangerous question, came up—

What are those limits? In the struggles of party, those who had the thunders of the Vatican on their side affected to hold them in great reverence, while those against whom they were wielded were as much inclined to treat them lightly. By degrees, all parties learnt to regard such fulminations as a fiction, and as depending for nearly the whole of their influence on the ignorance and superstition of the age.

The successors of Innocent III. often appealed to his maxims; but the time to

act upon them for the purposes of ambition had passed. Still they had their uses. They served to give an appearance of moderation and plausibility to the interferences of the papacy in the matters deemed properly ecclesiastical; and it became an understood maxim with the Court of Rome, to be content with less power than formerly, if the power retained might only be made to be as productive as before in regard to revenue. So the habit of a low rapacity came by degrees into the place of the higher passion. The ecclesiastical history of England from this time to the commencement of the Reformation consists, in so far as the relation of this country to Rome is concerned, in a constant struggle on the part of the popes to enrich themselves as far as possible from the revenues of the English church, and on the part of the crown, the lay patrons, and the clergy generally, to protect themselves against this war of spoliation.

This great change in the temper and aspect of the papal system prepared the way for the humiliation which awaited it. Our national clergy had an obvious interest in endeavoring to sustain the European system. Hence it was not to be expected that the change which seemed inevitable would come speedily. Reform would long be resisted, even at the hazard of ruin. When do the crafty learn to be ingenuous? When do the avaricious cease to be avaricious? Such changes there may be—but how rare, how very rare! What will not an individual do, still more, what will not corporate bodies do, rather than submit to such self-crucifixion? It is no marvel that men like Wycliffe, and Huss, and Jerome should give signs of the coming change—but as little marvelous is it, to those who look beneath the surface, that the course of this change should have been so unequal and so slow, and that even at last it should have had such limitations. What a great tendency in humanity has been long in construction, it will be long in taking to pieces and casting utterly away. Such changes, like creation, have their stable laws, which determine their time, and mode, and result. Good men would fain be fast workers, but Providence is ever schooling them into two great lessons—to *work* and to *wait*. It is always to be remembered, that were the quicker production of good possible, then, from the

same laws, the quicker production of evil must be possible. It is not possible to have facility in the one direction, without paying the cost of having it in the other. The conservative power which belongs to human nature in such things, though dis-

astrous when on the side of evil, is good when on the side of good. Could nations and continents be made to change their religion easily, we might expect them to change it very often, and that would be something of an inconvenience.

From the North British Review.

EARLY CHRISTIAN SONGS IN THE EAST AND WEST.*

PSALMS and hymns and spiritual songs have thrilled for ages through the Church on earth, as they shall thrill for endless ages through the Church in glory. From the time that the hymn arose which ended the first Lord's Supper, they have gone up to God, almost without cessation, from palaces and cathedrals, from cottages and churches, from the caves and the solitudes of the wilderness: the flood of melody has been swelled by rivulets of song from the lips of dying saints, and by mighty gushings from the hearts of congregated thousands. Wherever the trumpet of Christianity has been sounded, the echoing anthem has replied; wherever the voice of God's messengers has been heard, the song of praise has followed, like the carol of the lark which heralds the dawn.

The range of Christian song is a wide one: their authors were neither of a single country nor a single era. Since Christ left the earth for heaven, they have

been found in every age among the followers of every Christian creed. Kings and monks, apostles and martyrs, saints and bishops, have united in their composition: Charlemagne and Alfred, Bernard and Abelard, Watts, Doddridge and Heber, here meet on common ground: controversialists have laid aside their polemics, and philosophers their dialectics, to produce that grand aggregate of Christian psalmody which is the joy of all true believers. And hence we shall do well to regard hymns, no so much as the compositions of this or that writer, but as the utterance of the Christian life of a Christian man. They are part of our heritage as members of the Catholic Church, which is gathered from all ages and climes, and not as members of the particular body to which we may nominally belong.

It is probable that, while the miraculous influences of the Spirit continued upon earth, no uninspired songs were admitted into the public or private devotions of Christians. The Psalms, which had daily thrilled through the temple courts from the vast chorus of singers, responding to each other in alternate song from each side of the brazen altar, found an echo in the assemblies of the infant Church, and formed the staple then, as they have done ever since, of the sacred songs of Christians. But besides these, in the early dawn of Gospel light, there probably arose the songs which the Spirit himself breathed—the *ὕμναι πνευματικαὶ* of Coloss. 3: 16—which went up to heaven in all the fresh-

* 1. *Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem Syrus*. Translated, with Notes, etc., by the Rev. HENRY BURGESS, Ph.D. 1853.

2. *Sacred Latin Poetry, chiefly Lyrical; with Notes and Introduction*. By the Rev. R. C. TRENCH, M.A. 1849.

3. *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*. Translated by the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. 1851.

4. *Hymnal Noted*. 1851.

5. *A Short Commentary on the Hymnal Noted, from Ancient Sources, intended chiefly for the use of the Poor*.

6. *The Ecclesiastical Poetry of the Middle Ages*. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A., (forming part of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.) 1852.

ness and fullness, as some think, of ecstatic inspiration. The traces of the first written hymns are very indistinct: one landmark only is left to us in a fragment of the second century, preserved by Eusebius,* which states that, "whatever psalms and hymns were written by the brethren from the beginning, celebrate Christ, the Word of God, by asserting his divinity." And this statement is born out by the earliest hymn which has come down to us—the angelical doxology, as it is termed—a wonderful assemblage of triumphant praises, which burst forth from the heart in all the grandeur of their unadorned pathos: "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesu Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father."† And if we bear in mind what historians tell us of it, this hymn will be invested with a charm which few others can claim, for it was the song which martyr after martyr sang so cheerfully as they marched from their prisons to their death-place.

The Eastern Churches were extremely cautious with regard to the hymns which they admitted into their worship; but those which received their sanction are very sublime. They have the peculiarity of not being arranged in regular meter, but this only adds to their grandeur.

With regard to the mode of singing, we may observe that ecclesiastical writers are nearly unanimous as to the early practice of antiphonal singing—a practice probably transferred from the Jewish ritual, and especially employed in the case of the Psalms, many of which are indisputably composed to suit such an arrangement. Socrates, the Church historian, however,

claims a higher authority for its adoption in Christian worship, relating that Ignatius of Antioch was once caught up in ecstasy to hear the anthems of the angels, and beheld their "trinal triplicities" answering each other with voices of celestial sweetness, throughout the plains of heaven.* The Church on earth wished to echo, as far as possible, the hymns of the Church above, and thus, according to this historian at least, antiphons were universally adopted. But the case does not require such a *deus ex machina*: we know that the Christians of those days continued frequently for whole nights in the devotional exercises of prayer and praise, so that we can well understand how human weakness would prompt them to take some such measure as this for preventing too speedy exhaustion and weariness. For they could not have consented to let their solace become itself a burden; they could not have allowed earthly frailty to stay the current of their songs, without an effort to prolong its strength.

The remark we made just now, that hymns were the Church's strength in the time of trouble—her comfort in the weariness of her pilgrimage, is especially true of the periods when she had to combat, not her enemies without, but her recreant children within. Her troubles ceased not with the cessation of persecution from the world; a still bitterer cup was stored up for her in the conflicts of her inward foes. And we must note this fact well.

The Church in Syria affords us an apt illustration of the consoling power of Christian psalmody: when, for example, the faithful were rejected, by the preponderance of Arian influence, from the Church at Antioch, their pastors, Flavian and Diodorus, led them from place to place, like a literal flock in the desert, resting beneath the open sky, near the foot of a mountain, everywhere making their songs their solace. "At length" (to use the simple words of Theodoret) "they led the flock beside the banks of a neighboring stream. They did not, like the captives of Babylon, hang up their harps on the willows; for they sang praises

* Eusebius, *Eccles. Hist.*, v. 28.

† We quote the translation which is found in the English Book of Common Prayer, at the close of the Communion Service.

* The language of the Alexandrian liturgy also speaks of the angels singing antiphonally: there is a magnificent anthem to Him around whom "stand the cherubim and seraphim, crying one to another with voices which never cease, and doxologies which are never silent."

to their Creator in every part of his empire.”*

But although we might feel tempted to linger over a scene like this, our space reminds us that we have to do rather with the subject-matter of hymns, than with their history. We therefore pass—and the transition is but from one part of the Syrian Church to another—to the more immediate consideration of the first of those volumes which lie before us—the Hymns of Ephraem Syrus. What we have just said has brought us to this point; and we need only add, by way of further preface, that the first hymnographers of the Syrian Church had clothed Gnosticism in a veil of splendid imagery, and captivated the hearts of many by their beautiful Oriental mysticism. It was then that Ephraem of Edessa applied himself to the work of purging Syrian sacred literature from its corruptions, by the infusion of better and holier poetry. His songs are said to have been twelve times as numerous as those of Solomon, but they are quite free from the tenuity which usually accompanies poetic exuberance. They consist partly of hymns, partly of metrical homilies—both, so far as we can understand, rhythmical and not metrical. We have merely to do at present with that small portion of them which is contained in Dr. Burgess’ volume.

The first point which strikes us is their remarkable union of the highest poetry with the simplest piety: we seem to tread new ground—we seem to stand on the spot where philosophy and poetry and religion have met together, each in its own beauty, each discharging its proper function. We are carried back to the palm-groves of ancient Syria, and breathe their fresh, free atmosphere, away from the turmoil and conflict of later days. Turmoil and conflict there were indeed then; but there were oases in the desert, where apostolic Christianity grew in strength—where the pure faith lived in all its first purity. Alas! there are few such oases now; and the truth presses on us, that there were few such oases even then. This makes us the gladder when the voices of Christ’s real soldiers in the fourth century are borne above the battle din of ages, to comfort and instruct us as we fight the same fight in these modern

times. All that, without a knowledge of the corruptions which have sullied the Church of Christ since her Lord ascended, we might have *à priori* expected from early Christian poetry, is found in the hymns under our notice. For instance, we should have expected simplicity—we have it here; we should have expected charity—we have it here. The spirit of charity, indeed, which runs throughout them, is shown to be genuine by its multififormity: in one place it assumes the shape of deep and earnest longing for another’s salvation; in another place it displays itself in warm and tender affection, comforting the mourner with sweet thoughts of heaven, healing the broken-hearted with the balm of Christian love. To take one short example, how much precious consolation is wrapt up in simple words like these:

“The Just One saw that iniquity increased on earth,
And that sin had dominion over all men;
And sent His messenger and removed
A multitude of fair little ones,
And called them to the pavilion of happiness.

“Like lilies taken from the wilderness
Children are planted in paradise;
And like pearls in diadems
Children are inserted in the kingdom;
And without ceasing shall hymn forth praise.”

The second great feature which we especially admire, is the manner in which early Christian ideas are treated in these hymns. Christian poets are often fonder of their poetry than of their piety; they give us elaborate thoughts and exquisite metaphors, which are both usually rather adapted to Christianity than taken from it. We hold that a Christian hymnographer will find scope enough for any powers which he may possess, if he makes his faith in some one of its infinite phases the groundwork on which to build his thoughts or his fancies. We expect from him not so much new matter, as old matter in a new dress, under new aspects: we want poetry brought into the service of religion, and we do not want to see Christianity standing as a mere liegeman of poetry. Ephraem Syrus has almost invariably kept the golden mean: a pure spirit seems to have accompanied his imagination on its every flight; he writes as if borne aloft on angels’ wings, as if he heard the inner harmonies of nature, and

* Theodoret, *Ecol. Hist.*, iv., 25, (ed. Gaif.) Oxon: 1839.

listened to that jubilant voice which is ever rising up from all creation to its God. The notions of Neo-Platonism found much of their success in the way in which the most comforting aspects of Christianity were clothed by Oriental imaginations, and suited to the religious sentiments of the Oriental mind. Ephraem availed himself largely of this. To illustrate what we are saying, let us take the thought which gladdened so many in the midst of their affliction or persecution; which inspired so many to fight manfully for Christ—the thought of the happiness of departed spirits. The Christians of those days were often brought by their faith into a battle field of carnal warfare, where they were daily liable to death; their pilgrimage was often so wearisome, that the pilgrims dropped down on the road, and passed at a moment's notice to their rest. And thus with death around them on every side, mowing down the most loved ones like grass, they began to look upon themselves as, in a sense, already dead, as already sharers in the communion of the saints in light. Their interpreter, Ephraem, in these hymns, proceeds upon the basis of a Platonic, or rather Neo-Platonic, psychology, imagining the soul to be furnished with wings, with which, when purified, it is able to rise above the world of sense; and that the object of a holy life is to give these wings their pristine strength, so that when the soul is finally released from its prison-house it may literally rise to the life immortal. On leaving the body, it is conceived as finding itself suddenly naked in the wild wastes of infinite space, tossed hither and thither in the unutterable anguish of terrible distraction. And then angels' wings were crossed to bear it, and the arm of the Omnipotent was held forth to shield it, and the spirit rode thus royally to the city of God. And here came in another Oriental notion—that the adamantine hills which encircled Paradise, were fringed at their base by a sea of fire, which,

"Swelling with tumultuous roar,
Beat the rocks with golden surges, fathomless
forevermore."

Nor have we to look far to discover the most beautiful resemblances between these hymns and those of later kinds. We are reminded on almost every page of some precious treasure in the stores of

later hymnology; not that the modes of expression are exactly coincident, but that the thoughts and ideas which underlie the outward form of words, are manifestly the same. In some cases, the similarity is to be accounted for by the fact of their both springing from the same fountain of God's Word; but in by far the majority of instances, they are both drawn from that living fountain which dwells in each believer. We select an instance, almost at random. The morning hymn runs:

"Thou hast given the daytime
For business and labor,
And that we may provide
All useful things.

"Thou hast appointed a returning
To the children of men,
And all living creatures
In the time of evening."

Compare this with the Bishop Heber's morning hymn—

"God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night."

Or, again, with (we think) Keble's hymn—

"Father! by thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour;
Light hath vanished, labors cease,
Weary mortals rest in peace."

The feelings which are expressed in various places with regard to the judgment-day, are very similar to those embodied in the grand mediæval hymn, the *Dies Iræ*—feelings not so much of joy at the advent of the Saviour, as of shuddering bewilderment at the thought of mercy needed. One of Ephraem's hymns begins:

"How saddened is the sinner
In his heart at that hour,
When the King—Messiah shall sit
Upon his dreadful judgment-seat!"

These words, if put into meter, would be exactly like the second verse of the *Dies Iræ*:

"Oh! what fear man's bosom rendeth
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!"

But our space warns us, that it is time to leave the songs of Syria for those of Western Europe.

In many cases, hymns like these were the sole conservatives of Gospel truth when heterodoxy grew and flourished beneath the Papal influence. They were themselves too pure to be defiled by Romish contaminations; and although hymn after hymn was added to swell the aggregate by those whose faith succumbed to their superstition, yet these have come down to us in all the splendor of their first purity. So far from rejecting them, we ought rather to love them the more, because they flowed with clear and living stream through the barren wastes of Popery, until at length Popery gathered up her strength in a useless effort to taint them. As the Romish Church added dogma after dogma to her creed, her luster gradually faded from her hymnal, until at last all that her votaries could produce were fulsome laudations of the saints, and idolatrous invocations of Mary; but the two classes of hymns must ever be kept distinct; it is easy to recognize at a glance the difference between the voices of a Christian soul, and the panegyrics of false dogmas and imagined demigods.

We have now to deal with an objection to Latin hymns—the supposed faultiness of their language.

Latin poetry is accused of having perverted the language in a manner alien to its spirit; of having trampled beneath its feet existing grammatical forms; of having, in short, converted into a mere patois what once was polished and elegant, and "Augustan." Hence, there are many learned men who are content to look upon the languages of these hymns much in the same light as the ghost of Demosthenes would look upon the briefs of modern Athenian barristers. We aver, on the contrary, that so far from corrupting Latin, Christianity gave it a new strength, for, by increasing its flexibility, it increased its power of expressing thought, and therefore its power as a language. The glorious truths of Christianity, so utterly foreign to the religious ideas of pagan Rome, could not be moulded in the phrases which had their one original meaning firmly embedded in the Roman mind. The incarnation, the resurrection of the dead, justification, regeneration, may be quoted as examples of doctrines

which, so far from fitting in with any words in actual use, could not have been at all adequately expressed by the most lengthy periphrases. Therefore, new words were invented, or, where possible, old ones had an entirely new signification applied to them. Mr. Trench's eloquent words state the case very forcibly:

"But it is otherwise in regard of the Latin language. That, when the Church arose, requiring of it to be the organ of her divine words, to tell out all the new, and as yet undreamt of, which was stirring in her bosom; demanding of it that it should reach her needs—needs which had hardly or not at all existed—while the language was in process of formation, that was already full formed, had reached its climacteric, and was indeed verging, though as yet imperceptibly, toward decay, with all the stiffness of commencing age already upon it. Such the Church found it—something to which a new life might be imparted, but the first life of which was already overlived. She found it a garment narrower than she could wrap herself withal, and yet the only one within reach. But she did not forego the expectation of one day obtaining all which she wanted, nor yet even, for the present, did she sit down contented with the inadequate and insufficient. Herself young, and having the spirit of life, she knew that the future was her own—that she was set in the world for this very purpose of making all things new—that what she needed and did not find, there must lie in her the power of educing from herself—that, however, not all at once, yet little by little, she could weave whatever vestments were required by her for her comeliness and beauty. And we do observe the language, under the new influence, as at the breath of a second spring, putting itself forth anew, the meaning of words enlarging and dilating, old words coming to be used in new significations, obsolete words reviving, new words being coined—with much in all this to offend the classical taste, which yet, being inevitable, ought not to offend, and of which the gains far more than compensated the losses. There was a new thing, and that being so, it needed that there should be a new utterance, as well. To be offended with this is, in truth, to be offended with Christianity, which made this to be inevitable."—*Sacred Latin Poetry*. *Introd.*, pp. 5, 6.

Christianity, we know well, was at first not the religion of the Court; it grew up in the lanes and alleys of the metropolis, not in its palaces. Hence, with the exception of those new-coined phrases which formed part of the Christian catechesis, the language of ordinary life was the currency of Christian intercourse—we may assume, also, of Christian teaching. For,

to have their due effect on the minds of ordinary men, Christian truths, whether in hymns or homilies—had to be framed in ordinary language, and to employ the grammar of common life, which, as is abundantly proved by the Pompeian and other inscriptions, was different in many respects from the grammar of the educated classes, the prepositions, for instance, being used almost *ad libitum*. These hymns, therefore, are often very different in their phraseology from the compositions of the Court poets, just as the actual “lays of the cavaliers” were different from the polished rhymes of Aytoun.

But we are told by many Latin scholars, that they could overlook the syntax of these hymns, if they could forgive their prosody. The objection rests on two grounds—firstly, because most Latin hymns do not happen to be in the same meters as the heathen poems; secondly, because most Latin hymns substitute accent for quantity. To this twofold objection we have a twofold answer. In the first place, we contend that the hymnographers had a perfect right to choose what meters they pleased for their compositions, and that the standard which they themselves set up, is the standard whereby they ought to be judged. We have no right to find fault with Tennyson because he did not write his “In Memoriam” in decasyllabic couplets, or with Coleridge, because, in his “Christabel,” he gave up syllabic scansion altogether. We grant that it is lawful for us to form our own judgment with regard to the meter which is adopted, or the method of scansion on which it is based; but if these two points are satisfactorily settled, we must claim the right of every poet to mould his thoughts in whatever form of words he may consider most suitable to them.

And we must urge, in the second place, not merely that the Latin hymnographers had full liberty to throw off the shackles of the old prosody, but that it was absolutely necessary for them to do so. With regard to the meters, there were few, if any, which had not been profaned by the licentiousness of the heathen poets—there was scarcely one which had not formed the garb of some unholy song in praise of Venus or Apollo—which was not well known in the streets of Rome, by the nightly revelings of the dissolute and profligate. It was impossible that the

early Christians should be content to use, in the service of God, the meters or “tunes” which could not but remind them of the worst features of the heathenism which they had utterly forsaken. They who shrank so scrupulously from the slightest participation in the wickedness around them, could least of all give way in such a point as this—a point which involved the partial sacrifice of what was most dear to them—the purity of their worship. Who among us would not shrink from singing the psalms to some profane ditty taken from the theater or the gin-palace? And yet this was the light in which the early Christians could not help regarding the meters in which modern critics find so much exquisite beauty. Indeed, we may marvel that, instead of renouncing these old meters by degrees, the hymnographers did not throw them off at once. They doubtless would have done so, if they had been fully conscious of the power which each succeeding age was to unvail more and more, until at length the arm was laid bare which could raise an entirely new edifice of Christian poetry on the ruins of the temple of heathen song.

And there is a still more important consideration which we have not hitherto touched upon, but which, in our opinion, fully settles the question before us. The Christian poets could not be content to shackle themselves in a cold, lifeless form, which was utterly powerless to stir up the heart from its inmost depths, or to elevate the soul. They needed some melody which would ring through the mind’s most secluded chambers—which would amalgamate with thought in indissoluble union, and force its way into the soul of the hearer, without the possibility of resistance. They found no such power in the old lyric meters; they found no possibility of ever adopting the sacred truths of their faith to those series of nicely-modulated syllables, and exquisite felicities of expression, which constitute the body of Latin poetry.

As Mr. Trench observes:

“The Christian poets were in holy earnest; a versification, therefore, could no longer be endured attached with no living bonds to the thoughts, in which sense and sound had no real correspondence with one another.”—INTRODUCTION, p. 8.

They found what they needed in the

substitution of accent for quantity, and in the use of rhyme in the middle or at the end of the verse; and so, by slow degrees, these changes were effected, until at length the voice of jubilant melody could break forth in a meter like the following, which Mr. Neale has succeeded in transferring, with great accuracy and beauty, from Latin into English:

"Sing my tongue the glorious battle, with
completed victory rife;
And above the Cross' trophy, tell the triumph
of the strife;
How the world's Redeemer's conquered, by
surrendering of his life."

And if at times these Christian hymnographers seized upon the decaying corpse of the old prosody, they reanimated it; they robed it in a marvelous strength. We think that the most wonderful poem ever written, as regards the mere mechanism of its composition, is one by Bernard of Clugni, "*De Contemptu mundi*," which consists of *three thousand hexameter lines, each having a triple rhyme*: its beauty is not confined, as we shall afterwards show, to its meter, but we feel constrained to quote a few lines now for the benefit of those among our learned readers who may not as yet have seen it:

"Stant Syon atria, conjubilantia, martyre
plena,
Cive micantia, principe stantia, luce serena;
Est ibi pascua mitibus affluis, præstita sanctis,
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.
Gens duce splendida, concio candida vestibus
albis,
Sunt sine flatibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus
almis,
Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt
sine lite,
In Syon ædibus editioribus Israelitæ."

We pass now to the consideration of the hymns themselves in their general character.

The first great feature is their extreme *subjectivity*. It has been said that simple adoration, unalloyed by any thought of self, is the most fitting homage to the Deity—that we should praise God absolutely, not relatively, to us. Such thanksgiving may become angels, but surely it can not become men; as fallen beings we can only offer up acceptable praises through the Redeemer, and therefore every act of

praise must mediate or immediately bear some reference to the redemption. And in a state of transition, where temptations assail us at every step, where Divine support is needed every moment, our praise must more or less be mingled with prayer; if we ascribe him strength, it must be that he may make us strong; if we give him the glory, it must be that he may glorify his name in us; if we thank him for grace, it must be that he may continue to fill us with the spirit of grace. This is the character which is so strongly stamped on Latin hymns; the personal feeling of the writer clings to every idea, the doxology is made to tell at once upon the heart. We are speaking more especially of the purer Latin hymns; the case was sometimes altered; for an entirely opposite tendency gradually insinuated itself into Western psalmody—a tendency to make hymns the expression, not of Christian feeling, but of dogmatic theology—a tendency which crippled their power and stunted their growth. And yet it is to be marked how spiritual Christianity continually rose up in rebellion against this—how sometimes a solitary hymn shines bright like a solitary star amid the night-gloom which was creeping up the sky. Take, for example, these stanzas as a specimen of a hymn which was written by Bernard of Clairvaux—the restless monk who could convulse all Christendom with the thunders of his oratory, and then sit down in the calmness of his seclusion, to pen words like these:

"Jesu! the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek thee, oh! how kind!
But what art thou to them that find?
No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness:
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art,
O Jesu! King of wondrous might!
O victor glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!"

—*Hymnal Noted*, p. 45.

Verses such as these are very different, even in a mere æsthetical point of view, from the compositions which gathered so much strength in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and which were fostered by the Romish Church like so many noxious weeds, in the garden where these flowers had grown. There was little or

no subjectivity in them, and what there was, consisted of a mere "ora pro nobis" at the end of a long catalogue of the virtues of a St. Veronica or St. Landeline. To show that we do not exaggerate, when we thus contrast the offshoots of Popery with the purer effusions of Christian spirit, we give one stanza, which we have selected at random from a hundred similar ones:

"Salve sancta facies
Nostri redemptoris,
In que nitet species
Divini splendoris,
Impressa panniculo
Nivei candoris,
Dataque veronica
Ob signum amoris."

There was another phase of the subjectivity of Latin hymns which we must not neglect to notice. The writers were not content simply to express, in sacred verse, the feelings which they shared in common with all true Christians, under the influence of ordinary circumstances. They went further than this: they frequently so stamped their own peculiar emotions on their compositions, that, as in the Psalms of David, internal evidence furnishes a clue to their history. It is delightful to be able here and there, among the shades of that gathering gloom, to recognize a Christian brother, whose soul has been impressed upon some words which can make music in our hearts even now—which gleam forth with the fullest glory of true Christianity, and yet have their own individual tale of conflict, or of comfort. There is an exquisite hymn, for example, which was written by King Robert of France—a man who seems to have found his crown a burden, who had been tossed about from year to year in a restless tempest of persecution and calamity, and who cries to the Comforter to give him strength to stand, in a hymn which we should have quoted, if it could have been at all adequately rendered in English. Our learned readers will find it given in Mr. Trench's volume; we can only say of it, that it shows very beautifully how the writer had been made patient through suffering, how his gentle spirit had been rendered more gentle still by its conquest of the selfish unlovingness around it.

We must now speak of the *symbolism* which forms the second great characteris-

tic of Latin hymns; and in approaching the subject, we feel that it requires much caution. We do not think that symbolism is dangerous in itself, for it is the gratification of that mysterious craving of our souls which prompts us to look for the infinite in the finite—for some sign of the finger of the Eternal on the corruptible things around us. Hence arises the love of symbols, and so far as they merely serve thus to remind the soul of something higher, so far, in other words, as the connection between the symbol and the thing symbolized is regarded as *conceptual* and not *real*, they may perhaps be useful. But the transition is not difficult, and to unthinking minds would be almost imperceptible. The attributes of the thing symbolized seem to attach themselves, in process of time, to its earthly representative, and soon become inseparable from it. This is what we have to notice in mediæval symbolism—there is the gradual substitution of the type for the antitype—the gradual forgetting of the nature of the symbol, until at last the lesser and the greater are fused together, and the whole truth involved in hopeless error. In fact, the errors of later mediæval symbolism, partly because they were more palpable to a superficial investigation, and partly because they have been retained by the Romish Church, have been regarded as stamping mediæval symbolism universally with an indelible brand of superstition, and even idolatry. There *is* gloom in mediæval symbolism, but there is also light. The hymns on which this feature of the age is stamped are of different shades—they vary from the intense brightness of pure Christianity to the intense darkness of unmingled Popery. We must not, however, judge the one class by the other—we must not suppose that all are equally infected—for we shall find that the true symbolism of some of these hymns has a great effect upon the heart; that, like the symbolism of the Bible, it strikes the feelings at once, and therefore does its work completely. To take the case of the Cross, which will probably serve as an example of one of the points of mediæval symbolism which are most generally misunderstood. In the early days of Christianity, it was adopted almost universally among Christians as a symbol of the redemption—not because there was any necessary connection between the two—any other

conventional symbol would have served the purpose equally well. We meet with it a little beyond this use, when, as the oriflamme in the vanguard of the Church's host, it was celebrated thus :

"The Royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid."

—*Hymnal Noted*, p. 51.

But this was the Rubicon. Beyond this, where the dark wilds of superstition, but no fears, on that account, deterred the later hymnographers from rushing forward. They boldly apostrophized the Cross in words which Mr. Neale has rendered thus :

"Faithful Cross! above all other, one and only
noble tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom, none in fruit
thy peers may be!
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron, sweetest*
weight is hung on thee!
Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory! thy re-
laxing *sinews* bend!
And awhile the ancient rigor that thy birth
bestowed suspend;
And the King of heavenly beauty on thy
bosom gently bend."

—*Hymnal Noted*, p. 54.

We feel compelled to pause a moment, and marvel at the unblushing audacity which has led an English clergyman to intrude nonsense like this into a hymnal, which, but for this and similar blots (such as the "*roseate*" blood of Christ, p. 65) would be unequalled for beauty. We pause, for it is a sad and pitiable case—the case of one who can so completely enslave his great abilities as a translator to the production of versions such as these. Sweet wood and sweet iron: does Mr. Neale mean literal "sweet" wood and iron, or metaphorical "sweet" wood and iron, for really we scarcely know which is least absurd? And who ever heard of a tree's sinews, and still less of the Cross's sinews—and why should our Lord's body be called a "sweet" body? We beg to assure Mr. Neale that if he has any desire to revive Latin hymns in this country, he will not do so by dragging forth from

the sepulchre of Popish darkness words which are utterly revolting, not merely to our feelings as Protestants, but to our common-sense as Britons.

We must notice, though our space compels us to be brief, a very important branch of the symbolism of Latin hymns. We refer to their interpretation of the Old Testament. Of symbolistic interpreters, Adam of St. Victor is undoubtedly the prince. He seems to consider each minutest incident in the Old Testament history as a mirror in which was reflected some Christian truth; but his analogies, although often beautiful and always ingenious, are for the most part very much overstrained. The following specimen will show his average style better than any lengthened remarks :

"Christ the prey hath here unbound
From the foe that girt us round,—[1 SAM.
23: 24–26.]

Which in Samson's deed is found
When the lion he had slain.—[JUDGES
14: 5, 6.]

David in his Father's cause,
From the lion's hungry jaws
And the bear's devouring paws,
Hath set free his flock again.—[1 SAM. 17: 34
–36.]

He that thousands slew by dying,—[JUDGES
16: 30.]

Sampson, Christ is typifying,
Who by death overcame his foes.

Sampson by interpretation,
Is "*their* SUNLIGHT:" our Salvation
Thus hath brought illumination
To the elect on whom he rose.
From the Cross's pole of glory—[*The Spice*,
NUMB. 13: 23]

Flows the must of ancient story
In the church's wine-vat stored:
From the press now trodden duly
Gentile first-fruits, gathered newly,
Drink the precious liquor poured."

Another prominent characteristic of Latin ecclesiastical poetry, is the power with which it compresses grand ideas into single phrases, wrapping up into condensed expressions thoughts which theologians would expand into volumes. It is this which has given modern poetry its power over the heart. And we think that it is in this way only that many great truths can reach our hearts with any real force. Our intellects may be convinced by logic or by intuition, but neither of them can reach the heart. That requires something more forcible, more impressive, and in this kind of poetry, it needs have their fulfillment,

* Mr. Neale is, in this instance, "*Romanis ipsis paulo Romanior*," for Father Caswall is content with—

"Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood,
Laden with so sweet a load."

for one of these condensed expressions comes upon it, not like a congeries of faint tintinnabulations, but like the knell of some mighty tocsin which it "can not choose but hear," sounding up as it does from the depths of time in tones of warning or encouragement, bidding us array ourselves for conflict, or chant to God for victory.

We have before alluded to the symbolism which characterizes the hymns of Adam of St. Victor, we must now quote him as the hymnographer in whom this expressiveness of which we are speaking found probably its fullest development. What Bengel is in exegesis, Adam of St. Victor is in hymnology. We are sure of finding a terseness in almost every phrase vailing an exceeding beauty of sentiment. Take, for instance, this stanza on John the Baptist :

"Ardens fide, verbo lucens,
Ed ad veram lucem ducens
Multa docet millia.
Non lux iste, sed lucerna,
Christus vero lux æterna,
Lux illustrans omnia."

It can hardly be denied, however, that this love of concentrating force into single expressions, is sometimes carried too far ; we mean when phrases of this kind are piled one upon another, until they form a poem rather than a hymn. This is undoubtedly a fault, because it, to a great extent, unfits the hymn for Christian worship—the worship where the learned and the unlearned meet together, and where no distinction of class can properly be maintained. Even granting that intellectual Christians may have for private devotion hymns suited to their capacities, still we are inclined to think that it is possible so to strain the intellect as to exclude the heart from exercising its rightful function. For heart-worship is ever the truest. Abelard's aphorism, "*Fides præcedit intellectum*," can not be disputed by any one who has known the ceaselessness of conflict which commences when once the intellect usurps the supremacy. We have advocated the subjectivity of Latin hymns; we have defended, to some extent, their symbolism ; we have commended their expressiveness, simply because of the power which each of these characteristics, especially in combination, wields over the heart ; and, therefore when we find that some of these Victorine hymns fail in pro-

ducing this effect, because of their overwrought elaborateness, we must hesitate before we include them in our eulogy as *hymns*, whatever may be the admiration which is due from us on account of their exquisite beauty as *poems*. The simple melody of the Ambrosian hymns frequently gathers up its strength, and strikes upon our hearts with a wonderful force. This leads us to think that, as hymns, they are far preferable to those which are moulded in the Victorine school, for their beauty is such as all can appreciate, from the highest to the lowest, and their power is such as all must feel who have not resolutely barred the gates of their heart's citadel against the entrance of any Christian sentiment whatever. For example, in a hymn written by Ambrose of Milan himself, after a description of the Incarnation, the chorus suddenly strikes up :

"O equal to the Father, Thou !
Gird on Thy fleshly mantle now :
The weakness of our mortal state
With deathless might invigorate."

Or, similarly, in another hymn—

"Be Thou our joy, and thou our guard,
Who art to be our great reward ;
Our glory and our boast in thee
Forever and forever be."

These three characteristics are the only ones which seem prominently to attach themselves to the great body of Latin hymns, and we must contend that the presence even of these three—their subjectivity their symbolism, and their expressiveness—furnishes one of the strongest arguments in their favor, for these are the great essentials to real heart-stirring hymns, whether they be doxological or didactic.

There are, however, a few Latin hymns which stand eminently above the rest, and therefore claim special attention : on some of these we shall now briefly touch. In chronological order, the first which strikes us is a hymn attributed by a preponderance of authorities to Augustine, and in every respect worthy of the prince of Latin theologians. Our readers shall judge of it, at least a portion of it, for themselves: its subject, as they will perceive, is the joys of Paradise :

"Winter braming—summer flaming,
There relax their blustering,

And sweet roses ever blooming
Make an everlasting spring.
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,
And the balsam perfuming.

"There nor waxing moon, nor waning
Sun, nor stars in courses bright,
For the Lamb to that glad city
Shines an everlasting light:
There the daylight beams forever,
All unknown are time and night.

"For the saints in beauty beaming,
Shine in light and glory pure,
Crowned in triumph's flushing honors,
Joy in unison secure,
And in safety tell their battles,
And their foe's discomfiture.

"Here they live in endless being,
Passingness has passed away;
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
For decayed is all decay:
Lasting energy hath swallowed
Darkling death's malignant away."
—*Medieval Hymns*, etc., p 59.

With these stanzas we can not but compare a hymn, to which we have before alluded, to point out the marvelousness of its meter. The following is a faint and feeble echo of a few lines of Bernard's long poem:

"To thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love and life and rest.
O one! O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And joys have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.
Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced,
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy power;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

They stand those Halls of Syon
Conjubilant with song,

And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen:
There is the throne of David,
And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white."
—*Medieval Hymns*, etc., pp. 55-57.

A considerable number of Latin hymns is classed under the general title of "Sequences," a term primarily applied, as Mr. Neale informs us, to words composed to fit in with the Gregorian prolongation of the "Alleluia." They were first written in the tenth century. We are anxious rather to introduce Latin hymns to our readers than to theorize about them, and therefore we shall make no apology for quoting rather than describing them. The first example which we shall give of a sequence, exhibits their more primitive form. It is full of an admirable simplicity, which has ten times the power of an elaborate complexity, doing effectually the work which we maintain that Latin hymns are especially calculated to do—the work of stirring up the soul, and preaching to the heart. We may notice in this instance, too, how great a remove there is from the Mariolatry of later times, and even of later hymns, the "Stabat Mater," for example. The ruggedness of the English meter is a close imitation of the original:

"Death and life,
In wondrous strife,
Came to conflict sharp and sore:
Life's Monarch, He that died, now dies no more.
What thou sawest, Mary, say,
As thou wentest on thy way?
'I saw the slain One's earthly prison;
I saw the glory of the Risen;
The witness-angels by the cave,
And the garments of the grave.
The Lord, my hope, hath risen: and he shall
go before to Galilee.'
We know that Christ is risen from death
indeed,
Thou victor Monarch, for thy suppliants
plead."

—*Hymnal Noted*, p. 63.

We have reserved until now, as the keystone of our quotations, a sequence which stands unequalled among sacred me-

trical compositions—we refer to the “*Dies Ira*” of Thomas de Celano. Unearthly in its pathos—magnificent in its diction—thrilling in its versification—it comes upon our souls with the sweep of a rushing wind, lifting them up on its breast of swelling might until they seem to be already hearing the first note of the archangel’s trump as it echoes up from the realms of infinity, and momentarily expecting it to ring fully through the abodes of quick and dead. If we seek for an instance of the force of subjectivity, we find it in its fullness here; if we seek to know the power of words, we have here the very limit of expressiveness, and these two are welded together firmly and indissolubly by a meter which will serve at once as the best apology for the renunciation of classicalism, and the best example of the heart-felt significance of Christian Latinity. Until Dr. Irons’ version appeared in the *Hymnal Noted*, English readers had been entirely without a translation which gave even a tenth-rate lithograph (if we may use the expression) of this gorgeous picture, and we regret that it is only popularly known through such corrupted media. The version of which we speak has, however, left little to be desired, since it faithfully represents not merely the language, but also the meter, and what is more, the rhyming triplet of the original. We feel compelled to quote its more striking verses, referring our readers to Daniel’s *Thesaurus*,* or Mr. Trench’s “Sacred Latin Poetry:”

“Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See! once more the Cross returning,
Heav’n and earth in ashes burning!

“O what fear man’s bosom rendeth!
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

* We think that Daniel’s will continue to be the best work of reference for ordinary purposes, embracing, as it does, not merely Western, but also Eastern hymnology, although in some respects the new German “*Hymni Latini Medii Ævi*, Edid. F. J. Mone,” will be more complete.

“Wondrous sound the trumpet singeth,
Through earth’s sepulchers it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth!

“Death is struck and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making!

“What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding?
When the just are mercy needing.

“King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

“Think! kind Jesu, my salvation,
Caused thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

“Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suff’ring brought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

“Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reck’ning day’s conclusion!

“Guilty now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God! thy suppliant groaning!

“Low I kneel with heart-submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

“Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning:
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God! in mercy spare him!
Lord who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed requiem—Amen.”

But now we must close our brief sketch of Latin hymnology. We had intended to have pursued the subject further, by tracing the coincidences between the voices of the Christian life in those ages, and the voices of the Christian life in later times, but our limits compel us to forbear.

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

DELHI AND THE MOHAMMEDAN REBELLION IN INDIA.

"Not only the interests of England, but also those of Europe, are at stake before the walls of Delhi," said a French writer in the *Constitutionnel*. This is true to an extent that may not be at once perceived. It is not only that Islamism has raised the standard of revolt in the old capital of India—the seat of the Patan and Mogul dynasties, and the center of Mohammedan rule in Asia—against Great Britain, that it has, by misrepresentations and falsehoods, seduced the pliant and superstitious Hindoos, and by a mongrel hybrid proclamation, after the style of those of Hannuk, the founder of the Seiks, attempted to identify the paganism of the Hindoo with the iconoclasm of the Mohammedan: it is that by reviving the sway of the Mussulman in India and Central Asia, the long-dormant ambition and fanaticism of Islamism is aroused throughout the world. The hopes of better days, the promises of successes and triumphs, have been once more brought home to the impulsive imaginations of the followers of the Prophet, and have caused the pulse of Islamism to vibrate from Delhi to Teheran and Bokhara, and from Constantinople to Cairo, to Algiers, and to Morocco.

It can not be otherwise than interesting to glance for a moment retrospectively at what these great Mohammedan dynasties really were, that they should be called upon in the nineteenth century to supersede British rule in the East; that "Down with the British, up with the Mohammedan rulers; down with the *Raj* of the 'Company Bahadur,' up with the throne of the Emperor of Delhi; away with the restraints of meek, gentle, tolerant Christianity; hail the reascendancy of stern, intolerant, all-conquering Islam," should be the battle-cry throughout the plains of Hindostan.

The Moslems first entered India, as they did all other portions of the globe that have been favored by their presence, as conquerors and subjugators of the

human race. Historians record twelve freebooting expeditions made by Mahmud of Ghizni, from all of which he returned triumphant and laden with booty. Delhi was at that epoch ruled by its own native sovereigns, the rajahs of Delhi or Indrapresta being mentioned as early as A.D. 1008, and its reigning prince entered, with other native princes, into alliance with Annindpal, King of Lahore, to oppose the devastations of the Moslems. The Hindoos being, however, defeated in a pitched battle, the Mohammedans, after sacking and destroying the sacred idols at Tanassar, took possession of Delhi, and would even then have occupied it permanently, had it not been that the well-defended kingdom of Lahore intervening, a regular communication could not be kept up between Delhi and Ghizni.

A Hindoo king of Delhi combated at Ajmeer with a Moslem prince of Ghizni—Mohammed Ghorī—hand to hand. Overthrowing the Ghorian, he wounded him in his arm, and entailed the rout of the whole Moslem army. The Mohammedans had their revenge, however, the ensuing year. The King of Delhi was slain in battle, his army dispersed, and the city handed over to the keeping of a Turkish slave, Kuttub, who, on the death of Mohammed Ghorī, assumed the character of an independent sovereign. Thus it was that Moslem dominion was for the first time established in the heart of India. The founder of this first Mohammedan, or, as it was called, Patan race of emperors, was of the humblest birth. Brought as a captive from Turkestan, he had been purchased by a citizen of Nishapour, who, finding his talents good, instructed him in various arts and sciences. Upon the death of his master, he was sold with the rest of the property, and came into the possession of Mohammed. His abilities and address soon raised him to the rank of principal page, whence he was promoted to a military command, and rose to the first station in the army.

As King of Delhi, Kuttub, who had added Al Deen, "the faithful," to his name, employed himself in making war, in honor of "the faith," with his neighbors, till he sank into the usual luxurious indolence of Oriental potentates. At his death, Altmush, who, like Kuttub, had been sold as a slave and purchased by that prince, usurped the throne from Aram, the rightful heir. This prince extended the empire on every side, subjecting Bengal, and Bahar, Malwa, and reducing Gwalior, always considered the principal bulwark of Mohammedan power. After his death, which took place in 1236, there followed a succession of princes, most of whom occupied, during a very short period, a disputed throne. Among the most remarkable were Rizia Begum, one of the rare instances of a queen reigning among Mohammedans, and who, becoming attached to an Abyssinian slave named Jamal, and heaping the highest honors and dignities on her paramour, caused an insurrection, was imprisoned, and put to death. Mahmud II. was taken from a prison to a throne, which he, in consequence, knew not how to enjoy. Balin, his successor, was another of the *slave emperors*. This monarch's palace, reigning as he did in the time of the ravages of Zinghiz Khan, became the place of refuge of a host of Mohammedan princes, including even two sons of the Calif.

Kei Kobad, who succeeded to Balin, gave himself up to license and voluptuousness, abandoning the reins of government to Nizam, an unworthy favorite, who oppressed the people, and put to death all who endeavored to oppose his tyranny. At length his health being ruined, he became an object of contempt to his people, and was murdered, together with his infant son, by Feroze, an Affghan chief, who, as usual, stepped through blood to power. Allah, who succeeded his uncle Feroze in 1295 by murdering him, not only began his reign in cruelty, but waded through blood to the end. He abandoned himself at the same time to the most unbridled profligacy. This Indian Heliogabalus, ignorant as he was sensual and cruel, cherished the idea of uniting the Moslems and Brahmins in one common worship, and of being himself a second Mohammed. He was got rid of by poison administered by one Kafoor, a profligate favorite, who also indulged his propensity to cruelty by putting out the

eyes of the Princes Chizer and Shadi. He was, however, himself assassinated by another prince, who succeeded to the throne under the title of Mubarik I.

Mubarik, like his predecessors, disgraced his brief reign by plunging into all those excesses of cruelty and debauchery which have consigned the rulers of the Patan and Mogul dynasty to infamy. There is really little variety in the history of these vicious princes—it is a constant repetition of nearly the same scenes. Chusew, an abandoned courtier, had Mubarik's head cut off with a saber. He in his turn was put to death, and was succeeded by Tuglik, a slave from the warlike border-tribe of the Jits. His crimes, and those of his son and successor, Mohammed III., surpassed those of their most guilty predecessors, and made the latter, during a reign of twenty-seven years, the execration of the East. Mubarik was a monster of debauchery—Mohammed, of cruelty. His actions exceeded in atrocity the greatest enormities of the worst of the Cæsars. On conceiving umbrage at any class of the inhabitants, he assembled his warriors as for a hunt, then told them that men, not animals, were to be the objects of chase. The devoted district was subjected to military execution: the people were massacred, their eyes were put out, or their heads were carried to Delhi and suspended in rows along the walls. These were "the good old times," which it is now deemed by certain fanatics so desirable to revive! It is the descendants of these men who are called the Latimers and Riddleys of India!

These dreadful scourges of humanity were succeeded by Feroze III., who happily found gratification in building mosques, colleges, and bridges. The short reigns of Tuglik II., of Abu Beker, and of Mohammed IV., only served further to exemplify the precarious nature of Oriental power. Mahmud III. was a minor, and the crown was being disputed by Nuserit, grandson to Feroze III., when, in the year 1307, India was assailed by an enemy whom her utmost strength, guided by far abler monarchs, would scarcely have been able to resist. Timur, after the siege and massacre of Batneir, had approached Delhi. Mahmud was induced to give battle to the Tartar without the walls; he was defeated, and fled to Guzerat. Historians vary as to the ex-

tent of the guilt of Timur in the fatal scene that ensued. The Mohammedan historians assert, that while that Prince was celebrating a great festival in his camp, he was surprised by the view of the flames ascending from the capital. Ferishta, however, gives more credit, and seemingly with reason, to the report that some of his troops having acted with violence towards the citizens, the latter rose and killed several of their number; upon which Timur gave up this immense metropolis to an unrestrained pillage. The unhappy Hindoos, in a state of distraction, slew their wives, then rushed out upon their enemies; but the efforts of this undisciplined crowd availed nothing against the warlike array of the Moguls; the streets of Delhi streamed with blood, and after a short contest the unresisting natives were led captive by hundreds out of the city.

The Tartars, after the departure of Timur, exercised scarcely any sway over India. Money was indeed coined in the devastator's name, and its princes owned themselves nominally his vassals. In other respects, his inroad served only to aggravate the anarchy under which that hapless country was doomed to groan. Delhi, for some time almost abandoned, began to be re-peopled, and passed from one hand to another. Chizev, viceroy of Moulton, seized the throne for a time, and held it as the representative of Timur. Another Mubarik was assassinated by his vizier. The weak reigns of Mohammed V. and of Allah II. had nearly dissolved the empire, when it was seized and held for thirty-eight years by the firm hand of Bheloli. His son, Secunder I., supported his reputation; but Ibrahim II., who succeeded, was cruel and unpopular, and was therefore ill-prepared for the great crisis which impended over the country. The Mongul Tartars, or the Moguls, as the Indians call them, were once more approaching Delhi under Baber. Like his predecessor Mahmud, Ibrahim went forth from the city to give them battle; like his predecessor he was defeated; and Baber, in the year 1526, seated himself on the throne of Delhi. Such was the end of the dynasty, or rather the successive dynasties of the Patan emperors, with a very few exceptions a disgrace, not only to princely rule, but to the very title of manhood. No country could have been in a more hum-

bled state than India was during that long period of misrule and tyranny: the slave of slaves, trampled upon by a foreign soldiery bigotedly hostile to all her creeds and institutions, she was in a position in which life itself was scarcely worth the holding.

It might have been hoped that a change of masters would have brought with it some amelioration in the condition of the prostrate Hindoo, but it was not so. Baber's reign, which only lasted five years, was disturbed by insurrections both in India and in Caubul. This first of the Great Moguls is vaunted as the most accomplished prince that ever ruled over Hindostan; yet, as has been justly remarked, we nowhere see him in the edifying picture of a monarch devoting himself in peace to the improvement of his country and the happiness of his people. He bequeathed his troubled empire to his son Humaion, (Hum-ayyun,) who was conspired against by his two brothers, Camiran and Hindal, at the same time that he was attacked by Shere, Khan of Bengal. Driven out of his dominions, this unfortunate prince experienced a succession of calamities such as scarcely ever befell even the most unfortunate princes of the East. Having taken refuge in Persia, he was induced to adopt the Shiah form of Mohammedism in return for succor to regain his throne. In the mean time the Patan Shere ruled over all India, and was succeeded by his son Selim, after whom, during the short reigns of a Mohammed and an Ibrahim, the empire was distracted by dissensions among the royal family, and by the revolt of the numerous Omrahs and viceroys. Humaion, the Mogul, took advantage of these dissensions to regain the throne of Delhi, which he left a year afterwards to his son Akbar, who is extolled as the greatest monarch who ever swayed the scepter of India. This prince, like most of the early Mogul emperors, was, as De Huc describes the Tartars to have been generally, very latitudinarian in his religious convictions. This may account a great deal for the hold which they, the Moguls, obtained and held over Hindoos and Mussulmans alike. Some Portuguese missionaries having visited his court and challenged public controversy, Akbar proposed to decide the question by each party leaping into a furnace, the one with the Bible, the other with the Koran

in his hand. Needless to say that the controversialists declined to appeal to such a questionable criterion of religious faith.

Akbar's son Selim assumed the vain-glorious title of Jehan-jir, "Conqueror of the World." He began his reign with a crime, committed to obtain possession of one of the so-called "Lights of the World"—also called the Mher ul Nissa, or "Sun of Women." His reign was also embittered by the revolt of his own son Chusew, and by the conspiracies of the fair, but frail, "Nur Jehan." His successor, Shah Jehan, adopted the most dreadful expedients to secure himself against a rival. He caused not only his brother, but all his nephews who were alive, to be put to death; and there remained not a drop of the blood of Timur in Delhi, except what flowed in his own and his children's veins. This sanguinary proceeding did not, however, save him from trouble. A Patan chieftain Lodi, led a first revolt, and the insurrection of his own sons crowned a reign that had been cradled in crime and violence. It was to this monarch that new Delhi, whither he had removed his residence, calling it after himself, Shah Jehanpoor, was indebted for his famed palace of red granite, which has been compared with the Kremlin, and the Jumma Musjeed, a magnificent mosque, not excelled by any other in India. Agra is also indebted to the architectural taste of the same king for the mausoleum called the Taj Mahal, raised in honor of another "Light of the World," Nur Jehan—his favorite queen.

The Mogul Empire is said by its adherents to have attained its highest glory under Aurengzebe, who "exalted the imperial umbrella over his head," after having dethroned and imprisoned his father. Yet what were the characteristics of this so-called glorious reign? The very tenure of the throne was disputed by two brothers, both at the head of powerful armies. The empire was threatened on one hand by the Persians, under the formidable Shah Abbas, on the other by the Mahrattas, now first rising into power. Aurengzebe also paved the way to the fall of his dynasty by violent hostility to the religion of the Hindoos—a new feature in the character of the Mogul emperors; and an insurrection under an old female devotee, Bistamia, showed how

readily the superstitious feelings of that strange people are worked upon.

On the death of Aurengzebe, the usual struggle for empire had to be gone through; and after many obstinate and bloody contests it fell to the lot of Shah Allum. The Seiks were at this epoch rising in power in the one direction as the Mahrattas were in another, and in consequence of religious differences were always at feud with the Mogul rulers. At Shah Allum's death, his sons, as usual, contended with one another for the empire. Jehandir Shah, who first succeeded, so abandoned himself to dissoluteness, that he was soon superseded by Feroکشere—the creature of two Sayyids, or descendants of the Prophet—for the Mogul court kept on increasing in fanaticism with its decline. These Sayyids murdered and raised several princes to the throne in succession. At length Mohammed Shah, who was indebted to them for his elevation, emancipated himself from their thralldom; but he had more powerful enemies to contend with without—the Mahrattas and the Persians. The latter were for the first time led victorious to the gates of Delhi by Nadir Shah. They entered the city of the Moguls as magnanimous conquerors, and for two days observed great moderation, but a collision happening, orders were issued for a general massacre in every street or avenue where the body of a murdered Persian could be found. The imperial treasury was ransacked, and found to contain specie, rich robes, and, above all, jewels to an almost incredible value. The Mogul emperors, since the first accession of their dynasty, had been indefatigable in the collection of these objects from every quarter, by purchase, forfeiture, or robbery; and every store had been continually augmented without suffering any alienation, or being exposed to foreign plunder. Nadir, however, made no attempt to retain India, though it lay prostrate at his feet, but after giving him some salutary advice, he replaced Mohammed on the tottering throne. He was succeeded by his son, Ahmed Shah, during whose short reign, as if foreign enemies had not been enough, the court was perpetually distracted by intestine dissensions. The empire was, indeed, now in a most precarious condition; there was scarcely a power so insignificant as not to think it

self sufficiently strong to trample upon it. The king of Afghanistan assailed the capital, and gave it up to a sack almost as dreadful as it had suffered from Nadir.

After this decisive event, the Mogul throne ceased to retain its wonted weight and importance. The empire of India was virtually contested by the Affghans and the Mahrattas. Delhi fell alternately into the hands of the one and the other power. Ali Gohur still retained possession of the empty but venerated title of "Great Mogul," but he was in reality the vassal of each daring chief who chose to seize upon the capital.

An Englishman, by the name of Hawkins, had visited the court of the great Mogul in the time of Jehanjir, and he was followed by Sir Thomas Roe, who first succeeded in obtaining some commercial privileges from these jealous monarchs. The English had gone on ever since improving their position, till, in 1689, the state of anarchy in which the empire was thrown, and the consequent insecurity entailed to their lives and property, led them to think of strengthening that position by territorial acquisitions. Such was the origin of the power of the East India Company. Calcutta was purchased during the reign of Aurengzebe, in 1698, and already in 1707 it was the seat of a civil and military presidency.

It is not our object here to follow up the rise of British power, but rather to trace the history of the decline of that of the Moguls. When the French and English came in contact in India, the Subahdars of the Deccan and the Nabob of the Carnatic, originally subordinate appointments under the Emperor of Delhi, were contesting the sovereignty of Southern India. The war with Surajah Dowlar, of Black-Hole notoriety, was succeeded by an attempt on the part of the Mogul dynasty to reassert its claims to the sovereignty of India in the person of its Shah Zadeh, or hereditary prince. He was supported in this by two other Mussulman chiefs, the Nabob of Oudh and the Subahdar of Allahabad, who, on the decline of the empire, had established themselves as independent rulers—the religious bond alone remaining. The British, under Clive, supported Meer Jaffier, the native ruler of Bengal, a line of conduct branded by Mill in his history of India as "undisguised rebellion;" but when we consider that the power of the Mogul

over distant provinces had for a long time been less than nominal, the support before given to the princes in the South, who were opposed to the supremacy of the French, might have received the same designation with just as much truth and justice. The Mussulman chiefs, however, quarreled among themselves. The Shah Zadeh, "the descendant of so many illustrious sovereigns, and the undoubted heir of a throne once among the loftiest on the globe, (!) was so bereft of friends and resources, that he was induced to write a letter to Clive, requesting a sum of money for his subsistence, and offering a requital to withdraw from the province."

The defeated Prince soon, however, recognized another attack upon the British abetted by the Nabob of Oudh, and he made harassing excursions into the territory of their ally, Meer Cossim; but so greatly were his difficulties increased by the irregularities of his own allies, that he was ultimately induced to march over in person to the British, and unite himself to their cause. Allahabad was captured, and, on the return of Lord Clive, Sujah Dowlah was restored to his dominions, but the Mogul was compelled to leave in the hands of the Company the dewanee, or collection of the revenue of his entire sovereignty.

This establishment of the British sovereignty in Bengal was followed by the long war with Mysore, and no sooner was this over than the English became engaged in the greatest war that they ever waged in India—the war with the Mahrattas. The battle of Assaye and the fall of Alighur were followed up by General Lake marching directly upon Delhi, still the imperial capital, and the residence of him who enjoyed the rank and title of "Great Mogul," although, in reality, the prisoner of the renowned Rajpoot chieftain, Sindia. General Lake had advanced within view of the walls of the imperial city, when he discovered the army organized under French command, drawn up in a strong position to defend its approaches. Though he had only 4500 men against 19,000, yet he determined to give battle without delay; but as the enemy could not without difficulty and severe loss have been dislodged from their present ground, he used a feigned retreat as a stratagem to draw them from it. This delicate maneuver was executed

by the British troops with perfect order and skill. The enemy imagining the flight real, quitted their entrenchments and eagerly pursued; but as soon as they had been drawn forth on the plain, the English faced about, and a single charge drove the enemy from the field, with the loss of 3000 in killed and wounded, and their whole train of artillery.

The British General now entered Delhi without resistance. He immediately requested and obtained an audience of the sovereign, with whom a secret communication had previously been opened. He beheld the unfortunate descendant of a long line of princes, rendered illustrious by their crimes, seated under a small tattered canopy, the remnant of his former state; his person was emaciated by indignance and infirmities, and his countenance disfigured with the loss of his eyes, and marked with extreme old age and a settled melancholy. He is described as deeply sensible to the kindness of Lake, on whom he bestowed titles, such as "the Sword of the State," "the Hero of the Land," "the Lord of the Age," and "the Victorious in War." All his adherents, and the people of Delhi in general, expressed delight on this occasion, and the journalists, in the language of Oriental hyperbole, proclaimed that the Emperor, through excess of joy, had recovered his sight. Mill, who, as we have before seen, writes from a Mohammedan point of view, and adopts the versions given by Mohammedan historians, derides these rather pompous descriptions of the "delivering of Shah Alum," as he was, in fact, merely transferred as a state prisoner from one custody to another; but the more impartial Murray justly remarks, that besides having suffered the most barbarous treatment from some of the native chiefs, he had endured from all of them very great neglect. The French officers seem to have treated him with respect; but the funds obtained from Sindia for his support were exceedingly scanty. The English did not, indeed, restore even the shadow of his former power; but they maintained him in comfort, and with some semblance of the pomp by which the Mogul throne had been anciently surrounded. In return, they obtained for all their measures the sanction of a name still venerated throughout the empire, and as long as they held Delhi and subsidized its sove-

reign, they were virtually seated on the throne of India.

The vast scheme of conquest and subsidiary alliances by which the Company had studied to place the whole of the Eastern empire under British control, excited a deep sensation in the mother country. The public were, to a certain degree, dazzled with its splendid success; yet a numerous body of politicians exclaimed that this course was contrary to all true principles of policy; that it formed an interminable system of war; that the Company, in seating themselves upon the throne of the Mogul, and endeavoring to effect the conquest of all Hindostan, had entirely relinquished the basis on which they had uniformly professed to act. This state of feeling has ever since remained. The anomalous position of the Company and of the Queen's government, superadded to this perpetual fluctuation between the opinions of a peace and a war party, have led to a negative and inconsequent line of conduct. War governors have been superseded, as a reward for their defending the Company's territories against aggression, by governors who would accede to any thing, and submit to any amount of degradation, to insure a temporary cessation of hostilities, or, as it was called at home, the blessings of peace; in reality only a treacherous lull. Adrians succeeded to Trajans, and Trajans to Adrians; the threatening attitude of some neighboring potentate, actual acts of aggression, or ever-recurring insurrections, invariably leading to the reëmployment of a governor supposed to be equal to the emergency. No wonder that such a vacillating system ultimately ended in one great act of rebellion! All that can be said is, that it would be probably worse under a parliamentary rule as at present constituted, where there are men to advocate the cause of the Mohammedans and Hindoos as that of the oppressed and the wronged; to vindicate the murder of children, and the public violation of British mothers as a just retribution; to exalt the native victims as martyrs in the cause of religion, (such is their respect for Christianity;) and to proclaim every act of retaliation as a diabolical feat of vengeance!

The pliant and superstitious Hindoo had, undoubtedly, as well as the haughty fanatic Mohammedan, a host of grievances, by which each was moved to in-

subordination; but the progress of events has shown that the present rebellion had its origin really in a cunningly contrived political conspiracy on the part of the Mohammedans — whether inspired from without we are not in the present moment in a condition to say—but a conspiracy having for its immediate object the extermination of the British power, in order to pave the way for the reestablishment of their own dynasty; and that the Hindoos have, for the most part, been duped and seduced into the false position of allies of a race who have always tyrannized over them, and treated them in a manner to which the yoke of the Christian must have been such a relief as to have constituted the greatest boon ever conferred upon suffering humanity. The spirit of insurrection, more especially among the Mohammedan and Brahminical Sepoys, first showed itself of late years during the rule of Lord Ellenborough, but the prompt and vigorous measures of that nobleman repressed it for the time being. A second attempt to coerce the iron will of Sir Charles Napier made the feeling still more manifest. That gallant veteran extinguished it ere yet the spark had smouldered into a flame, and was rebuked by Lord Dalhousie for so doing. In 1852, the 38th regiment was ordered to proceed to Burmah: upon their refusing, Lord Dalhousie allowed them to have their own way. From that moment a revolt became a mere question of time and opportunity.

The conspiracy, indeed, became general upon the annexation of Oudh. Not that the annexation was not and had not been for a long time a matter of state necessity; but when a government is obliged to have recourse to measures of such great import, adequate precautions should also be taken. Oudh was the right hand of the Mohammedan Empire; and it is impossible to describe the feelings of indignation and hatred with which the whole Mussulman population of India heard of the deed—the extinction of its political power. The deposed monarch, or those who acted for him, aware that the Bengal army was disaffected, resolved in return to overthrow the British rule in India. An alliance was entered into with the puppet King of Delhi, and it was determined that from Calcutta to Peshawur there should be a simultaneous rising in one day, in which the life of no Christian should be spared.

On what a frail tenure does our occupancy of India hang so long as we foster and pet, with their hundreds of thousands a year, so many vassal and tributary native princes!

The introduction of the Enfield rifle and greased cartridges worked the tampered feelings of the Sepoys up to the highest point of exasperation. That they afterwards used the same cartridges against the British only proves how deep the resentment which could overcome prejudice. On the 24th of January, 1857, the telegraph-office at Barrackpore, near Calcutta, was burnt down. The object was to prevent communication with the interior. So manifest was the progress of insubordination, that General Hearsay, commanding the presidency division, found it necessary to assemble the troops and to harangue them. The 19th N.I. mutinied at Berhampore on the 24th of February, and the government of Lord Canning, which had succeeded that of Lord Dalhousie, became at length sensible of impending mischief. Reports reached Calcutta about the same time of ill-feeling and disaffection having been evinced at the important stations of Meerut and Lucknow. On the 29th of March the 34th mutinied at Barrackpore, but were put down by General Hearsay's promptitude. On the 31st of March, the 19th having been marched down from Berhampore to Barrackpore, the regiment was disbanded. It has since transpired that they at one time entertained the notion of killing their officers on the way, marching into Barrackpore, where the 2nd and 34th were prepared to join them, fire the bungalows, surprise and overwhelm the European force, secure the guns, and then march on to sack Calcutta!

Delhi and Lucknow were, however, the real centers of rebellion. Luckily, at the latter place, Sir Henry Lawrence, one of the ablest men in India, was enabled to suppress the first mutiny that broke out on the 3d of May. At Meerut, near Delhi, mutiny was also rife; and on the 6th, General Hewitt having served out the old cartridges, such as had always been in use, to try the men, eighty-five refusing to take them, he ordered them to be put in irons. The native troops then sent off messengers to Delhi to warn the troops there to be ready to receive them on the 11th or 12th.

The evening of Sunday, the 7th of May,

will be ever memorable in the annals of India. On that evening the 3d Light Cavalry and the 20th N.I. broke out into open rebellion, and their example was followed, after the destruction of Colonel Finnis and other officers, by other regiments. Fifteen hundreded jail-birds were at the same time set free, to betake themselves with the revolted troops to the center of the rebellious Delhi.

The city of the "Great Mogul" was garrisoned at the time by the 38th, 54th, and 74th Regiments Native Infantry, and a battery of Native Artillery, under the command of Brigadier Graves, who had not a single European under his command. The 38th was the corps which had so successfully defied Lord Dalhousie in 1852, and the men of it had ever since been impressed with the idea that the government was afraid of them. The fact of leaving so important a city as Delhi, with its vast military resources, at the mercy of a native and disaffected soldiery, has caused much animadversion in this country, where the whole character, origin, and progress of the rebellion were at first generally misunderstood and misrepresented. Nay, General Hewitt's attempt to put down a revolt by bringing insubordination to a crisis, has been over and over again vilified as an attempt to force obnoxious cartridges on prejudices that were to be respected, and his putting the mutineers in irons as the first origin of the rebellion! Error could scarcely go further, unless strained by willful misrepresentation.

But the character of Delhi was such as to make it a very unfit place of residence for young English officers, whether in the civil or the military service.

"Whoever," says a writer who has visited the place, "has seen Grand Cairo, may gain some idea of Delhi, if he will but add to the picture gardens full of shading trees, brilliant flowers, lovely fountains of white marble, which cast up their bright waters among shining palaces, with sculptured mosques and minarets, like obelisks of pearl, shooting into a sky whose color would shame the brightest turquoise that ever graced a sultan's finger. Again, instead of camels, and horses, and mules, alone blocking up the narrow, shaded ways of the native city, as at El Mir, the reader must imagine strings of elephants, their large ears painted, their trunks decorated with gold rings, anklets of sil-

ver round their legs, and bearing large, square, curtained howdahs, in which recline possibly the favorites of the harem.

"Luxury, even now, can go no further in the East than it is to be found at Delhi. Even now all the best dancing-women, the bird-tamers, the snake-charmers, the Persian musicians, the jugglers, congregate from every part, not only of India, but of Asia, at Delhi. Hundreds of romances might be written of the lives of men and women who, from this degraded class, became court favorites, and by ready wit, personal beauty, and dark intrigue, ruled where they were wont to serve; and, even now, under absolute English rule, dissipation ever holds wildest revelry at Delhi. Young men, both in the civil and military services, were too soon influenced by the contagious and enervating influences of Delhi and its Oriental pleasures. Many a noble fortune, a fine intellect, and the material for high moral character, have yielded before the Circe-like temptations of this great Moslem capital; and the song and the dance have followed too quickly the decisions of courts and the cries of those demanding justice at our hands."*

If Delhi was objectionable as a place of residence, it is difficult, however, to find a reason for which it should have been made a repository for arms and ammunition—the arsenal, indeed, of Upper India. This has manifestly been felt for some time past in India. Mrs. Colin Mackenzie says, in her excellent account of India:

"We got to Delhi about five A.M., on the 28th, C. having walked about twenty miles, and assisted in carrying me part of the way.

"Monday, Dec. 31st.—I imagine that the magazine and arsenal are in the middle of the city, and, of course, exposed to any

* On taking the census of Delhi, in 1846, it was ascertained that the imperial city contained 25,618 houses, 9945 shops, mostly one-storied, 261 mosques, 181 temples, and 1 church, (St. James's.) The total population consisted of 137,977 souls. Of these, 327 were Christians, 66,120 Mohammedans, and 71,530 were Hindoos. The census of the thirteen villages forming the suburbs of Delhi, comes down to 1847. They then contained 22,302 inhabitants: namely, of Hindoos, 709 cultivators, 14,906 non-cultivators; and of Mohammedans, 495 cultivators, and 6192 non-cultivators. Throughout Bengal, the proportion of Hindoos to Mussulmans is generally as three to one; the exception in regard to Delhi is owing to its having always been regarded as the head-quarters and capital of the Mohammedan population of India.

sudden attack from the inhabitants. This magazine contains the military stores for all the upper provinces, and C. thinks it most dangerous to leave them within reach of such a disaffected and fanatical population as the Mussulmans of Delhi."

Mr. Bentley has just published a new edition of Mrs. C. Mackenzie's book, originally known under the title of "The Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana," as "Six Years in India, Delhi, the City of the Great Mogul, etc.," and at a price which will most opportunely place so valuable a repository on Indian affairs within the reach of all.

Delhi is said, indeed, at the moment of the breaking out of the insurrection, to have contained in the dépôt the products of the cannon-foundries of Kassifoure, and the gun-carriages and artillery *matériel* manufactured at Fattichgar, and those of the celebrated powder-mills at Ichopoure. Independent of the heavy ordnance on the ramparts, it had in store 640 heavy guns, of the caliber of from 18 to 24, intended to supply the different forts of the north-east provinces of the Calcutta Presidency, besides 480 pieces of field-artillery, of the caliber of from 7 to 9, and 95 obuses and 70 mortars. The store of projectiles and munitions was also very considerable.

The approach to Delhi from Meerut is defended by the little river Hindun, which is traversed by a small bridge. On receiving intimation of the movement of the rebels, Brigadier Graves's first idea was to cut away the bridge and defend the river. But there were two objections to this plan. The first, was, that at the season of the year the river was easily fordable, and his position on the other bank might be turned. The second, that in case of their attempting that maneuver, he would be compelled to fight (even if his men continued staunch) with the rebels on his front and flank, and the most fanatic and disaffected city in India in his rear. This plan was therefore abandoned, and the Brigadier determined to defend the city and cantonments as best he could. As this might endanger the lives of the non-military residents, intimation was conveyed to them to repair to the Flagstaff Tower, a round building of solid brickwork, at some distance from the city. Unfortunately all of them were not enabled to effect their retreat in time.

When the approach of the mutineers was announced, the 54th demanded to be

led against them. The brigadier acceded to their wish, but they fired their muskets into the air, and fraternizing with the rebels, they left their officers to their fate, and they were remorselessly cut down! All was now over with Delhi. The rebels dashed into the city, shooting in their progress all the Europeans they met with. Not a Christian whom they could lay hold of was spared; and on the women, death was the smallest of the barbarities inflicted. The Governor-General's agent, Mr. Simon Fraser, and Captain Douglas, commanding the palace guards of the traitor king, were cut down in the very precincts of the palace. Mr. Jennings, the chaplain, and his daughter, were seized when making their way to the King for his protection. They were brought before the monarch, born our pensioner, and ever treated by the English government with the most unbounded liberality. "What shall we do with them?" inquired the brutal troopers. "What you like. I give them to you!" was the chivalrous reply of the descendant of the Great Mogul. It is to be hoped that the system of upholding mock monarchies in India will be done away with after this, and that the kings of Delhi and of Oudh—the last representatives of the sensuality, the vice, and the crimes of India—will no more be heard of.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Willoughby had, with a handful of Europeans, put the arsenal into a state of defense. The rebels, however, soon got over the walls and poured into the building. Four rounds were fired on them from two 6-pounder guns, doubly loaded with grape; but nothing could keep off the overpowering host. A train had been laid by Lieutenant Willoughby to the magazine, and resistance being vain, the signal was given to fire it, which, according to Lieutenant Forrest, who survives the glorious incident, was done coolly by conductor Scully. The explosion killed upwards of a thousand of the mutineers, and enabled Lieutenant Willoughby, who has since died of his wounds, Lieutenant Forrest, and more than half the European defenders of the place, to fly together from the city blackened and singed, and almost all either wounded or more or less hurt.

Brigadier Graves had in the mean time retreated, with the few men who remained faithful, to the Flagstaff Tower. Here he found a vast assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. Here also were stationed a com-

pany of the 38th, and two guns. The rascals soon prepared to turn these guns against the tower. Brigadier Graves perceiving this, had no alternative left but to advise every one to escape as best he could! We would willingly draw a veil here over the treatment that our countrywomen have met with at the hands of the rebels; but the subject has a far too important bearing to be passed over in silence. One "Caubulee" has so ably exposed this bearing of the question, that we can not do better than quote his words:

"It is well to spare the feelings of surviving friends in England, but I for one think that it would be wholesome for the nation to know, so far as unutterable horrors may be expressed, the manner in which our dear countrywomen and their children were publicly tortured to death in the streets of Delhi, partly by the mutineers and partly by the Mohammedan citizens. Nothing but these stern and appalling realities will stir up the English people to insist on the adoption of those energetic measures by which alone, under the blessing of the Most High, our most important national interests can be secured and our national honor be redeemed.

"Already the Continental nations view our apathy, as to the one, and our feeble efforts to secure the other, with mingled emotions of astonishment and contempt; and you may be sure that among Oriental tribes and peoples, from Constantinople to Canton, the remains of the prestige of the 'Ungreez' (English) are fast disappearing under the impression that God has judged us, and that our time has come. You may point to our so-called Persian successes and exclaim, Have not these reestablished our influence and reputation? My answer is, No, no, no! The abrupt termination of the Persian war, in the midst of signal success, has not made that impression on the Oriental mind which was fondly hoped by several Quakers, philanthropic old gentlemen, and really Christian mothers of families. An Englishman or woman may be highly intellectual and well-educated, their hearts may be in the right place, and their religious principles genuine, and still they may be quite unable to apprehend or comprehend the perverse modes of reasoning and the unchristian conclusions of our tawny Eastern brethren.

"For many years the sayings and doings and the comparative importance, as regards Asia, of European powers have formed a fertile and interesting topic for the nations of that quarter of the globe. Intelligence of our proceedings and status in India circulates far and wide with inconceivable rapidity, and it is perhaps needless for me to call your attention to the extreme sensitiveness of Asiatics on the point of honor as connected with their females. The monstrous outrages on and murder of our ladies are re-

garded by all Asiatics—Indians, Turcomans, Persians, etc.—as a damning national insult; and so they are. The magnitude of the conspiracy against us in India, and the gigantic hopes of the conspirators, may be measured in a great degree by their having dared to offer this particular insult, not accidentally, but systematically, wherever the outbreaks have taken place.

"This is an indication of determined and devilish animosity, on a scale unprecedented in the annals of Indian insurrections and mutinies. For although three years ago an English officer and his wife and daughter were robbed, stripped, and wounded in the Hyderabad territory, (an ominous outrage, which was unresented and unatoned for), still, in general, a European woman, lady or otherwise, was held sacred from one end of India to the other, from the impression of the natives, that the conquering and governing race would avenge any insult to their wives and daughters with inflicting and exemplary severity. My knowledge of the moral, social, and political tenets and notions of Orientals in this respect, has made me dwell on this painful subject more emphatically than I should otherwise have done, for truly as I write my blood courses like boiling lava through my veins. Why, a tribe of Rajpoots would perish to a man, rather than not avenge an insult offered to the meanest woman of their race; and we are solemnly called upon to lay down our lives for our brethren, *a fortiori* for our sisters."—"The Crisis in India: its Causes and Proposed Remedies," Bentley.

The *Times* has also spoken out upon the same subject, if possible still more to the point:

"England, religion, and civilization have received the most intolerable insult that Mohammedan fanaticism could devise in a systematic series of deliberate brutalities on European women and children. Throughout all the East this is the particular mode of expressing the utmost national scorn and defiance. A people, it is there felt, that can not, or does not choose, to protect and avenge its women is no people at all, and unfit to be served or obeyed. The Mohammedans of every class do not allow their women to be seen by the eye of man, and nowhere is this scruple so strong as in Hindostan, where even Turks and Persians are thought less refined. However dissolute an old Begum may be—and some of them are something extraordinary in this way—wherever she goes curtains and draperies must protect her from the profanation of male eyes. In various less settled districts of Hindostan—Rajpootana, for instance—where the state of society makes it difficult to protect women from insult, it is customary to destroy most female infants, in order to prevent what would be a disgrace to the tribe, but which a foe would always, for that reason, be ready to perpetrate. Now, we in India stand in this respect on tender ground. They can not under-

stand, though to a certain extent they envy, the freedom of our female society. But this is the particular point on which they hold us most accessible to insult, and accordingly the native journals have always been full of the most scandalous libels upon English ladies. Balls, pic-nics, morning calls, and every occasion on which English gentlemen and ladies see one another, are continually recorded with malicious additions. There can be no doubt of a design in the horrors committed on our women and girls; and, if there were any doubt, it would be removed by the manner and method which has been deliberately adopted. It ought to be known, reluctant as we are to tell it, that the women and unmarried girls who fell into the hands of the mutineers and populace of Delhi were carried in procession for hours through the chief thoroughfare of the city, with every horror that could degrade them in the eyes of the people, previous to the last brutalities and cruelties that then, in the sight of thousands, were perpetrated upon them. It was done of settled purpose, to degrade England, to degrade Europe, to degrade a Christian Empire, and a Christian Queen.

Now, we say it after full deliberation, and with a due regard to the objections always forthcoming against any real and effectual policy, that not one stone of that city should be left upon another. Delhi should for the future be only known in history as Sodom and Gomorrah, so that its place shall not be known. We are well aware that this will try the fidelity of some friends, but they can not really be our friends if they wish to preserve the memorial of our disgrace. It must be fully explained to them that no disrespect is intended to the Mohammedan dynasties or the Mohammedan religion, but we desire also that no disrespect shall be intended or permitted to us. An execution of this solemn character is not to be performed without a proper force; but, if thirty thousand British soldiers are required to keep order on the occasion, we trust that no Englishman would be found to grudge a year's more income-tax that the work may be done. It will be the eighth time that Delhi has been destroyed, and never before was its destruction so merited. All Asia will be wiser and better for the example.—*Times*, Aug. 29.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE SLEDGE DRIVE TO CHURCH.

A THRILLING TALE OF NORWAY.

WHAT a strange, wild country is old Norway! The brow of the earth, the forehead of the world, as the Scalds of old loved to call it in their songs. Even in the map, how singular is that jagged, furrowed, long coast-line, stretching above a thousand miles, from the North Cape, with its eternal ice, down to a genial latitude of wheat-lands and flowers! On this vast seaboard, water and land seem to have been struggling for the mastery, till at last all was amicably settled by a division of the territory, and the deep fjords run miles inland, and the steep promontories project far out into the ocean. Truly it is a beautiful country, with its great bosses of snow-fields, the long windings of the lake-like fjords, the roaring Foss, and the end-

less pine forest. Then, too, what strange sights meet the traveler: the midsummer night's sun never setting, the months of darkness, the shepherd's life in the Sæters, the wandering nomad Laps and their encampments, the bear-hunts, and the Old World superstitions and customs which linger in the secluded valleys.

Norway has still other and more important claims to notice; it is one of those few and favored countries where freedom is enjoyed, and the hardy prosperous peasantry are living witnesses of the worth of its immemorial institutions. Norway, also, was among the first to shake off the errors of Rome, and to embrace the doctrines of the Reformation. It is true that rationalism and in-

difference have long chilled the Christian heart of the country, but now it is throbbing with increased vigor, and sending warm streams of life-blood to the extremities of the land.

A pleasant-looking farm that of Ravensdal, nestling beneath some sheltering rocks in an inland valley not far from the Arctic circle. The commodious dwelling was of blackened timber, adorned with curious carving, and pious sayings cut in the beams; while clustering round stood the cottages of the peasants who cultivated the soil. In all the province of Norland there was not a farmer more respected and esteemed, or a more upright, honorable man, than Andreas Jansen, the owner of Ravensdal.

It was early one Sunday morning in mid-winter, and the Jansens were preparing to start for church, a drive of many miles. One of the sledges had been recently disabled, so none of the farm-servants were able to go with them. Rather a large party got into the remaining sleigh, which, though a roomy one, was more than full; but when the farmer proposed to leave the two boys at home, there was so much lamentation that he relented. Andreas handed his comely-looking wife Ingeborg to her seat; she was followed by her sons, Raoul the younger, a walking bundle of fur, taking his place on his mother's knees. Ella, the pretty only daughter, next stepped in; and lastly, carrying some wrap for his lady-love, came Hugo, Ella's betrothed, who the day before had arrived on snow-shoes from the southward, to spend a few days at Ravensdal. Andreas mounted to his seat, gently touched with the whip the three horses, harnessed unicorn fashion, and they started at a smart pace. It was quite early, for service began at twelve, and as the distance was great it was necessary to start betimes. As yet there was no glimmer of daylight, but moon and stars shone with a radiance unknown in our latitudes, and there was abundance of light for the journey. Buried in skins and furs, the party did not feel the cold, which, though great, was not excessive—the absence of a breath of wind and the perfect dryness of the atmosphere making it much more endurable than the same depression of the thermometer would be in England. It was a grand event this journey to church, for weeks and weeks had passed since last

they were able to go. True, Andreas had every Sunday a sort of prayer-meeting at Ravensdal with the neighboring peasants, but this did not compensate for the lack of the public services. Then, too, the whole family thought it most fortunate that the fairness of the weather should enable them to go on this especial Sunday of all others, for it was what they call an altar-day, that is, the Sacrament was to be administered.

There was an eerie beauty in the scene: the solemn mountains lifting up their hoary heads into the star-sprinkled sky, the small tarn with its glittering icy surface, the stern old pines, whose green looked almost black contrasted with the snow, and the graceful birken trees, those "ladies of the woods," decked out, as little Raoul said, when the first rime fell that winter, in their white mantles, all ready for sister Ella's wedding-day. The stillness was unbroken; dumb the ere long dancing elv, (river,) where, when the valley was filled with the sound of its noisy music, the English milords had caught the salmon with those marvelous many-colored flies, the envy of the neighborhood; silent and deserted the picturesque saw-mill, which had been such a busy animated scene in the summer, when the English lady had sketched it, half-deafened by the whirl of its wheels. But as if to make amends for the stillness elsewhere, there was no silence in the sledge. Andreas turned round to address his wife, or talked to his horses in that brotherly way so characteristic of the Norwegian, who always makes friends of the four-footed creatures in his service, and particularly of his horses. Olaf, the elder boy, who was perched on Hugo's knee, after some vain attempts to obtain his attention, turned to his mother and Raoul, and kept up with them a continuous stream of question and remark; while Hugo and Ella, leaning back in one corner, heeding nobody and nothing but themselves, found much to say to each other in low, happy tones. And the tinkling of the merry sleigh-bells, as they jingled round the horses' collars, made to all this a most musical accompaniment.

One third of the journey was over, when, with a startled exclamation, Andreas suddenly pulled up his horses. At a turn of the road there lay, extended on the snow, a human form. In a minute the farmer had confided the reins to Olaf, proud of

the charge, and he and Hugo, jumping down, ran to give assistance. The pack at the man's side told them that he was one of those peddlers who wander from farm-house to farm-house all over the country. Overpowered by the cold, he had sunk into that fainting, deathlike sleep from which there is oftentimes no waking. At first all efforts to rouse him failed, but life was evidently not extinct; so seeing a chalet close at hand, which in the summer had been used as covert for cattle, and now was a store for firewood, they carried him there, and kindling a fire on the outside, they rubbed his limbs till some warmth returned, and poured some corn-brandy (which no Norwegian travels without) down his throat, and he partially revived. All this occupied some time, and now they were quite in a dilemma as to what to do next. Leave him they could not, to take him on with them was impossible; he was not sufficiently recovered to bear the air, even if they could make room for him in that state. To turn back and take him home was almost as difficult, and if so, they must give up church entirely. Ella, who had alighted to assist them, at last said in a decided tone: "There is but one thing, father, we can do: Hugo must stay with the poor man."

"Yes," said Hugo, "that is the best plan. You drive on to church, and take us up in the afternoon as you return; by that time he is sure to be all right."

"Well," said Andreas, "it does seem the only way; but it will be a sad disappointment for you, my poor girl."

"I do not know that," muttered Hugo; "she was the first to propose getting rid of me."

"Now that is too bad," said Ella, with a face rueful enough to satisfy her lover, "when you know I have been counting for weeks and weeks upon your being with us for this altar-Sunday."

It clearly was the most feasible plan, and so it was settled. Ella murmured to Hugo as he helped her into the sledge again:

"God will not the less bless our engagement that it begins with an act of self-denial."

"True, Ella; you remember what you said last night about being almost too happy, every thing so bright; it is as well there should be a little cross."

Some provisions, which had been put

into the sledge ready for any emergency, were handed out to Hugo, and he was entreated to take care of himself as well as the peddler, and to keep up a good fire.

"Certainly," said he; "no fear of not doing that; why, here is firewood enough to roast half a dozen oxen whole. You are sure you will be able to do without me, Father Andreas?"

"Perfectly, the horses are quite manageable, the road good, and the weather set fair—we can have no difficulty."

So they started off again, Olaf saucily calling out to Hugo, that now he was gone Ella would be of some use to other people, and that the rest of the party would gain, not lose, one by his departure. However, Ella was not inclined to be lively, and her gravity infected even the high spirits of her young brothers. The remainder of the drive was rather dull for all parties, and every one was glad when the peaked roofs of the small town came into sight. The Jansens drove to a relation's house, put up the horses, left their outer coverings in the sledge, and then entered the church soon after service had commenced. Dame Ingeborg and Ella took their places on the north side, while Andreas and his boys went to the south, the men's side. The church was a large octagon wooden building, black with age, and of picturesque construction, the interior adorned with quaint carving and some strange frescoes of Scripture subjects, dating from before the Reformation. It was well filled, and with a congregation as picturesque as the building. There was a mixture of races and dress, the Norse women wearing beneath their hoods the "lue," the close-fitting black cap, and dark, sober-colored dress, while the Fins were decked out in gaudy colors and tinsel ornaments. The tall forms of the blue-eyed, fair-haired descendants of the Vikings contrasted very favorably with the stunted figures and dark, sallow faces of the more northern and inferior race. The pastor was a venerable old man, dressed in the style of our English divines of the time of Elizabeth and James I. He had on the black canonicals of the Lutheran clergy, a thick white ruff round his neck, his long white hair floated over his shoulders, while, on account of the cold, he wore a black velvet skull-cap on his head.

Prayers and singing over, he com-

menced his discourse without notes of any kind, and in a strain of simple, fervid eloquence, which riveted the attention of his auditors; he expounded the sublime precept which Christianity first inculcated, of doing to others what we would that they should do to us. The sermon over, some christenings followed, and then the communion. The service, which had lasted more than three hours, at length terminated, and they emerged from the church. Many were the greetings to be exchanged between friends and neighbors unseen for long, and it was some time ere the Jansens reached the relation's house, where they were to partake of the mid-day meal. This over, they did not linger long, for Andreas had promised Hugo they would return as soon as possible. As they were leaving the town, they were stopped near the parsonage by the pastor, who pressed them to come in and see the Frau Pastorinn. Andreas explained the reasons which made them anxious to be off, and the good old man, shaking him heartily by the hand, said:

"So some of you have been acting what I have been preaching, playing the good Samaritan. Well, well, it shall not lack its reward. God bless you, friend Andreas!"

The short-lived northern day had long waned when, leaving the clustered wooden dwellings surrounding the church behind them, the Jansens started on their homeward route to Ravensdal. But little was the daylight missed, for the glorious northern lights were up, streaming, flickering like fiery banners across the sky, brighter far than the pale Arctic winter sun, and diffusing around a mild beautiful radiance, neither sunshine nor moonshine, but a light more poetic, more romantic, than that of common day or night. Little Raoul clapped his hands with delight, as from the luminous cloud on the northern horizon streamers of green, purple, red, and golden light shot up. Andreas said it was years and years since an Aurora so splendid had been seen. "Look at that blood-red color: our forefathers thought it ever foreboded death or misfortune. I have heard many stories of the terror such an appearance occasioned. How happy are we who have learnt to trust in a Heavenly Father, and no longer fear such omens."

A lonely road was their way home: no habitations except a few farm-houses near

the town, and when these were passed a long stretch of desolate country—wild, rocky valleys, all clad in their snowy garments, with the deserted summer chalets scattered over them, mocking the traveler with an idea of human life; beneath, frowning precipices of black rock, where the snow could find no resting-place; through pine woods, whose venerable denizens had survived many generations of mortals,

"Moored to the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest shock."

The children were asleep, Raoul in his mother's arms, who half-unconsciously was humming to herself a hymn of praise as she wrapped the little nestling warm in her furs. Olaf, after repeated declarations that he was not in the least sleepy, had been glad to lean his head against his sister's shoulder; his eyes soon closed, and he was as sound asleep as his little brother. Ella gave herself up to a dreamy reverie as she thought over the solemn communion service, the sermon, and then the bright future before her. Pleasant thoughts they were: in her life's horizon it was all blue sky behind her, and she saw still more before her. And soon these thoughts were woven together, and bright castles in the air arose which made her smile to herself as she pictured them before her mind's eye; what Hugo and she would do when they had a home of their own, how they would welcome the wayfarer, nurse the sick, and succor the distressed. Then higher and upwards flew her thoughts, and she imagined the hour when earth's usefulness should cease, earth's happiness fade; when, the threshold of eternity passed, they should hear the angelic songs of victory, and a voice from the throne saying: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Lost in her own thoughts, Ella had little heeded a noise which was heard from time to time, and which she fancied the fall of avalanches from crag to crag in the mountains. But now all on a sudden she remarked that her father had several times turned his head to look back, and that his face wore a troubled expression. "What is it, father?" she asked; "is there any thing the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," he answered, in a short, stern manner not at all usual to

him—"I hope nothing;" and then murmured to himself, in a lower tone, "God grant it may be nothing."

Her uneasiness by no means lessened, but, understanding he did not wish to be questioned, she remained silent, but with her attention on the alert to discover the cause for anxiety. The dull noise in the rear certainly increased, and was heard at fitful intervals, now almost swelling into a note, then dying away, and was decidedly nearer than when first she had remarked it. The horses, too, seemed by some wonderful instinct to partake her father's uneasiness. Just then the noise began afresh, and now an unmistakable howl sent a flash of certainty into her mind. Unable longer to bear the suspense, she half-rose, and gasped out, "O father! is it—is it the wolves?"

"They are a long way behind," said Andreas; "we shall reach home well, never fear."

But the farmer's face contradicted his cheerful words, and with a sinking of heart as if its action had been stopped, and then a tumultuous rush of blood through her veins, Ella sank back on her seat. It was a fearful revulsion of feeling to be thus suddenly torn from a state of dreamy reverie, and brought face to face with a great danger. The fainting sensation was over directly, and closing her eyes for a moment and murmuring a heartfelt prayer, her natural courage returned. Ella had till then only seen dead wolves, the trophies of the chase, and once or twice one securely muzzled on its way to some foreign menagerie; but too many dreadful wolf-stories are current round Norwegian hearths in the winter for her not to divine the greatness of the peril, and she tried to calculate their probable distance from home, and the chances of escape.

Frau Ingeborg next heard the howl, and asked the same terrified question as her daughter. "O God! my poor children!" was her only exclamation; and then she, too, was calm and still. Nearer, nearer, is the howling—faster go the terrified horses; their instinct has told them the danger. Ella gently disengages herself from the sleeping Olaf, and unbidden, gets out the rifle and powder-flask, and in silence looks to the loading. Andreas's eye falls on her; he is even at that moment pleased to see the fruit of the training he has given his child, in her pale,

composed face and steady hand, like a brave Norse maiden as she was. Her eyes are now strained to look back as far as she can. Ere long, on the brow of a hill they have descended, she sees a black moving mass against the sky. "I see them, father, but they are far off yet."

A groan escapes from Andreas. "God help us then!" he mutters. Wife and daughter read his face, and from their hearts, too, goes up that agonized prayer. Ah! well may they pray it. On come the pack, some half-hundred gaunt, hungry wolves, their dismal howl freezing the life-blood of the Jansens. The horses bound onwards with red nostrils and panting sides; they go like the wind, but the distance is steadily diminished. And the howl of the wolves sounds like a mocking demon cry: "Ha! ha! ye go fast, we faster; ye are few, we are many; it is our turn now; ye are the hunted, we the hunters. Ha! ha! how like ye the change?"

"Would it not be possible," said Ella, "to take refuge in one of these chalets? Could we not barricade ourselves there?"

"It would be only quicker death; the wolves would soon force the door: there would be no fastenings of sufficient strength to resist them."

They looked above, around—neither help nor hope was to be seen; the pitiless earth was wrapped in one vast winding-sheet of snow, and the cold glancing lights in the sky revealed only too clearly their desperate condition. A cold damp stands on the farmer's brow; still he guides his horses with firm hand, speaks encouragingly to them, and though he, knowing the peril best, has given up hope first, he relaxes no effort. It was hard, in the flush of manhood, the prime of life, with the blood coursing through every vein in strength and power, to have nothing to do but die. As he looked at his dear ones, he thought, were these but safe, death would not be so fearful; and then the image of the pleasant home at Ravensdal rose up before him, and to leave all this, to die and leave no name, no heir behind him, it was hard! Was it not a triumph of Christian faith, that he, thus circumstanced, could bow his head meekly, and say, "Thy will be done?" Dame Ingeborg said nothing, but her tears fell fast over the nestling Raoul she was straining to her heart, and as the child started at the noise, she hushed him

off to sleep as carefully as if he had been in his little bed at home, thankful that one at least of her darlings was spared the anguish of this valley of the shadow of death. And yet to her arose a ray of light, a gleam of happiness, as she thought that she and all her dear ones would cross the river of death at the same time; no widowhood, no orphanage, no childlessness—the parting of a moment, and then the eternal reunion in bliss. Olaf, roused by his sister's rising, had awoke, and seeing the wolves, had burst out into terrified crying, but when Ella gently bade him pray to God and try and be a brave boy, he caught the infection of her calmness. Swallowing his tears, he knelt on the seat, and hiding his face in the fur wraps, that he might not see the objects of his dread, he manfully tried to stifle his sobs, and he repeated over and over again his simple prayer: "O Lord Jesus! please drive away these dreadful wolves, and let us all get safe home." Of all, Ella was the happiest, for one great comfort was hers: her best-beloved was safe, and, as she thought, with a thrill of joy that seemed strange at such an instant, through an act of self-denial to which she had urged him, and which God was blessing by his deliverance. The wolves were gaining fast; they could distinguish the fiery eyes, the red tongues hanging out. Ella, as she saw one in advance, quite close to them, cried out: "Father, father! the rifle."

"Then take the reins an instant," said he, as he took the weapon from her hand. Ella obeyed, the horses wanted little guidance, and the wolf fell dead beneath her father's sure aim. There was a stop of the whole pack, and the Jansens almost dared to hope. Andreas's face was gloomy as before. "Only a check," murmured he; "they are mad with hunger. The one I have killed will be devoured, and then—"

His words are verified; in five minutes' time they again heard the baying of the pack, and they were soon in sight, their appetite whetted by the taste of blood, on, on, with increased ardor for the chase. Again was one shot down—again occurred the temporary lull, and then afresh began that ghastly hunt.

"There is but one charge more, father," said Ella.

"We will save it as long as we can,"

was Andreas's reply. And his voice was hoarse and husky.

We left Hugo at his good Samaritan deed of kindness towards the hawker. The man soon recovered sufficiently to sit up, and give some account of himself. As Andreas Jansen had supposed, he had lost his way traveling from one farm-house to another, and had sunk exhausted into the deep slumber which generally subsides into death. In answer to his inquiries as to how he had been found, he heard about the intended drive to church, and discovered the self-denial Hugo had practiced in giving up the expedition to take care of him.

"I owe you thanks, young man; you have preferred remaining with an old peddler in difficulties to accompanying your betrothed. It is a dull exchange."

"Indeed," said Hugo, "I am quite repaid by seeing you all right again. I was afraid, at first, it was all over. What a narrow escape! Another half-hour we should have been too late."

"Yes, another lease of life," said the hawker, gravely; "spared a little longer by the Heavenly Friend who has stood at my side in many dangers during a long life of wandering."

"Let me hear your experiences. How much you must have seen! It will be hours before my friends are back. Talking them over will help while away the time."

The sketch Eric Peterman gave of his life was indeed remarkable. He was one of those pious men not unfrequently met with in Norway, who, while earning their livelihood by hawking, are at the same time humble missionaries, Bible and tract colporteurs, holding prayer-meetings in the villages when they can get a congregation, and in an unobtrusive way often doing a great deal of good. Like most of his brethren he was a man of few advantages of education, but well versed in the Scriptures, and possessing native eloquence, combined with the unflinching attraction of a soul thoroughly in earnest, and ennobled by the pursuit of a lofty and disinterested aim. He had been a disciple of the celebrated Hauge, the John Wesley of the North, and had shared some of his imprisonments at a time when little about religious toleration was known in Norway. Many times he

had traversed the country, and even penetrated far into Russian Lapland. One whole winter he had been weather-bound on one of the Loffodens. Strange stories could he tell of perils by land and perils by water, shipwrecks, and hair-breadth escapes from robbers who coveted his pack. The time passed quickly in listening to such narratives; the record of this good man's life was like a living sermon to Hugo, the exposition of Gospel truth in a most inviting form, the example of one who had practiced all he taught. After a pause, during which they had been partaking of the contents of Dame Ingeborg's basket, Eric said, rather abruptly:

"By the by, I heard some unpleasant news at the farm I was at yesterday. They say a large pack of wolves has come down from the fields to the northward; the early and severe winter this season is supposed to have driven them down. Some hunters out on a bear chase a few days back had a very narrow escape; they report the wolves as going to the south."

"I hope not," said Hugo, "they had heard nothing about it at Ravensdal; no more had I, but then I came from the contrary direction. I hope not, though I should like it above every thing if we could muster a strong party and have a good hunt; but wolves are fearful foes to meet unprepared."

Undefined apprehensions he could not shake off, filled the young man's mind, and after trying to talk of other things, he came back to the wolves, and to speculations as to their position and movements. So time sped on, and he paced up and down with a growing uneasiness he in vain told himself was ungrounded and absurd, and he longed for the return of the sleigh to terminate these secret fears. Eric had been listening intently for some minutes, and all at once exclaimed: "There, now, I hear a howl."

Hugo threw himself on the snow to hear better, and ere long heard the same sound.

"I fear—I fear it is so; it is far off, but oh! in the same direction they have taken."

After some moments of intense attention both men satisfied themselves that it was not the howl of a solitary wolf, and that it was steadily advancing.

"Oh! tell me what can we do," cried Hugo; "it is on the track which leads

from the town, just the time when they would be on the road. My poor Ella! what can I do?"

"Unarmed as we are, it is only by remaining here we can be of any service, and this is a position we can easily defend. With that amount of firewood at our back, I would defy an army of wolves. Look! the chalet stands in a recess of rock; from point to point we can make a rampart of fire." So saying they began to arrange fagots in a line from one point of rock to the other, leaving an open space in the center. "I think with you, young man, that your friends are on their road, and that the wolves are pursuing them, else we should not hear that continuous howling nearer and nearer. I am leaving this space for the sledge to pass; the wolves would never dare to attempt to follow through such a wall of flame as we can raise."

"Hist! I hear the gallop of horses," said Hugo, kneeling on the snow.

"Then set fire to the barrier, it may be a beacon to them, and show them where we are."

This was soon done, and the bright pine-wood flame was ere long streaming into the sky.

"Now," said Eric, "get more fagots ready, for you and I must be prepared to close up the passage immediately the sleigh is safe."

"But the horses," said Hugo, "will they pass between two such fires as we have here?"

"No fear; they are terrified enough to leap over a precipice if it came in their way—any thing, every thing—to escape those that are after them."

A few minutes passed in breathless suspense, during which the noise of horses and wolves became louder and louder.

"Ah! there they are," cried Hugo, "and the whole pack close behind. They see us; Andreas is flogging the horses. O God! there is a great wolf close upon them—oh! I would give ten years of my life for a rifle for one instant. Andreas dares not leave the reins. Ella is standing up; she has the rifle. Good heavens! the wolf will spring at her. No, she has fired—shot him down—my brave Ella, my own dear girl!"

Another second and the sledge was in the haven of refuge provided by the forethought of the peddler, safe from the ruthless wolves, behind the barrier of flame.

The exhausted horses had stopped of themselves; the Jansens were beneath the shelter of the chalet, half-fainting, scarcely crediting their preservation. As soon as he could speak, the farmer said, in a tremulous tone, "Wife, children, let us thank God;" and, kneeling, with the tears rolling down his hardy cheeks, in a few words of heart-warm thankfulness he returned thanks for their deliverance from a bloody death.

It was some time before sufficient composure returned to relate all that had passed, and when that had been done, Andreas said: "Our pastormight well say, 'It shall in no wise lose its reward.' If

you"—turning to the peddler—"had not required assistance, if Hugo had not remained, we must all have perished."

The Jansens had to stay in the chalet that night, but when the next morning dawned the wolves had all dispersed, and they reached home with ease and safety. A few days later, Andreas and Hugo had the satisfaction of exhibiting some wolf-skins as trophies of their vanquished enemies.

The story of the memorable sleigh drive to church was ever preserved at Ravensdal, and often told in after years with pious gratitude to awe-struck children and grandchildren.

From Chambers's Journal.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

"If you want a thing done, go yourself; if not, send."

This pithy axiom, of which most men know the full value, is by no means so well appreciated by women. One of the very last things we learn, often through a course of miserable helplessness, heart-burnings, difficulties, contumelies, and pain, is the lesson, taught to boys from their school-days, of self-dependence.

Its opposite, either plainly or impliedly, has been preached to us all our lives. "An independent young lady," "a woman who can take care of herself," and such-like phrases, have become tacitly suggestive of hoydenishness, coarseness, strong-mindedness, down to the lowest dress of bloomerism, cigarette-smoking, and talking slang.

And there are many good reasons, ingrained in the very tenderest core of woman's nature, why this should be. We are "the weaker vessel"—whether acknowledging it or not, most of us feel this; it becomes man's duty and delight

to show us honor accordingly. And this honor, dear as it may be to him to give, is still dearer to us to receive.

Dependence is in itself an easy and pleasant thing; dependence upon one we love perhaps the very sweetest thing in the world. To resign one's self totally and contentedly into the hands of another; to have no longer any need of asserting one's right or one's personality, knowing that both are as precious to that other as they ever were to ourselves; to cease taking thought about one's self at all, and rest safe, at ease, assured that in great things and small we shall be guided and cherished, guarded and helped—in fact, thoroughly "taken care of"—how delicious is all this! So delicious, that it seems granted to very few of us, and to fewer still as a permanent condition of being.

Were it our ordinary lot, were every woman living to have either father, brother, or husband, to watch over and protect her, then, indeed, the harsh but salu-

tary doctrine of self-dependence need never be heard of. But it is not so. In spite of the pretty ideals of poets, the easy taking-for-granted truths of anti-woman's-rights educators of female youth, this fact remains patent to any person of common-sense and experience, that in the present day, whether voluntary or not, one half of our women are *obliged* to take care of themselves—obliged to look solely to themselves for maintenance, position, occupation, amusement, reputation, life.

Of course I refer to the large class for which these thoughts are meant—the single women; who, while most needing the exercise of self-dependence, are usually the very last in whom it is inculcated, or even permitted. From babyhood they are given to understand that helplessness is feminine and beautiful; helpfulness—except in certain received forms of manifestation—unwomanly and ugly. The boys may do a thousand things which are “not proper for little girls.”

And herein, I think, lies the great mistake at the root of most women's education, that the law of their existence is held to be, not right, but “propriety.” A certain received notion of womanhood, which has descended from certain excellent great-grandmothers, admirable in its way, and suited for some sorts of women, but totally ignoring the fact that each sex is composed of individuals, differing in character almost as much from one another as from the opposite sex—some men being womanish, and some women masculine—and perhaps the finest types of either combining the qualities of both—and that, therefore, to deal justly, there must be set up a standard of abstract right, including manhood and womanhood, and yet superior to either. One of the first of its common laws, or common duties, is this of self-dependence.

We women are, no less than men, each of us a distinct existence. In two out of the three great facts of our life, we are certainly independent, and all our life long are accountable only, in the highest sense, to our own souls and the Maker of them. Is it natural, is it right even, that we should be expected—and be ready enough, too, for it is much the easiest way—to hang our consciences, duties, actions, opinions, upon some one else—some individual man, or some aggregate of mankind yeapt society? Is this society

to draw up a code of regulations as to what we are to do, and what not? Which latter is supposed to be done for us; if not done, or there happens to be no one to do it, is it to be left undone? And alack! most frequently whether or not it ought to be, it is.

Every one's experience may furnish dozens of cases of poor women suddenly thrown adrift—widows with families, orphan girls, reduced gentlewomen—clinging helplessly to the skirts of every male relative or friend they have, sinking pitifully year after year, eating the bitter bread of charity, or compelled to bow an honest pride to hardest humiliations—every one of which might have been spared them by the early practice of self-dependence.

I once heard a lady say—a tenderly reared and tender-hearted woman—that if her riches made themselves wings, as in these time riches will, she did not know any thing in the world that she could turn her hand to, to keep herself from starving. A more pitable, and in some sense, humiliating confession, could hardly have been made; yet it is that not of hundreds, but of thousands in England.

Sometimes exceptions arise; here is one:

Three young women, well educated and refined, were left orphans, their father dying just when his business promised to realize a handsome provision for his family. It was essentially a man's business—in many points of view, decidedly an unpleasant one. Of course, friends thought “the girls” must give it up, go out as governesses, depend on relatives, or live in what genteel poverty the sale of the good-will might allow. But “the girls” were wiser. They argued: “If we had been boys, it would have been all right; we should have carried on the business, and provided for our mother and the whole family. Being women, we'll try it still. It is nothing wrong; it is simply disagreeable. It needs common-sense, activity, diligence, and self-dependence. We have all these; and what we have not, we will learn.” So these three elegant and well-informed women laid aside their pretty feminine uselessnesses and pleasant idlenesses, and set to work. Happily, the trade was one that required no personal publicity; but they had to keep the books, manage the stock, choose and superintend fit agents—to do things

most difficult, not to say distasteful, to women, and resign enjoyments that, to women of their refinement, must have cost daily self-denial. Yet they did it; they filled their father's place, sustained their delicate mother in ease and luxury, never once compromising their womanhood by their work, but rather ennobling the work by their doing of it.

Another case—different, and yet alike. A young girl, an eldest sister, had to receive for step-mother, a woman who ought never to have been any honest man's wife. Not waiting to be turned out of her father's house, she did a most daring and "improper" thing—she left it, taking with her the brothers and sisters, whom by this means only she believed she could save from harm. She settled them in a London lodging, and worked for them as a daily governess. "Heaven helps those who help themselves:" from that day this girl never was dependent upon any human being; while during a long life she has helped and protected more than I could count—pupils and pupils' children, friends and their children, besides brothers and sisters-in-law, nephews and nieces, down to the slenderest tie of blood, or even mere strangers. And yet she has never been any thing but a poor governess, always independent, always able to assist others—because she never was and never will be indebted to any one, except for love while she lives, and for a grave when she dies. May she long possess the one and want the other!

And herein is answered the "*cui bono?*" of self-dependence, that its advantages end not with the original possessor. In this much-suffering world, a woman who can take care of herself can always take care of other people. She not only ceases to be an unprotected female, a nuisance, and a drag on society, but her working-value therein is doubled and trebled, and society respects her accordingly. Even her kindly male friends, no longer afraid that when the charm to their vanity of "being of use to a lady" has died out, they shall be saddled with a perpetual claimant for all manner of advice and assistance, the first not always followed, and the second often accepted without gratitude—even they yield an involuntary consideration to a lady who gives them no more trouble than she can avoid, and is always capable of thinking and acting for herself in all things—so far as the na-

tural decorums of her sex allow. True, these have their limits, which it would be folly, if not worse, for her to attempt to pass; but a certain fine instinct, which, we flatter ourselves, is native to us women, will generally indicate the division between brave self-reliance and bold assumption.

Perhaps the line is easiest drawn, as in most difficulties, where duty ends and pleasure begins. We should respect one who, on a mission of mercy or necessity, went through the lowest portions of St. Giles or the Gallowgate; we should be rather disgusted if she did it for mere amusement or bravado. All honor to the poor sempstress or governess who traverses London streets alone, at all hours of day or night, unguarded except by her own modesty; but the strong-minded female who would venture on a solitary expedition to investigate the humors of Cremorne Gardens or Greenwich fair, though perfectly "respectable," would be an exceedingly condemnable sort of personage. There are many things at which, as mere pleasures, a woman has a right to hesitate; there is no single duty, whether or not it lies in the ordinary line of her sex, from which she ought to shrink, if it is plainly set before her.

Those who are the strongest advocates for the passive character of our sex, its claims, proprieties, and restrictions, are, I have often noticed, if the most sensitive, not always the justest or most generous. I have seen ladies, no longer either young or pretty, shocked at the idea of traversing a street's length at night, yet never hesitate at being "fetched" by some female servant, who was both young and pretty, and to whom the danger of the expedition, or of the late return alone, was by far the greater of two. I have known anxious mothers, who would not for worlds be guilty of the indecorum of sending their daughters unchaperoned to the theater or a ball—and very right, too!—yet send out some other woman's young daughter, at eleven P.M., to the stand for a cab, or to the public house for a supply of beer. It never strikes them that the doctrine of female dependence extends beyond themselves, whom it suits so easily, and to whom it saves much trouble; that either every woman, be she servant or mistress, sempstress or fine lady, is to receive the "protection" suitable to her degree; or that

each is to be educated into a self-dependence, which will at least enable her to hold the balance of justice even, nor allow an over-delicacy for one woman to trench on the rights, conveniences, and honest feelings of another.

We *must* help ourselves. In this curious phase of social history, when marriage is apparently ceasing to become the common lot, and a happy marriage the most uncommon lot of all, we must educate our women into what is far better than any blind clamor for ill-defined "rights"—into what ought always to be the foundation of rights—duties. And there is one, the silent practice of which will secure to them almost every right they can fairly need—the duty of self-dependence. Not after any amazonian fashion; no mutilating of fair womanhood in order to assume the unnatural armor of men; but simply by the full exercise of every faculty, physical, moral, and intellectual, with which Heaven has endowed women, severally and collectively, in different degrees; allowing no one to rust or lie idle, merely because their owner is a woman. And, above all, let us lay the foundation of all real womanliness by teaching our maidens from their cradle that the priceless pearl of decorous beauty, chastity of mind as well as body, exists in themselves alone; that a single-hearted and pure-minded woman may go through the world, like Spenser's Una, suffering, indeed, but never defenseless; foot-sore and smirched, but never tainted; exposed, doubtless, to many trials, yet never either degraded or humiliated, unless by her own act she humiliates herself.

For Heaven's sake—for the sake of "womanhede," the most heavenly thing next angelhood, as men tell us when they are courting us, and which it depends upon ourselves to make them believe in all their lives—young girls, trust yourselves; rely on yourselves! Be assured that no outward circumstances will harm you while you keep the jewel of purity in your bosom, and are ever ready with the steadfast, clean right hand, of which, till you use it, you never know the strength, though it be only a woman's hand.

Fear not the world: it is often juster to us than we are to ourselves. If in its hard jostlings the "weaker goes to the wall"—as so many allege always happens to a woman—you will almost always find that this is not merely because of her sex,

but from some inherent qualities in herself, which, existing either in woman, or man, would produce just the same result, usually more pitiful than blamable. The world is hard enough, for two thirds of it are struggling for the dear life—"each for himself, and de'il take the hindmost;" but it has a rough sense of moral justice after all. And whosoever denies that, spite of all hindrances from individual wickedness, *the right* shall ultimately prevail, impugns not merely human justice, but the justice of God.

The age of chivalry, with all its benefits and harmfulnesses, is gone by, for us women. We can not now have men for our knights-errant, expending blood and life for our sake, while we have nothing to do but sit idle on balconies, and drop flowers on half-dead victors at tilt and tourney. Nor, on the other hand, are we dressed-up dolls, pretty play-things, to be fought and scrambled for—petted, caressed, or flung out of window, as our several lords and masters may please. Life is much more equally divided between us and them. We are neither goddesses or slaves; they are neither heroes nor semi-demons: we just plod on together, men and women alike, on the same road, where daily experience illustrates Hudi-bras's keen truth, that

"The value of a thing
Is just as much as it will bring."

And our value is—exactly what we choose to make it.

Perhaps at no age since Eve's were women rated so exclusively at their own personal worth, apart from poetic flattery or unmanly depreciation; at no time in the world's history judged so entirely by their individual merits, and respected according to the respect which they earn for themselves. And shall we esteem ourselves so meanly as to consider this unjust? Shall we not rather accept our position, difficult indeed, and requiring from us more than the world ever required before; but from its very difficulty, rendered the most honorable?

Let us not be afraid of men; for that, I suppose, lies at the root of all these amiable hesitations. "Gentlemen don't like such and such things." "Gentlemen fancy so and so unfeminine." My dear little foolish cowards, do you think a man, a *good* man, in any relation of life, ever

loves a woman the more for esteeming her the less? or likes her better for transferring all her burdens to his shoulders, and pinning her conscience to his sleeve? Or even if he did like it, is a woman's divinity to be man—or God?

And here, piercing to the foundation of all truth—I think we may find the truth concerning self-dependence, which is only real and only valuable when its root is not in self at all—when its strength is drawn not from man, but from that Higher and Diviner Source whence every individual soul proceeds, and to which alone it is accountable. As soon as any woman, old or young, once feels *that*, not as a

vague sentimental belief, but as a tangible, practical law of life, all weakness ends, all doubt departs: she recognizes the glory, honor, and beauty of her existence; she is no longer afraid of its pains; she desires not to shift one atom of its responsibilities to another. She is content to take it just as it is, from the hands of the All-Father; her only care being to so fulfill it that while the world at large may recognize and profit by her self-dependence, she herself, knowing that the utmost strength lies in the deepest humility, recognizes, solely and above all, her dependence upon God.

From Dickens' Household Words.

SEPOY SYMBOLS OF MUTINY.

MARVELS OF THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

THE conspiracy which broke out in British India, by the mutinies of Sepoys, in the month of June, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, was first shown by the circulation of symbols in the forms of cakes and lotus-flowers.

Herodotus described the lotus under the name of the lily of the Nile, and Theophrastus portrayed it as the Egyptian bean. The first historian and the first botanist have both described it with extreme precision, and it is mentioned by the first geographer, Strabo. The Arabs call it the bride of the Nile.

Herodotus says, the lotus grows in the country when it is flooded. Its flowers are white, and have petals like those of the lily. The lotus-plants grow in great numbers, and crowded together. Their flowers close at sunset, and hide their fruit, and they open again when the sun reappears, and rise up above the surface of the water. They continue to do this until the fruit is entirely formed, and the flower has fallen. The fruit is as large as that of a large poppy, and contains a great

number of seeds, like millet seed. The Egyptians pile the fruit in heaps, and allow the bark to rot, and they then separate the seed, wash it in the Nile, and after drying it, convert it into bread. The root of the lotus, which is called corsion, is round, and about the size of a quince; and its bark is black, like that of the chestnut: the root is, moreover, white inside, and it is eaten either raw or cooked.

Theophrastus says, this bean grows in the marshes and ponds; its stalk is about four arms long, and is of the thickness of a finger. It resembles a rush which is not knotted. The fruit it bears, is of the shape of a wasp's nest, and contains as many as thirty beans, each in a separate cell. The flower is once or twice larger than that of the poppy, and is pink. The fruit grows above the surface of the water; the leaves are borne upon stalks like those of the fruit; they are large, and they resemble a Thessalian hat. The root is thicker than the root of a stout rush, and is partitioned like the stalk. It serves as nourishment to those who live

near the marshes. This plant grows spontaneously and abundantly, and can, moreover, be sown in mud, with a bed of straw to prevent its rotting.

After giving the accounts of the father of history and the father of botany, it would not be well to omit what is said by the father of geography.

Strabo says the ancient Egyptians used to sail in barks over the lakes which were covered with the beans, and shade themselves with the leaves; as their descendants, in the present day, shade themselves with the leaves of the sedges and date trees.

Pliny the elder mentions the lotus, which he compares to a poppy: showing that the lily of the Nile was known to the Romans, although it began to disappear in Egypt from their time—it has been supposed with the religion of which it was a symbol.

Strabo says, the leaves, which were about the size of Thessalian hats, were used as goblets and plates, and [the shops were supplied with them. Travelers of the present day tell us, that the Hindoos use, as plates and dishes, the leaves of the plantain tree and those of the *Nymphæa lotus*—the beautiful lily which abounds upon their lakes. The leaves are large enough in Bengal to be used by the people without having been subjected to any artificial preparation. At each repast they renew these fresh and beautiful vessels, which cost them nothing but the trouble of gathering. In the upper provinces, where the leaves are smaller, several of them are plaited together to make plates, and the persons who make this work their trade are called "barbi." Just as in upper Bengal there are still to be seen the barbi, who made the lotus-dishes described by Strabo. The French traveler, Jacquemont, found upon the banks of the lakes of Pentapotamus and Cachemire, poor people living upon the lotus-roots, just as poor people lived upon their roots in Egypt in the time of Herodotus. In some parts of India the nut is eaten green, and preserved as a sweetmeat; the Fellahs of Damietta eat both the roots and seeds. When cooked, the leaves are said to taste like the best cabbages, and the roots like chestnuts.

The disappearance of the lotus from Egypt has been ascribed to the disappearance of the religion of which it was a symbol. The scientific commission which

accompanied Napoleon, and whose services to science have won far more honor to France than Napoleon lost under the shadows of the Pyramids, could not find any traces of the lotus in the waters of the Nile. The plant has vanished from the habitat where it flourished when it was celebrated by Strabo, Theophrastus, and Herodotus. Men of science have not failed to notice the refutation of the development theory contained in the exact accordance of the lotus of the present day in the minutest details of its structure and vegetation with the careful descriptions of it which were written two thousand years ago. The fact is one of the many proofs of the fixity of species. The lotus which is represented upon the ancient monuments and altars of Egypt is no longer found in the lakes and marshes where it was first described; but, when it is met with in still warmer climes, it is seen to be exactly the species of the most ancient descriptions and delineations. The botanists are considerably puzzled to explain the disappearance of the lotus from the canals of lower Egypt, where it formerly grew almost spontaneously. The supposition of the disappearance of a plant with the religion of which it was a symbol, is far from satisfactory, and there is more feasibility in imagining the phenomenon to be due to mechanical or chemical changes in the waters, the effects of clearings and cultivation, or of change in the climate. The lotus grows spontaneously where the average summer heat is twenty-one degrees centigrade above zero; the average heat of a climate has, however, less effect upon the lives of plants than the average variability; an increase in the violence of his floods, or of the suddenness of his changes, of the dryness of his droughts, or of the rapidity of his currents, may, therefore, be the reason why Father Nile has lost his lily. The Arabs having called the lotus the bride of the Nile, this may be only another case of separation on account of incompatibility of temper.

The lotus is a vivacious plant. Plants which go through all the changes of their lives from the seed to the seed in a year are called annuals, and plants which propagate themselves by their roots are called vivacious. The distinction is, however, less a botanical than a meteorological distinction; for the wheat and corn, for example, which are annual in our tem-

perate climates, are vivacious in the tropical latitudes. The daily bread, which is the best and most beautiful thing upon our tables, is thus literally given us by the degrees of heat and cold, by the north-east winds, and the hoar-frosts of our boreal skies. The greater heat of the tropics gives an excessive vivacity to the cereals, which impedes the development of the seed. In our colder regions, and at the approach of the frosts and snows of our winters, the cereals assume the only forms in which they can survive the rigorous winters of the temperate and septentrional climates. If it is the spring and summer sun which pushes and ripens the corn, it is the autumn and winter frost which determines the annual metamorphoses of the grain.

The roots of the lotus resemble the white articulated climbing roots of the reeds (*arundo phragmites*) of our marshes. The Nymphaea family have subterranean stalks, called rhizomes. The subterranean and subaqueous stalks are confounded with the roots in popular language, but the botanists call these stalks rhizomes, from a Greek word signifying roots. While the leaves decay annually, the rhizomes persist alive at the bottom of the water in the wet mud. At each articulation there is a bunch of fibrous roots and a bud which sends forth a leaf. The leaves are in shape like a basin, and when wetted the water rolls off them like drops of mercury.

This phenomenon is not caused, however, by a coating of wax, like that secreted upon the surface of the leaves of the cabbage. The water rolls off the leaves of the lotus, because they are covered with innumerable papillae, which are not wetted by the water, and from which the drops roll off and run from place to place. An easy experiment proves that the lotus leaf breathes only through its petiole or stalk, which is a curious peculiarity, for the leaves of plants breathe generally through little mouths, like button holes, upon their superior and inferior epiderms. In the herbaceous plants there are more of these little mouths upon the upper than upon the under sides; and there are none upon the upper surfaces of the leaves of the forest trees. The Nymphaea, or water-lily family, nearly all have their breathing-mouths upon the upper surface of the leaves, which is exposed to the air. But the lotus—

having a turn for eccentricity, I suppose—does not choose to breathe like its kindred. Recently, a nymphaea is said to have been discovered which breathes by the lower surfaces of the leaves, which turn back to expose the little mouths or stomates to the air. This plant and the lotus are the only members of the family who indulge in respiratory peculiarities, and the lotus is by far the more eccentric and original of these peculiar species of water-lilies. The stomates of the lotus are all accumulated upon the top of the stalk just where it joins the leaf. A whitish central spot amidst the velvety green of the fresh young leaves marks the locality of their stomates. But I must not forget the experiment. If you cut one of these leaves and pour water into the cup which it forms, and then blow through the stalk, you will see the air raising up the water and escaping through it in bubbles.

The lotus leaves have another peculiarity. The leaves of the Nymphaea family generally have leaves resembling the leaves of the lotus, only their lobes are not soldered together. The leaves of the lotus, on the contrary, have their two lobes soldered together, and a trace of their joining can be seen upon the inferior surface and the outer edge of the leaf.

It is the soldering of the lobes which gives the lotus leaves their singular form—the resemblance to basins or flat hats, which makes them serviceable as vessels in India. In addition to having the lobes soldered together like the hellebore, the limb of the lotus leaf is round, with the nervures branching off equally from the central stalk or petiole, like the water-porringer, (*hydrocotyle vulgaris*.)

The leaves become flowers, and the flowers fruits, in the lotus, as in other plants. Goethe, the poet, made the most interesting observation upon the flowering plants which has enriched science since Ray discovered and Linnaeus demonstrated their sexes. He showed the transformation of the leaves into flowers. He described how, by successive transformations, the leaves form the calix, the calix the corolla, and the corolla the organs which reproduce the plant. Botanists now know how to surprise and view these processes in many plants, and they are most easily seen on the wild as compared with the cultivated strawberries.

The lotus leaves and flowers are sup-

ported upon stalks about a yard long, which rise up out of the water. The asperities upon the stalks resemble those of the *Nymphæacæ*, generally and especially the *Euryalea* and the *Victoria*. The orbicular and singular leaves of the lotus transform themselves into a flower, resembling an enormous tulip, or a gigantic magnolia flower, the ideal of elegant cups or vases, a foot in diameter, or three feet in circumference, of a rosy color, becoming very brilliant towards the edges of the petals. These rosy leaves of the corolla are a dozen or fifteen in number, and overlap each other like tiles upon a roof. The observer who should, day by day, watch and witness the transformations of the lotus leaves into lotus flowers, would share the pleasure with which Goethe must have first divined these beautiful changes. Their fragrance like their color resembles the rose. When the ancient Egyptians twined these leaves and flowers into canopies over their canoes, they must have formed unrivaled shady bowers, or matchless gondolas, or strangely and ravishingly delicious combinations of the bower and the gondola. No wonder the rosy lily of the Nile struck with admiration the great observers of thousands of years ago! The lotus flower rising up out of the lakes upon which the tropical sunbeams blaze, and across which the flame breezes blow, is well fitted to strike and haunt, as it has done in all ages, the imaginations of the yellow races of the human family. Most certainly, conspiracy never had a more magnificent symbol!

There are white and yellow, as well as pink lotus flowers. They are but a short time in blow, and close at night. The stamens are very numerous, and the pistils are from fifteen to thirty in number. Each pistil becomes, in course of time, a fruit—a little black nut like an acorn, without its cup. The pistils are borne upon a receptacle, which is the botanical name for the base upon which all the parts of the flower rest. From fifteen to thirty pistils nestle upon the fleshy sea-green receptacle of the lotus. The form of it has been compared to the knob of the spout of a watering-can. The ancients called the fruit a bean. Theophrastus has described it exactly, with the embryo folded upon itself, and the little leaf which characterizes it. "On breaking a bean," he says, "a little body is seen folded upon

itself, from which the fruit-leaf grows." This primordial leaf is the cotyledon which plays such a grand part in the tables of the system-makers.

I have sketched the biography of the lotus from the seed to the seed. The Egyptians used to take the bean, and, after inclosing it in a lump of mud to make it sink, throw it into the water. When the temperature of the season prompted germination, the little body folded upon itself put forth the leaf and the root. The horizontal subaqueous stalks sent up leaves and sent down roots at each knot or joint. As the increasing heat sent a quickened vitality through the plant, the round leaves rose above the water. The leaves became flowers, and the pistils transformed themselves into fruits; the fruits containing the beans, and the beans the embryos. Such is the perpetual round of life in the lotus species, and such it has been ever since the fiat of the Creator summoned into existence this marvel of the vegetal world.

The lotus flourished for the first time in Paris in 1852; and it has sometimes produced its fruits in the open air in the Botanical Garden of Montpelier.

I do not know the meaning nor the derivation of the word lotus. Many Egyptian plants are called lotus, and there is a town which bears the name. But the plant which has given its name to this town is a tree—the tree whose fruit the confectioners imitate in their jujubes. Of the *Rhamnus lotus* of Linnæus Pliny says: "Its fruit is so sweet that it gives its name to the country and the people where it grows."

I fear I may have indulged in too long an excursion into the realms of Botany, to suit the reader who merely wishes to know why the Indian rebels chose lotus flowers as symbols of conspiracy. I am sure I am as innocent of the knowledge as of the rebellion, but I will try to help my readers to a guess.

Four fifths of the human species worship a god-woman. I confess I have but a limited interest in the discoveries of antiquarians, for the best mines of antiquities are not the ruins of buried cities, but the minds of living populations. Four fifths of the human species worship a god-woman; and the vestiges of this worship are found in the most ancient monuments, documents, and traditions, stretching backwards into the past eternity, from

millennium to millennium, towards an epoch beyond the records of the Deluge, and almost coeval with the loss of Eden. The Tentyrian planisphere of the ancient Egyptians represents the Virgin and child rising out of a lotus flower. The Egyptian hieroglyphics depict the goddess Asteria, or Justice, issuing out of a lotus, and seating herself upon the center of the beam of Libra, or the Scales. Pictorial delineations of the Judgment of the Dead, represent Osiris as Amenti swathed in the white garments of the grave, girt with a red girdle, and seated upon a checkered throne of white and black spots, or good and evil. Before him are the vase of nectar, the table of ambrosia, the great serpent, and the lotus of knowledge—the emblems of Paradise. There are Egyptian altar-pieces upon which the lotus figures as the tree of life. The Hindu priests say that the lotus rising out of the lakes is the type of the world issuing out of the ocean of time.

Travelers who have observed the worship of the Hindus and Parsees, tell us that they give religious honors to the lotus. The Buddhist priests cultivate it in precious vases, and place it in their temples. The Chinese poets celebrate the sacred bean of India, out of which their goddess Amida and her child arose, in the middle of a lake. We can be at no loss to imagine the appearance of the Buddhist pagodas, for our Gothic cathedrals are just those pagodas imitated in stone. Their pillars copy the trunks of the palm-trees and the effects of the creeping plants of the pagodas; their heaven-piercing spires are the golden spathes of palm-flowers, and the stained glass reproduces, feebly, the many-colored brilliancies of the tropical skies. Every pious Buddhist, giving himself up to devout meditations, repeats, as often as he can, the words: "On ma ni bat me Klom." When many worshippers are kneeling and repeating the sound, the effect is like counterbase or the humming of bees; and profound sighs mingle with the repetitions. The Mongolian priests say these words are endowed with mysterious and supernatural powers; they increase the virtues of the faithful; they bring them nearer to divine perfection, and they exempt them from the pains of the future life. When the priests are asked to explain the words, they say volumes would be required to tell all their meanings. Klaproth, however, says that

the formula is nothing but a corruption of four Hindu words, "Om man'i padma houm," signifying: "O precious lotus!"

Without pretending that the volume of the Hindu fakirs, on the significations of the lotus, might not throw more light upon the use of it as a symbol of conspiracy, there are hints enough in the facts I have stated, to warrant the conclusion that it serves as a sign of a great and general rising on behalf of Buddhism. The flower was circulated to rally the votaries of the goddess of the lotus.

And the cakes have precisely the same significance as the lotus flowers. These cakes are very ancient symbols. Corn and lotus seeds were baked into cakes, offered to Isis the goddess of Fertility and Abundance. The principle which deems a god to be just what his worshippers believe him, is the only one likely to surmount the difficulties which surround the study of the gods. The difficulties in identifying the divinities of mythology come chiefly from their numerous metamorphoses and their innumerable aliases. The Grecian Jupiter, the Persian Ormuzd, the Egyptian Osiris, are but different names and modifications of the god of light and darkness; and Venus, Astarte, and Isis, are all names which designate the evening-star—the queen of heaven. The worship of a divine woman is of zodiacal origin. Students of the picture language of the Egyptians ascribe the invention of the zodiacal signs to Seth the son of Adam. Virgo and Leo are united in the Sphynx, and their child is Horus, the sun-god, whose symbol was the mistletoe branch of the Druids. The epithet virgin was particularly applied to Diana, Minerva, and Themis—Chastity, Wisdom, and Justice. There can scarcely be a doubt, I think, of the identity of the zodiacal virgin with Kouan-Yin, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy, and with the Queen of Heaven, the object of the idolatries described by the Prophet Jeremiah, in the seventh chapter, and in the seventeenth to the twentieth verse. "Seest thou not what they do in the cities of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem? The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the Queen of Heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger. Do they provoke me to anger? saith the Lord: do they not provoke themselves to

the confusion of their own faces? Therefore, thus saith the Lord God; Behold, mine anger and my fury shall be poured out upon this place, upon man, and upon beast, and upon the trees of the field, and upon the fruit of the ground; and it shall burn, and shall not be quenched."

Cakes and lotus flowers are the symbols of the Queen of Heaven, the Hindu goddess of mercy and mother of god. Such is the meaning of the symbols, and, in as far as they were circulated, such is the purport of the conspiracy.

The use of these ancient symbols to prepare a plot against British sway, is well fitted to strike the student of history. For there is in the incidents a junction of wonders, the most picturesque emblems of the most ancient and universally prevalent religions being brought into collision with the most marvelous empire the world has ever seen. Four hundred years ago a horde of fierce and barbarous barons were busy in England, painting the white rose red. Having happily weakened the feudal aristocracy and the despotic monarchy by their exterminating feuds, the smaller pro-

prietors and the industrious orders were enabled, in these highly favored British islands, to grow up in independence and liberty, and to flourish in wealth and intelligence. A hundred years ago, in seventeen hundred and fifty-seven, a company of traders had received a grant of about five thousand square miles of territory upon the coast of Malabar and Coromandel, and now, in eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, their empire consists of about six hundred thousand square miles of territory. Only three or four centuries ago the loveliest flowers in the British islands were the symbols of the wretched feuds of the rival pretenders; and in June, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, one of the most magnificent products of the vegetable world is the symbol of a struggle between Buddhism and Christianity. Other and coarse elements, no doubt, abound in the strife; the ambition of princes, the intrigues of rival nations; but, under atrocities and mutinies, the student of races and religions can scarcely fail to discern the signs of a revolt of the lotus against the cross.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.*

THE Congress had assembled at Vienna in order to complete the regulations of the treaty of Paris, and devote their energies to the settlement of the European balance of power. All the nations which had been engaged in the late war were invited to send representatives, and as Turkey was the only European state not engaged actively in the war, in the course of September Vienna was thronged with military and diplomatic celebrities. The princes whose energy had decided the fate of the campaign—Alexander and Frederick William—were the guests of the Emperor

Francis at the Hofburg. Alexander was in excellent spirits, for he believed in a speedy and satisfactory termination of the business, and the restoration of a permanent peace. To Vienna also came the Kings of Denmark, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, and the throng of princes belonging to the Rhenish Confederation, all eager for compensation. Around them congregated a brilliant circle of statesmen and warriors, and a still more brilliant band of ladies, in whose center the Empresses of Russia and Austria were most distinguished. As, too, all the relations of social life had been overthrown by the late convulsion, a quantity of individuals flocked to Vienna, who hoped to bring

* Das Leben des Ministers Freiherrn von Stein. Von G. H. Pertz. Berlin: George Reimer.

their own affairs before the notice of congregated Europe. Any person who had suffered a loss, or whose forefathers had been unjustly treated, those who wished to keep what they had obtained, or claim the property of others—knights and chevaliers d'industrie, booksellers and merchants, portrait-painters and Jews, in short, every body—hoped to benefit by the new era arising for Europe.

Among all these aspirants for fortune, Stein moved on the even tenor of his way, bound to no party, but universally regarded as the confidential counselor of the Russian Emperor. He possessed no vote in the formal discussions, but exerted an immense influence through the purity and inflexibility of his character. The author of the life of Capodistrias describes him in these terms: "Stein was in himself a power. He was one of those men who strive unceasingly for a great object, keeping on the straight road, in spite of a thousand obstacles, by the force of his genius and devotion. Without any further authority than his name and the services he had done to the common cause, he played the greatest part of all at the Congress of Vienna. Hostile to all diplomatic chicanery and tricks, in his quality of a man he laid his voice in the balance of European destiny. For a long time persecuted by the instinctive hatred of Napoleon, he had devoted himself to the restoration of the Prussian monarchy and the formation of a confederation against France without swerving an inch. History delights in delaying for a while with such men."

The first step taken by the Congress was to regulate the progress of business, and it was decided that the affairs of Germany should be handed over to a special commission; but on the 24th of September the French embassy made its appearance, and every thing was speedily thrown into confusion. Talleyrand was the head of the embassy.

"Talleyrand, notorious for many years as perfectly deficient in religious and moral principles, and for the readiness with which he adapted himself to the various phases of the revolution, and who, like rats leaving a sinking ship, had always deserted the tottering government at the right moment, appeared at Vienna with a brazen front, and as prophet of a new creed with which to gain over the easily deluded and excitable members of the Congress for his own ends. Humiliated and weakened France, which had

nothing to expect from the fears of the great powers, sought a new conquest under the banner of legitimacy—a principle which placed the rights of the princes above those of the people. Talleyrand employed this method to dethrone Murat, restore the Bourbon power in Italy, and collect the weaker princes around France, which had now assumed the title of Protector of the Oppressed; but these views were subordinate to his own interests. It is certain that he employed his position at Vienna to restore his own broken fortunes; and Savary, a connoisseur in such matters, tells us that Talleyrand received 800,000 ducats from Murat to serve his cause, and was then bought over to the other side by Ferdinand of Sicily for an equal sum and magnificent promises."

The first open interference on the part of Talleyrand was with reference to Saxony; but the Emperor Alexander declined to enter into any discussion on this matter, as the allied powers had, in the peace of Paris, reserved to themselves the settlement of the conquered countries. Talleyrand replied that he believed there were no longer any allied powers. "Yes," the Emperor said, "whenever steps are being taken to carry out the treaty of Paris." Hardenberg, Metternich, Nesselrode, and Castlereagh recognized the necessity of union to foil Talleyrand's intrigues, and proceeded at once to regulate the position of the King of Saxony towards the other powers. But it must not be supposed that Talleyrand defended Saxony from mere disinterestedness, and the reports of the Russian envoy at Berlin soon explained his motives. Alopæus announced that the King of Saxony had paid large sums to Talleyrand. Lagarde, after mentioning Talleyrand's partisanship for Saxony, speaks of several millions which Frederick Augustus had paid to two influential personages in Vienna—the other remains to be guessed—while Chateaubriand states point-blank that Talleyrand was gained over by the King for three million francs to sell the true interests of France, which would have preferred Prussia in Saxony sooner than on the Rhine. But Alexander speedily cut the knot of the intrigue by stating that if the King of Saxony did not consent to the decrees of Congress, he must be treated like a prisoner, and sent off to Riga.

On the 14th October the German Committee assembled for the first time, and it was soon evident that nothing need be expected from it, as the princes strenuously intrigued to gain the upper hand.

Austria determined on forming a coalition with South Germany and France, to establish an equipoise against Russia, which would always have Prussia and North Germany on her side. But to effect this, Mayence must be given to Bavaria, and to such a step Prussia could not assent. This imbroglio gave rise to a violent paper war, and an article which appeared in the *Rheinische Mercur* excited an immense sensation. The Bavarian envoys even went so far as to demand satisfaction in the committee. The Crown Prince of Bavaria, while at table, expressed himself in these words: "Yes, there is a great deal of nonsense written at present by Görres, and the other fellows Stein protects." Stein heard this from the other end of the room, rushed up, and said to the Prince: "I must beg your royal highness not to forget your position, who you are and who I am. It is not proper to mention names in such mixed company." Another circumstance caused much conversation about this time. A journal published an odious article stating that Stein *had been* powerful, but was so no longer. At a party at Count Stackelberg's, a German prince walked up to Stein, and said, contemptuously: "Had been—yes, had been." Stein flew out, "I despise the impudence of a journalist"—and holding his clenched fist before the prince's nose—"but I would not recommend any one to repeat it." The result of the general dispute was that the German Committee was broken up, and the attention of Congress drawn exclusively to the settlement of Poland and Saxony.

Of all the questions brought before the Congress that of Poland was the most dangerous. Prussia and Austria, after being deprived of their Polish possessions by Napoleon, had made their restoration a condition of the alliance with Russia, and a treaty had been drawn up at Reichenbach on the 27th June, 1813, to that effect. By this treaty the kingdom of Warsaw was to be dissolved, and divided among the three Powers amicably, but when the moment arrived Alexander could not consent. On the other hand, it was impossible that Poland should be formed into an independent kingdom. The Emperor, therefore, hoped that he might induce his neighbors to assent to his occupation of the Grand Duchy, but he recognized the difficulty. Thus he said to General von Knesebeck at Vienna: "Russia's power is

disquieting for Europe; still the honor of the nation demands an aggrandizement as a reward for its sacrifices, exertions, and victories. It can, however, be rendered innocuous only in one way—Russian Poland must be united with Warsaw, and receive a constitution and independent army." The manifesto of the Emperor created an awful excitement, and the Powers applied to England to solve the difficulty. On the 12th October, Castlereagh handed in a note to Alexander, in which he urged the necessity of carrying out the stipulations relating to the division of Warsaw. This letter caused the Emperor considerable annoyance, which was augmented by the magnificent review of the Austrian troops which took place in the Prater on the 18th, for Alexander was no longer able to believe in the weakness of Austria, on which he had built his hopes. The result was a very angry reply to Castlereagh's interposition, and the Emperor expressed his indignation that, after allowing his allies such expansion, they thwarted his own simple wishes. He ended by saying that he washed his hands of Germany. At the same time, Alexander omitted no opportunity to express his dislike for Metternich. To the old Princess Metternich he said, "I despise every man who does not wear uniform;" and he induced the Duchess de Sagan to break off her long-standing connection with Metternich by the remark, "It is not proper for you to be *liée* with a paltry writer." Nor did Alexander despise the more ignoble arts of persuasion, and tried hard to induce Frederick William to accept his views, but the King of Prussia, for the present, adhered to his own opinion.

A grand crop of notes and counter-notes emanated from this discordance of views, terminating in a split among the Allies, Prussia and Russia being opposed to England and Austria. The Emperor's obstinacy was backed up by the King of Prussia, who was informed that Austria was playing false in the Saxon matter, and Hardenberg in vain tried to reconcile his duty and his obedience. Matters indeed went so far that serious thoughts of a war were entertained, only prevented by the fact that Russia had 300,000 men ready to march at a moment's notice. The only feasible plan was, that Prussia should act as mediator, for Alexander was so embittered against Castlereagh that he would not hear a word from him. In expecta-

tion of further eventualities, England and Austria began looking round for allies, and as France desired nothing more than to approach them, and thus emerge from her second-rate position at the Congress, an agreement was come to without loss of time. Stewart was the first to inform Stein of the proposed alliance, and said, with a feeling of deep pain, that they found themselves compelled to play into the hands of France.

In the mean while, Alexander took measures to assure himself of the support of Prussia. He exerted himself to maintain the misunderstanding between Prussia and Austria, and told Frederick William that Talleyrand had informed him, on the part of Metternich, that Austria was willing to yield in the Polish question if Russia would separate from Prussia. He even authorized the King to make this public. Metternich denied it, and there was an opportunity for mutual explanations, which diplomatists could not be expected to neglect. Other matters, too, such as Saxony and Mayence, surged up in the midst of the discussion, and all looked gloomy in the extreme.

"On the 14th of December Metternich proceeded to the Emperor Alexander, in order to justify himself, and delivered him a protocol of State Chancellor Hardenberg, written in the beginning of November, in which the latter recommended concessions to Russia, and make preparations to cripple her power hereafter. This letter Metternich handed in, with the remark that he had several other documents written by Hardenberg, of which he could not make use, as they were the secrets of a third party. Alexander comprehended Metternich's object in this matter. Disgusted by his treachery, he laid all the papers before the Emperor Francis, and declared that he would no longer negotiate with so unsafe a man. The Emperor Francis, stated that several of these papers, especially Metternich's letter to Castlereagh, had been written without his cognizance. He pressed for an interview with the Grand Duchess Catherine, which the lady only granted by her brother's orders. Here Francis disapproved of Metternich's conduct, and repeated his assertion about the letter to Castlereagh. But the Grand Duchess repeated, in her brother's name, that he would no longer negotiate with Metternich."

The Emperor Francis was extremely warlike, and declared that, unless the King of Saxony was restored to his dominions, he should take up arms, and he could reckon on the German peoples. An Austrian army was concentrated in Bohe-

mia, the Bavarians were to join them, another corps d'armée be formed at Tettschen to keep the Russians in check, while a French army advanced from the Rhine upon the Elbe. "Thus, then," Stein said, "Germany will be exposed again to a civil and French war, for the advantage of a partisan of Napoleon, and for the settlement of the question whether it were better to remove him to the left bank of the Rhine, or break up Saxony and give him a fragment. What blindness!" On the 3d of January, 1815, the secret treaty was completed between England, Austria, and France, and remained a secret to Russia and Prussia for two months. Stein suspected its existence, but the Emperor Alexander would not believe that the man whose roof sheltered him could be so treacherous as to plot against him. In the mean while, mutual concessions were being made, and the Polish question was in a fair way of settlement. On the 3d of February the Duke of Wellington arrived at Vienna, and steps were taken to satisfy Prussia with reference to Saxony. Frederick William was highly indignant that Castlereagh would not give him up Leipzig; and even the Emperor's offer to compensate him with the town of Thorn did not remove his anger. Still he was forced to give way at last, and thus matters were apparently satisfactorily settled, though none of the rulers in their hearts intended to adhere to the terms of the negotiations for one moment longer than was absolutely necessary.

In the midst of the movements which the contest about Poland and Saxony produced in Europe, the seed was sown for the future dissolution of the Osmanli Empire. In Alexander's suite, at Vienna, were present Hysilanti and Capodistrias, the former, son of the Hospodar of Wallachia who had been assassinated by the Turks, and who had lost an arm at Culm in the Russian service, the other a Corfiote and a statesman. Both desired the liberation of Greece from the Turkish yoke, and had fixed their hopes upon assembled Europe, while they fully shared the excitement produced through Greece by the appearance of a Russian fleet in the Archipelago. Alexander's noble character and Christian compassion for his oppressed co-religionists seemed to justify these hopes, and the openly expressed sympathy of the Russians guarantee their success. Capodistrias founded the Heta-

ria, or Society of the Friends of the Muses. The renown of ancient Greece found admirers and sympathizers among the highest members of the Congress. The Emperor Alexander, the Crown Princes of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, joined a union which hoped to bring about a happier future by the education and moral development of the Grecian youth. The Hetaïria, begun in Vienna, where Hypsilanti became one of its members, extended rapidly through the whole of Greece and European Turkey, and held in readiness money and arms for the impending insurrection.

In order to bring about a more satisfactory arrangement with reference to the German and Bavarian affairs, Stein had an interview with Wellington on the 24th of February. At the first blush there does not appear any connection between the hero of Salamanca and the *vexata quæstio* of the imperial dignity; but the Iron Duke's sturdy common-sense soon detected the true reasons for the confusion which surrounded the subject at the Congress. In the interview, the Duke began by stating that as Germany possessed no unity, this deficiency must be made up by the unity existing between Austria and Prussia, and the state of public opinion. Germany, he considered, was only bound together by language and customs; but was fearfully divided by religious contests and political interests. The intended federal constitution could only be maintained by the two powers and by public opinion, which had openly expressed its adhesion to a constitutional form of government. To this very reasonable remark Stein replied that the Austrians were to blame for the rupture of Germany, because they could thus maintain their influence. The five directing courts at this moment possessed very divergent opinions, and in his view the only mode to reconcile matters was by setting up a chief of the confederation. To this Wellington simply replied by exposing the impossibility of such a step, and strongly advised the formation of a powerful state on the left bank of the Rhine, which could not be menaced by France, and considered that by giving Austria Salzburg, her overwhelming weight would keep Bavaria true to her interests. Stein allowed that the formation of such a state would be advantageous, if its fidelity could be depended on;

but that was not the case with Bavaria. Germany was now sufficiently guarded against any French attack by the line of federal fortresses and the formation of Belgium. Austria had shown her weakness in the Bavarian affair, and every chance collision between her and France and Bavaria must be avoided. The conference terminated by Wellington requesting Stein to call upon him whenever he had any thing to suggest; and thenceforth the Duke was not nearly so eager for the Bavarian compensation, which had hitherto proved a favorite plan of the English diplomatists. It reflects great credit on Wellington that he formed so accurate an idea of German affairs; and had the people only listened to the impartial views of such men, the lamentable blunders of 1848 might have been saved.

The Emperor Alexander made himself needlessly odious about this time, by taking up eagerly the cause of Maria Louisa and Eugène Beauharnais, and demanding for the former, who had written to him and asked his support, Parma and Piacenza, for the latter a principality in Italy. The Emperor Francis had already declared that he would give his daughter estates in his hereditary dominions. "She is," Stein remarks, "a superficial French woman, who pretends to have forgotten every thing connected with Germany, and allows General Neipperg to make love to her." In the mean while, Stein had been working on Alexander, and turning him against the Bavarian compensation, much to the annoyance of the Austrian party. Wellington supported Stein's views, and Bavaria had all her intrigues foiled. A general spirit of compromise had thus far kept matters straight, and the Emperor Alexander was joyfully preparing to quit Vienna when an unexpected event gave a sudden turn to the discussion.

When Louis XVIII. returned to France after twenty-three years' absence, he found his country utterly changed. The revolution, and Napoleon's military despotism, had destroyed the old bonds connecting the various classes of society to the throne, and a numerous army had monopolized all the strength of the country. This army, into which the nation had become in some measure fused, had lost its pristine renown in the campaigns of 1812, 1813, 1814, and been deprived of its former estates and monetary resources in foreign countries; above all, its great leader was ban-

ished to Elba. But though overthrown, weakened, and kept down, it had not been disbanded, but maintained in its old organization; and possessed by the restless passions of insulted nationality and unsatisfied ambition, it thirsted for a new occasion to avenge its defeats and regain the lost countries. Louis's throne was raised without a stay on the heap of ashes thrown up by the revolutionary volcano, and would probably be swallowed up by the first convulsive throes. It was wanting in that personal dignity which was doubly necessary for a successor of Napoleon; the King's obesity and ill-health rendered him incapable to take the head of his army and the object of ridicule for the Bonapartists; the government was intrusted to suspicious men, and the courtiers, whose only recommendation was their long devotion to the royal house, were as blind and pretentious as they were incompetent to understand and manage a nation so utterly estranged from them. The cecity of the returning émigrés attained such a pitch that the King was compelled to employ all his influence to keep in check those members of his own family who pressed him to undertake fresh wars of aggression. The émigrés demanded pensions and compensation; the owners of national property were afraid of confiscation; to this was added the *odium theologicum* between Catholics and Protestants in Alsace and the Cévennes, and these apprehensions were kept up with hostile views. Bonaparte had never given up hopes of returning; his relations and partisans formed, under the guidance of Hortense and Joseph, a widely ramified conspiracy, with affiliations in foreign countries, and which, in case of success, reckoned on the support of Austria and Bavaria. As early as August, 1814, the senate of Bern had informed the Comte d'Artois and the English envoy of Joseph Bonaparte's suspicious meetings with French generals; at the beginning of the winter, Barras went to Blacas to warn him of a conspiracy against the King; he recommended the royal confidants to pay attention to Napoleon's schemes and his connection with Murat; he pressed that Napoleon should be arrested, and he would then undertake to remove Murat from the throne. Blacas paid no attention to the proposal. The French envoy at Turin reported during the winter to the ministry the negotia-

tions between the Bonapartists and their leader; Madame Angereau, who was implored by the Duchesse de Bassano, on her knees, to induce her husband to join the conspiracy, went to the minister of police and told him of the circumstance, but was hardly listened to; he regarded it as a quarrel between two pretty women. Equally slight attention was paid by Talleyrand to a letter sent him by Fouché in January, stating that armed men were assembling in Western Switzerland under Joseph's guidance. At the same time every precaution against Napoleon's evasion was neglected; the French government paid no attention to him, the English ships cruising round Elba had no orders to arrest him if he tried to escape, and it is doubtful whether the commanders would have taken so bold a step on their own authority. When Pozzo pressed Talleyrand in October and November to bring Napoleon's arrest before the Congress, the latter replied: "Do not speak about him; he is a dead man." The director of the post at Paris was so blinded as to leave the Bonapartist Lavalette at the head of affairs, who suppressed all the news that arrived about the movement. Never was the axiom "*Quos Deus vult perdere*" more true than when referred to the Bourbons.

The first news of Napoleon's evasion reached Vienna on the 7th of March in a letter from Lord Burghersh, English envoy at Florence, to Wellington, and caused general consternation, especially to the Duke, who was only too well acquainted with the spirit animating the French army. Equal apprehension was felt for Italy, if Napoleon thought proper to proceed to that country; for great dissatisfaction was felt there at the loss of a fancied nationality, which Napoleon had been far from restoring, and at the numerous blunders committed by the Austrian administration. The Austrian army amounted to some 40,000 men, and Murat was ready to strike at a moment's notice, at the head of 80,000 men. These fears produced a speedy approximation among the parties, and the cabinets recognized the necessity of arranging the various matters still in dispute at once. Alexander declared openly that he had made a mistake the previous year at Paris, but was ready to march at the head of his army to preserve the integrity of the treaty. Still he had learned caution, and

told Stein that he should make his terms beforehand, and not trust to the generosity of his allies: he wanted no augmentation of territory, but subsidies. On the 13th of March, Napoleon was placed under the ban of Europe, and the document is a curious counterpart to the outlawal which Napoleon had issued against Stein seven years before. This declaration was received with hearty applause in Germany, but the effect it might have produced in France was lost by the delay in sending it to Paris, which city it did not reach till the 21st, and was naturally suppressed by the new government.

But Napoleon himself was not resting on a bed of roses at Paris. In order to insure the success of the conspiracy which recalled him, the Bonapartists had been forced to coalesce with the dissatisfied members of the Constituent Assembly and the relics of the Jacobin party. These joined in their desire to overthrow the Bourbons, and left the rest to Providence, in the hope that each party would overcome the other: the former desired Napoleon as their leader, the latter only intended to make use of him and overthrow their instrument, so soon as it had done its duty; they demanded a share in the government, liberty of the press, and a republican constitution. Napoleon found the republican element so strong on his return that he was obliged to give way: he received Carnot and Fouché into his ministry, formed a *garde nationale*, promised freedom of the press and a new constitution, to deliberate on which the deputies were summoned to a "*Champ de Mai*," in imitation of the Carlovingsians. Napoleon's position was any thing but reassuring. Checked in his movements by the distrust of his troublesome allies, alarmed about their views and the temper of the republican party, he lived surrounded by his guards, who oppressed and roused the population by their excesses. The only external ally he possessed was his brother-in-law Murat; but chance threw a means into his hands by which his opponents might possibly be divided.

"On the 8th of April, Alexander received a communication from Napoleon through Budikin, who had remained in Paris to watch the course of events. Napoleon sent him through Maret a duplicate of the secret treaty of 3d Jan., which M. de Jaucourt had left behind him in his flight, with other documents relating to the Congress. Maret, while begging the Russian

Chargé d'Affaires to deliver the document to Alexander in Napoleon's name, is said to have added: 'Napoleon would not permit himself to make any remark about this matter, but considered it his duty not to keep it concealed from the Emperor.' When Alexander received the document he was extremely angry; he turned very red, and there were evident signs of a storm. At a very early hour next morning he summoned Stein, and after showing him the treaty, said: 'I have requested Prince Metternich to come here, and wish you to be present at the interview as witness.' Soon after Metternich came in. Alexander showed him the paper, and asked him if he recognized it. The Prince did not move a feature, and was silent. When he attempted to evade the subject and began talking of other matters, the Emperor interrupted him with the words: 'Metternich, so long as we live, not a word must ever be exchanged between us on this matter. Now we have other things to do. Napoleon has returned, and our alliance must henceforth be firmer than ever.' With these words he threw the treaty into the fire, and dismissed both ministers.^h

A short time afterwards, Talleyrand assured Count Nesselrode that only some unimportant papers had been left behind by De Jaucourt, and when Nesselrode appeared to display some doubt, he continued: "Ah! I know what you would like to speak about—that treaty—but it was made without any evil design; I, for my part, wished to break up the Quadruple Alliance!" ("The scoundrel!" Stein here adds energetically.) Alexander spoke to the King of Bavaria on the subject, much in the same way as he had done to Metternich: "You were carried away—I think no more about it." Still the impression produced by the treaty could not be entirely dissipated, and the majority of the courts began to apologize, recognizing as they did the awkward position in which they would be placed if Russia and Prussia retired from the alliance. Alexander, however, sacrificed his own feelings to the welfare of Europe, and energetic preparations were made to hurl Napoleon once more from the throne. But before they proceeded to action, the Allies had to regulate the manner of their interference, for Alexander had a strong desire to sink the Bourbons in favor of the younger line. The cowardice Louis XVIII. had displayed in deserting the throne of his fathers only enhanced the contempt which Alexander entertained for the Bourbons. After a lengthened discussion it was, however, decided that

no change should be made in the manifesto of the 13th March. In the mean while Prussia had rapidly proceeded to arm; by the 23d April, Gneisenau was enabled to write to the Princess Louise: "We are already standing at the gates of France with 150,000 men, Prussians animated with the best spirit. Were the neighboring armies imbued with the same temper, we should soon be able to march into Paris again. A bitter after-taste of the Congress is still perceptible, but we must strive to look into the future and forget the past. All that grieves me is our forced inactivity, while the enemy is zealously carrying on his political and military preparations." This inactivity, however, resulted from a decision of the powers that they would not venture the risk of a defeat, but only commence an attack when the grand Austrian and Russian armies were at the same distance from Paris as the English and Prussian. One thing was neglected, however: the danger that Napoleon might throw an overpowering weight on one division of the allies, and destroy the connection between them by a victory. And how nearly did he effect this!

In the mean while the Congress was not idle: the splendid myth of the German constitution was being worked out, and the affairs of Italy settled. The Duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla were handed over to Maria Louisa, while the legations which Austria would so gladly have retained, and which Murat occupied for a second time, were restored to the Pope through the influence of England. The Servant of the Servants of God, whose gubernatorial cares his Catholic sons, Francis and Murat, so much wished to lighten, and from whom the most Christian king had torn Avignon and the Venaissin, found his best support at that time in the disinterested heretics and schismatics of England, Prussia, and Russia, nor did he institute any novena that they might become like his other faithful sons. In the conference of the 7th June, the Italian affairs were finally settled by the recognition of Ferdinand as King of Naples. On the 9th June the final protocol of the Congress was signed by all the representatives of the powers, and the great work of regulating Europe was effected in due accordance with the views of the Holy Alliance. Without indorsing his views, we may be permitted

to quote what our author says on the subject:

"The narrative has shown under what difficulties the settlement or solution of the various subjects was effected. As it was impossible to retrieve what had been neglected in 1812 and 1813, and at Paris, with reference to Poland, Germany, and Prussia, the result could not be generally satisfactory. It was no great creation from one mould, but a very imperfect product, such as could only emanate from the fusion of so many energies and passions in such assemblies. It bears, then, the deep imprint of every human work, imperfection; and nothing is easier than to reproach the arrangements made about Poland, Saxony, and the Netherlands, or to make better suggestions about each point than those carried into effect. But the object here was not to propose, but to cause acceptance, and no one was powerful enough to dictate; even the highest were compelled to court the adherence of the other members. The loudest condemnation of the Congress was uttered by French politicians; naturally enough, as French policy suffered its severest defeat here and in Paris, and could only be raised from its self-created ruin by the generosity of its opponents. But when a French writer breaks out into the complaint, 'Justice only appeared before the Congress in mourning robes,' the remark offers itself involuntarily, that at all congresses where French policy has played the principal part, down to Tilsit, Bayonne, and Schönbrunn, from the time when Brennus threw his sword into the balance, justice never made her appearance at all. And even if many a just demand of the peoples remained unsatisfied, this does not result from the fact that it was not a congress of the nations, or that the nations were not heard before the Congress; for history knows no national congress save the battle-field, and nations can not be heard *en masse* but through their most eminent representatives, no few of whom raised their voices loudly at Vienna, and advanced indefatigably until they found the extremest limit of success in the will and apparent advantage of others. The Congress of Vienna, then, to compress its merits into a single sentence, by complementing the treaty of Paris, restored the free union of states through Europe in the place of Napoleonic tyranny. This work of an enlightened and great policy, imperfectly as it was carried out in its details, still remains the sole healthy and permanent basis of European life; and if this was at a later date mutilated and restricted, it must not be laid to the fault of the Congress, but to worse times and less eminent men."

While Napoleon was collecting all his forces for one final blow, the Allies were not idle, and their army, when collected, would have amounted to a million of warriors. The luckless inhabitants of the

Upper Rhine were so exhausted by this new army of locusts following so closely on the last war, that they deserted their houses *en masse*. Fortunately, however, this state of things was not fated to last long, but the news of WATERLOO was so incredible, that when it reached headquarters at Heidelberg, a witty general remarked: "The corn was so high in Belgium that Napoleon had probably concealed himself in it with his army." When Metternich mentioned at a later period that an Austrian army in such a position as the Prussian would have required at least six weeks to recover, Stein replied in high glee: "There you can see the value of moral strength."

"The question which has been discussed on either side with such exacerbation, whether Wellington or Blücher won the battle of Waterloo, is very easy of solution. The battle was the common deed of the two armies, arranged and carried out in that view. The Prussian loss was proportionately very high, and amounted during the afternoon and evening to one half the Anglo-German loss during the whole day. Both armies fought here for the same cause, against the same enemy; they struggled like the two arms of one body, their merit being equal; and the heroic daring endurance of the one, and the heroic fire and energy of the other, hold up an example for all ages how the German nations on either side the German Ocean ought to stand by each other and conquer in the day of need."

The news of this great event spread an indescribable joy through Germany; and Stein received the first official intimation of it by a letter from Blücher:

"BLÜCHER TO STEIN.

"Noyelle, June 22d, 1815.—I trust, my honored friend, that you are satisfied with me. In three days I have fought two sanguinary battles, and stood against five violent attacks while investing three fortresses. I owe all to my iron will, the assistance of Gneisenau, as well as the affection and bravery of my troops; and though there was no want of representations and complaints about excessive exertions and danger, I soon put an end to them. The day after to-morrow, I shall have an interview with Wellington, and then forwards. I have sent in no report to the Emperor of Russia, as I know that the King will make my report to him known immediately; but I beg you to lay me at his feet and say, that if I had had more Cossacks and light cavalry with me, but very few of the Frenchmen would have been left. Napoleon has lost every thing—his chest, his jewels,

and his entire equipage; he was so surprised that he jumped out of his carriage without sword or hat, and saved himself on horseback. His sword, hat, and cloak are in my hands. Farewell: I wish it was all over here, for I am longing for rest. Persuade the Emperor Alexander to grant me a small estate near Birnbaum; then we shall be neighbors, and I will spend my last days calmly in the country."

During the occupation of France by the Allies a considerable difference was visible as to the maintenance of the troops. The Prussians and Russians had learned from the French themselves the use to which an enemy's country could be put, while Wellington kept his German and Dutch troops in severe check only to reap the ridicule of the French as being a man "more French than the French themselves." In order to insure regularity in these matters, a commission was appointed on the 24th of July, and it was settled that France would have to provide the pay and clothing of the troops in addition to rations. At the same time, the leaders proceeded to reclaim the art treasures which they had trusted to Louis XVIIIth's generosity to give back at the first restoration, but they had found themselves mistaken. On this subject Schiller had raised a noble appeal so far back as the year 1800:

"Was der Griechen kunst erschaffen,
Mag der Franke mit den Waffen
Führen nach der Seine Strand,
Und in prangenden Museen
Zeig'er seine Siegstrophäen
Dem erstaunten Vaterland!

"Ewig werden sie ihm schweigen,
Nie von den Gestellen steigen
In des Leben's frischen Reih'n:
Der allein besitzt die Museen,
Der sie trägt im warmen Busen:
Dem Vandalen sind sie Stein."

Nothing outraged the French vanity deeper than this restoration, which was perfectly natural. Even talented men, like Benjamin Constant, were inconsolable. When the latter was lamenting on the subject in Germany, his clever neighbor remarked: "If Napoleon said formerly to his troops, Take! the Allies now say to their troops, Take back!" Constant replied, in horror: "You might be taken, madame, for a general's daughter!" "Pardon me, I am the daughter of a lawyer," Höpfner's daughter replied. Even Wellington, to whom the French applied,

could offer them no hope of retaining their plunder, and so the sacrifice was effected which has formed the subject of eternal jeremiads even to the present day.

While the Allies were engaged in reading the French a lesson in morality, Stein had been gradually recovering his health at his estate in Nassau. In July he was honored by a visit from Goethe, and in his company visited Cologne and the artistic treasures of the Lower Rhine. Arndt, who saw him at this time, and compared their trip to the fabled voyage of the iron and earthen pots, tells us of the extreme delicacy with which the two old gentlemen behaved to each other, through a mutual desire to avoid a collision. Goethe displayed toward Stein a sort of amazed reverence, while Stein "was unusually gentle and mild, and bridled the lion of his nature, which never once got up a roar." But our minister was soon drawn away to the turmoil of politics; his presence was absolutely necessary in Paris, and, without a murmur, he set out on his journey. The Emperor Alexander received him in the kindest manner, gently reproached him for his hasty departure from Heidelberg, and mentioned the absolute necessity he felt of discussing with Stein the perilous matters which had surged up through the second occupation of Paris. The state of things will be best comprehended from a letter written by Gneisenau to Arndt:

"We are in danger of forming a second peace of Utrecht, and the principal peril emanates from the same quarter as at that period. England is animated by wonderfully bad sentiments, and with her will no injury shall be done to France. The most to be taken from her is not territory, but a contribution. When Russia talks in such a way, it may be explained by the selfish policy which does not desire the western frontiers of Austria and Prussia to be secured, and intends to keep an ever ready ally in France, but when England insists on the integrity of the French territory, we can only see in such distorted views a desire to keep up a war on the Continent, and render Germany dependent. But while England does not wish the continental powers to make conquests, she is caring very nicely for herself. She has just made a declaration to Russia that she intends to keep the Seven Islands. Russia regards the matter angrily, but can not help herself.

"Prussia holds a language worthy of herself. She gives up any aggrandizement, and only wishes that her neighbors should become powerful at the expense of France, so that a strong frontier may be drawn round this focus of poli-

tical confusion. The last census of the French population (after the peace of Paris) gives a total of 28,900,000 souls. What a population! This restless people will constantly rush upon its neighbors through its impulse for change, its recollections, its thirst for revenge and greediness, and yet this must not be prevented!

"Wellington behaves worst of all, a man who, without us, would have been annihilated, a man who did not keep his promise of holding himself ready to come to our assistance on the 16th June, and whom we so chivalrously saved on the 18th, forgetting the misfortune which had fallen on us through his fault; whom we led before the gates of Paris—for, had it not been for us, he would not have arrived there so speedily—whom we saved the consequences of a second engagement by our rapid pursuit—for we crushed the enemy, and not a single Briton has been under fire since the battle of the 18th. So many great services this man requites by the meanest ingratitude.

"Austria, or rather M., is vacillating, untrustworthy, and calculating on an alliance with France. Bavaria and Wurtemberg join us. Were the former more sure, and able to act in accordance with higher policy, we might be able to dictate in connection with the smaller states, and the others would have to bear in silence. The King is here isolated with Fouché and Talleyrand, and sighs at what he is forced to countersign, for the English have given him such a ministry. The other members of the royal family are lamenting. The royalists in the south are killing the Protestants, who were attached to the Revolution. A quantity of Jacobin stuff has been developed, and the north and east of France are deluged with it. A new revolution will break out so soon as we have all quitted the country. The Bonapartists will elect the Duc d'Orléans, or even some foreign prince, or go so far as to dismember the kingdom, in order to satisfy their vengeance on the Bourbons. How much good might be effected here were it not for the crooked schemes of diplomacy!"

In this state of the case, Stein was requested to give his opinion, and he agreed, on the whole, with Wellington's proposition that a line of French fortresses should be temporarily held by the Allies as a guarantee of peace. In this he opposed the Prussian views, which strenuously demanded a diminution of the French territory. In another memorial, however, Stein so far modified his opinion that he thought it would be preferable for France to give up a few frontier fortresses rather than suffer from the exhaustion of a lengthened occupation. But to this the Emperor Alexander could not be forced to assent, and suggested the system which was eventually carried into effect, of

building a number of federal fortresses with the French compensation fund, as a strong defense for the German frontier. In the conference of the 24th August, it was decided that Spain, which proposed to march 80,000 men into Southern France, should be recommended to withdraw them, and in case of resistance on the part of the French, they would obtain no assistance from the Allies. In consequence of this explanation, the Spaniards did not cross the Pyrenees. The French were well acquainted with all that took place: they flattered the Russians, united them against Prussia, made difficulties about supplying the latter army with provisions and *matériel*, delayed the payment of the first installment of twenty-five million francs, and tried to work upon the allied powers by the threat of a universal uprising of the French nation.

"The Emperor Alexander, who, like the vine, always required some support, had formed in Vienna a *liaison* with Madame de Krüdener, who, formerly a woman of the world and author-ess of romances, had turned in her later years to mysticism. She fancied she stood in immediate communion with the Deity, and received miraculous powers and manifestations direct from Heaven, and managed to persuade the Emperor of the truth of her predictions. Although at this period forty-five years of age, she possessed numerous relics of her former beauty, an expressive visionary eye, an attractive figure, and a most charming style of conversation. The Emperor visited her repeatedly: *blâsé* with all that ordinary life could offer, he found in her fresh charms, fed his propensity for mysticism, and listened to her revelations. This pietism had in so far a beneficial effect upon him that it set bounds to his violence and restless activity, which might otherwise have grown very menacing for Europe; but she had no influence on his management of home affairs, which he neglected more and more. At Madame de Krüdener's he met other persons holding similar views—Bergasse, the old adept of mesmerism, and the talented, gentle Madame de Lezay-Marnesia, whose husband had been murdered when Prefect of Strasbourg. This lady had devoted herself entirely to religious duties, and believed with the Krüdener that Providence had paved the way for a holy alliance between France and Russia for the restoration of religion and piety. Louis XVIII. employed the Duc de Richelieu, a perfect courtier of attractive presence, to gain over the new Thaumaturge, and through her convince the emperor that Heaven expected from him the salvation and maintenance of France. Alexander's immediate *entourage*, Capodistrias, Nesselrode, and Pozzo di Borgo, who already mentally saw him-

self minister of Louis XVIII., gladly left their master exposed to such influences."

Alexander became a staunch friend of Louis XVIII., and, in concord with England, determined that no territorial diminution should take place. At last Prussia was isolated, for even Austria went over to the opposite side. Prussia then had the choice either to declare war against France, and thus dissolve the great alliance, or yield her own convictions to the wishes of her allies. Although this step was so hard, it was eventually taken, and the affair settled. A change of ministers took place in France, and on the 2d of October the conference agreed to the following terms: France would revert to the frontier of 1790, so that Landau, Sarrelouis, Philippeville, and Marienburg, with Versoix, Savoy, and Monaco, should be given up, and Hüningen razed. On the other hand, Avignon, the Venaisin, and Mümpelgard would be left to France. The war contribution was settled at 700 millions, and seventeen fortresses, from Fort Louis to Cambray, would be occupied by 150,000 of the Allies, at the expense of France. This measure was to last a maximum of five years; but at the end of three an inquiry would be instituted as to whether the security of France would allow the withdrawal of the troops. Out of the war contribution, each great power received 100 millions, while one hundred were divided among the other allied states, fifty being allotted for the English and Prussian armies. The Netherlands and Sardinia, which had received a territorial aggrandizement, gave up their 100 millions in favor of Austria and Prussia. The whole terminated by the drawing up of the holy alliance between Alexander, Frederick William, and Francis. In this document they agreed, in grateful remembrance of the successes achieved during the last three years through Divine Providence, to take the precepts of the Christian religion as the basis of their actions. Henceforth they would be united as true brothers, and regard themselves as the fathers of their subjects, and lead them in the same spirit of fraternal affection. Finally, all the other powers which did homage to the same principles would be allowed admission to the alliance. The idea of this treaty had emanated from Madame de

Krüdener, and had been discussed in an interview with Alexander and Bergasse, the Emperor himself drawing up the rough sketch. No secret agreement against the liberty of the people was connected with it, nor did the three princes entertain any designs for the injury of other states, though it is probable that Alexander's *entourage*, more especially Capodistrias, regarded the alliance as a weapon, which in good time could be turned against the Turks. Such apprehensions were, indeed, openly expressed when the alliance was formed.

"From these struggles and discussions, Germany gained the bitterly purchased lesson, that none of the great European powers conscientiously desires her salvation, safety, and strength; that each of them is ready, in any circumstances, to carry on war with German blood and German arms; that German powers, great and small, are, in the hour of danger, courted and encouraged to devote themselves by the most flattering promises, but so soon as German armies have gained the victory and the common enemy is overthrown, no German power, whether great or small, can calculate on just compensation or the necessary guarantee of independence, but, on the contrary, must anticipate that the other powers will rejoice over Germany's losses. Germany must found no hopes either on England or France, and must reckon solely on herself. And whenever the time arrives that no German longer humiliates himself to become the mercenary of the stranger—whenever all small passions, all subordinate views, are relieved by the feeling of nationality—whenever, in consequence of a unity of sentiment, one powerful will guides the destiny of Germany, she will again become, as in her for-

mer powerful era, strong, and feared in Europe—till then, she must endure and be silent."

With the second restoration, Stein's political life, in so far as it possesses interest for the English reader, may be said to have terminated. For years he devoted himself to the welfare of his fatherland, and ever showed himself the sworn foe of oppression. At last, however, he retired almost entirely from the political stage, and devoted himself to literature. With indefatigable energy he roused the nation to a sense of the importance of its historical monuments, and spared no money or labor to collect the materials for a truly national work. To this is owing that splendid collection, the "*Monumenta Historica Germaniæ*," which has thrown a perfectly new light on the past history of a great nation. During the later period of his life, Stein was in constant correspondence with all the great men of his age, and the letters which have been preserved, written by such men as Blücher, Humboldt, Arndt, and Niebuhr, add a great charm to the work we have had under consideration.

Baron von Stein's long and well-spent life terminated at Cappenberg, in Westphalia, on the 29th of June, 1831, when in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His marble bust has been placed in the Walhalla by order of Louis of Bavaria, but his memory will live *ære perennis* in the hearts of his countrymen so long as one German is left whose aspirations turn to liberty and justice, and who thirsts for the grandeur and prosperity of his fatherland.

T H E S U M M E R - L A N D .

Two leaflets, long since withered, that give birth

To no green memories of faded spring,
I keep, as one would treasure gems of worth,
Though sometimes an unwilling tear they
bring,

And fill my heart with griefs and longings wild.
Scoff if you will! I stole those leaves away,
Like kisses, from the bed of a fair child,
Whose little life has dawned into eternal day.

He chained my wayward love; but never knew
I loved him; never thought I was his friend,
And held him in my heart among the few
For whom my life and powers I fain would
spend,

As a lone cloud loving a group of flowers

Might linger o'er them in its trackless way,
To empty all its hoarded wealth of showers,
That so, in blessing them, itself might waste
away.

Angels! ye loved that little pearl too well,
And gently lifted it from life's rough sea
To heaven's ocean; where not e'en a shell
Speaks, in the ear, of storms that can not be.
Angels! ye took that bud, so rich in love,
Kept fresh with our wet tears; ye bore it far,
And set it in the summer-land above,
Where some time I shall find it, oped into
a star.—*Household Words.*

From Chambers's Journal.

VOLCANIC VESUVIUS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

VESUVIUS is very well in its way. When really in earnest, it affords a pretty sight for our lady and gentlemen tourists, who transport their knapsacks or carpet-bags to the bay of Naples to see it, and makes the trouble of the holiday excursion well worth taking; but he who wanders over the world of waters that rolls between Asia and America, demands something greater and grander; and he finds it. In the very middle of the lone Pacific, Mauna Loa raises her august brow to the height of nearly 14,000 feet; and when the fit is on her, flings a glare over the ocean from a column of fire 1000 feet high, and spouts forth a torrent of lava, several miles in breadth, that burns up forests and jungles in its winding way, and drinks dry the swamps and streams to an extent of nearly seventy miles.

The last eruption commenced in August, 1855, and was still in full blast about the same time last year. It is described in letters by Mr. F. A. Weld to Sir Charles Lyell, and the Rev. Titus Coan to the British Consul-general for the Sandwich Islands, both read at the Geological Society last December.

On the 11th of August, 1855, a small point of light was observed on the summit of Mauna Loa. This is one of the three volcanic mountains of the Island of Hawaii, in the Sandwich group. It appears, like the others, smooth and rounded when viewed from a distance, standing almost in the center of the island, and rising from the sea-coast through every diversity of country in a gradual ascent of about forty miles. The little point of light was seen from Hilo, a town in Byron's Bay, and won the eye from the beautiful expanse between, with its picturesque ravines filled with banana, bread fruit, and candlenut trees, and cutting through grassy slopes dotted here and there with small coffee and sugar plantations, till the region of comparative fertility met the dark forests that clothed the middle of the mountain. The star

on the summit grew more and more brilliant as the people gazed; then it rose and expanded by degrees, filling the whole heavens with its ominous glare. The eruption, however, was not distinguished by any remarkable projection of burning substances into the air, but by a vast and steady discharge of lava, the fiery floods of which burst from the summit, and rushed down the side with appalling fury. The main torrent first directed itself into the valley between Mauna Loa and one of its sisters, Mauna Kea, and then, taking an easterly direction, flowed over forests, jungles, swamps, and streams, towards Hilo, widening, as it advanced, from a breadth of three miles to five or six, and the depth varying from ten to several hundred feet. "Our first good view," says Mr. Weld, "of the eruption was at night, from the deck of a ship in the harbor, as trees obstructed the view from the shore. The distant craters were scarcely visible, but the burning forests above Hilo showed the front of the advancing lava, lighting up the night with a mighty glare, with sometimes a column of red light shooting up, occasioned probably by an explosion of the half-cooled upper crust of lava, or by dried trees falling into the devouring element." The rapidity of the ponderous fluid, however, must not be judged by that of water. Although it rushed down the steep of the mountain with incalculable speed, it is not mentioned that in the more level country it made much greater progress than a mile in the week; but still, day after day, it filled the air with smoke, darkening the entire horizon, and converting into a desert vast tracts till then waving with fruits, and adorned with all the glory of tropical verdure.

Both Mr. Weld and Mr. Coan visited the scene of the outbreak, the latter giving also an account of the appearance of the lava-stream at its terminus, not more than fifteen miles from Hilo. To gain this point through the jungle, and over the

bed of a river, while the rain poured down in torrents, was a work of difficulty; but on the evening of the second day, he came suddenly upon the burning lava, consuming the thicket before him for a breadth of several miles, and gleaming with innumerable fires. The party halted under a tree within a few feet of the lava-stream, the heat of which they made use of to boil their tea, and keep them warm "through the long and stormy, but intensely interesting night. The pyrotechnical scene was indescribable; standing under our tree, we could survey an area of some fifteen square miles, over which countless fires were gleaming with extreme brilliancy. The jungle was burning, and trees were falling; the rending of the rocks, the detonation of gases, clouds of steam from boiling water, and scintillations from burning leaves filled the atmosphere; and the red glare above resembled a firmament on fire. During the night we were nearly surrounded by the advancing lava, and when we decamped in the morning, we left our sheltering tree in flames."

Mr. Weld's journey to the top of the mountain was broken by a visit to the crater of Kilauea, much lower down, the lava-torrent from which, a few years ago, burst into the sea at more than thirty miles' distance, forming several islands, and heating the waters, and killing the fish, in an area of many miles. The crater of Kilauea is seven miles in circumference, and about 1500 feet deep.* The cliffs forming its outer lip form a nearly perpendicular wall of yellowish clay and dark basalt rock. The bottom of the crater is constantly changing; and frequently it holds in the lower hollow a lake of molten lava a mile long, and half a mile broad. On the present occasion, it was a plain, more or less broken, of lead-colored lava, dotted with small mounds and craters, giving forth clouds of smoke, and as night approached, kindling up here and there into fires.

The ascent from hence to the summit was through woods, over old lava-streams, by the mouths of large caverns, and heaps of stones to mark where travelers had perished. They lay down for the night on some half-vitrified ashes; being

at such an elevation that the next morning when they tried to make some tea, the water, although it boiled readily, did not attain heat enough. That day the view of the opposite mountain of Mauna Kea was remarkably fine. "The old conical craters on its summits covered with newly fallen snow, its huge outline shadowy and dim, the clouds of smoke that rose round its base from the valley down which the present flood of lava is flowing, the wild dreariness of the foreground, and the tropical sky above, formed a scene almost indescribably grand and wonderful." On arriving at the lava of the present eruption, they were able to tract its devastating course below. It had been partially cooled on the surface, so as to admit of their walking on it, though with some difficulty and danger, as the flood of liquid fire still continued to roll under the crust. Of this flood Mr. Weld obtained a view through a broken part of the surface. "The huge arch and roof of the cavern glowed red-hot, and, as with some difficulty I obtained a point directly overhanging it, the glare was perfectly scorching. The lava, at almost a white heat, flowed slowly down at the rate of about three or four miles an hour. I dropped a fragment of rock into it, which it carried floating on. There was something very impressive in its steady, smooth, onward course."

The eruption came from two craters, one a mile lower than the other. In the lower, the upper crust of the lava had cooled, and the discharge was subterranean; although the smoke, darkness, and sulphureous stench continued to make it an object of awe. The upper crater still sent up those volumes of red smoke and partially ignited gases which at night appeared a lofty column of flame. Having commenced their return—

"Our sleeping-place was about 500 feet below the level of the craters; the night was fine with us; but, whilst above us the craters rolled up dark columns of smoke, below, over Hilo and Kilauea, raged a magnificent thunder-storm. The level of the top of the clouds was somewhat below us, and along it played flashes of the most vivid lightning, whilst the thunder-peals seemed to roll up from the valley below. Later in the night it rained, and in the morning, though in the tropics, the exterior of the fur-rug in which I slept was white with hoar-frost."

* On the island of Maui, there is a crater of an extinct volcano, said to be twenty-four miles in circumference.

In Mr. Coan's journey to the summit, he walked along the lava-stream for some distance, where it appeared to be five or six miles broad; then observing a narrower place, he crossed to its opposite bank. "At this point the whole surface of the lava was solidified, while the molten flood moved on below like water under ice in a river. The superficial crust of the lava was crackling with heat, and emitting mineral gases at innumerable points. Along the margin, numerous trees lay crushed, half-charred, and smouldering upon the hardened lava."

That night, they slept on the cooled lava, above the line of vegetation. The next day, "upward and upward we urged our weary way upon the heated roof of the lava, passing, as we ascended, opening after opening, through which we looked upon the igneous river as it rushed down its vitrified duct at the rate of forty miles an hour. The lava current at this high point on the mount was fearful, the heat incandescent, and the dynamic force wonderful. The fire-duct was laid from 25 to 100 feet deep down the sides of the mount; and the occasional openings through the arches or superincumbent strata were from 1 to 40 fathoms in diameter. Into these orifices we cast large stones, which, as soon as they struck the surface of the hurrying flood, passed down the stream in an indistinct and instantaneous blaze. Through openings in the mountain we could also see subterranean cataracts of molten rock leaping precipices of 25 or 50 feet. The whole scene was awful, defying description. Struggling upwards amidst hills, cones, ridges, pits, and ravines of jagged and smoking lava, we came at 1 P.M. to the terminal or summit crater, and mounting to the highest crest of its banks, we looked down as into the very throat of hell." This, according to Mr. Coan, is the summit of the mountain, while Mr. Weld places the highest crater 1500 feet below the summit. The former, indeed, met with nothing at all like what is com-

monly called a crater. The plateau of the mountain was rent with yawning fissures, bordered with masses of scorïæ, lava, etc., "piled in the form of the elongated cones, rent longitudinally, while the inner walls were hung with burning stalactites, and festooned with a capillary or filamentous lava, called *Pelé's hair*, and much resembling the hair of a human being. The burning lava is not seen at this point—it goes off by a subterranean chamber; "but the fearful rush of white smoke and gases from these fissures on the summit fills one with awe, and the spectator must use his utmost care lest the fierce whirlwinds which gyrate and sweep over these heated regions throw him over, or strangle him with sulphurous gases." It is not wonderful that the natives consider the hair, hung in so extraordinary a situation, to belong to the goddess *Pelé*. It is "reddish, brownish, or of golden hue"—in fact auburn; and the beautiful but awful being it adorned lost the fragments in her wild gambols as she rioted in her volcano-bath during the night, splashing the liquid fire to the heavens, and flinging its fitful glare over the sea.

We may add that the immense crater of Kilauea was in full work in 1840, when the flood of lava "forced itself under its mural sides at the depth of 1000 feet, pursuing its way towards the sea in subterranean galleries, until the fiery flood broke ground, and rolled down in a burning deluge, from one to four miles wide, sweeping away forest and hamlet, and filling the heavens with its murky clouds and its lurid glare. In three days it reached the sea, having traveled thirty miles; and for two weeks it plunged in a vast fiery cataract, a mile wide, over a precipice some fifty feet high. The commotion, the detonations, the rolling and gyrating clouds of ascending vapor were awfully sublime. The ocean was heated for twenty miles along the coast, and thousands of marine animals were killed."

Such is Mauna Kea when the fit is on her!

From the North British Review.

A GLANCE AT THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.*

ABOUT the end of 1813, a young man, plainly dressed, but of thoughtful and earnest look, entered the Sabbath-school rooms of Southgate Congregational Chapel, Gloucester, and said to one of the teachers: "Have you any thing for me to do here? I want to teach some children." He gave his name as Walter Henry Medhurst. Born in London in 1796, Medhurst had been taken to Gloucester when fourteen years of age, and apprenticed to a printer. For some time he seems to have led a somewhat thoughtless life: theater-going, and other profitless, if not pernicious amusements, engrossed all his spare time. At the request of a brother, he had agreed to spend one Sabbath evening in Southgate Chapel. The text for the evening was, "A brand plucked from the burning;" and, during the discourse, one thought and another of his own likeness to the earnest preacher's vivid descriptions of character, laid their firm grasp on young Medhurst's soul. A time of spiritual crisis had come unsought for. The power of the higher life had entered the youth's heart, and his strong will was enlisted on the side of good against evil. The earnest question in the Sabbath-school, "Have you any thing for me to do here?" finds its explanation in the presence of the new life in the soul of the printer's lad. Medhurst could not long continue idle. The thought of a lifetime of earnest work had been before him in the years of his folly, and the same thought passed with him over the threshold into the kingdom of God. There was much deep moral darkness prevailing in many of the villages around Gloucester. There was work which he thought might be attempted by him; and, with characteristic earnestness and zeal, he set about doing it "with his might." In some small Congregational chapel, in some mean cot-

tage, or, in summer, by the wayside, and under the shadow of the hedgerow trees, he discoursed, to the rude company that gathered around him, of those grand truths which had thrown their living power over his own soul, and set him apart for work in behalf of others. He had learned what Lord Bacon calls "the real end and use of all knowledge—the dedication of that reason which is given us by God to the use and advantage of man."

While he labored at "whatsoever his hand found to do"—printing diligently on week days, and preaching as diligently on Sabbath—the stirring letters of Morrison and Milne, the Chinese missionaries, inoculated him with the strong desire to devote himself to the work of God in the East. An opportunity soon presented itself. His eye fell on an advertisement by the directors of the London Missionary Society for a printer, to be associated with the Malacca Mission. Medhurst offered, and was accepted. His love of preaching went with him to the Malay-an Archipelago, and he was very soon as earnestly engaged in it as he was with his printing-press. The sagacious Milne soon saw that they had among them a man full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom—one who had been called to the ministry by the great Head of the Church himself; and, in 1819, the printer's apprentice was ordained by Milne to the work of the ministry.

Medhurst labored with great zeal for twenty-two years in Batavia; and when Shanghae was opened to foreigners in 1842, he was appointed to that station, where he continued till September last year, when, wasted but not weary, enfeebled in body but strong in spirit, he left it, in the hope of meeting health on the sea, or amid the green fields around his beloved Gloucester. But he returned to die. He landed on the 22d of January, and on the 24th of the same month his soul quietly passed from the enfeebled body into the presence of Him who was waiting

* *A Glance at the Interior of China, obtained during a Journey through the Silk and Green Tea Countries.* By W. H. MEDHURST, D.D. London: Snow, 1850.

with the welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Medhurst may be regarded as another in that long and noble list of self-educated men, which in our day, has had so many great names added to it; and as another illustration, among many, of the fact that, notwithstanding what foreigners call "the exclusive caste-characteristics of English society," there is no country in the world in which devotion to some great principle, and absorbing earnestness in realizing some grand design, are so sure to lead to name and fame as in Britain. When the printer's lad left the work-shop in Gloucester, he had received but a meager education; yet, before he had spent many years in missionary work, he had become the most eminent Chinese scholar of his day; he had made great attainments in the knowledge of the Javanese and Malayan languages, and was an able Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar.

In 1845, Dr. Medhurst went on a journey through the silk and green tea countries, and he has left us a record of this in the book which stands at the head of this article—"A Glance at the Interior of China." Some gleanings from this book will give our readers a somewhat correct description of the "central flowery land," and its, to us, odd inhabitants.

In the opening sections of his volume, the missionary describes the articles of dress which a foreigner, intending to visit "the interior," as he did, should purchase. The articles of a Chinaman's wardrobe are exceedingly picturesque; and we now find that the figures, at which we have so often smiled, painted on vessels of old porcelain, are veritable portraiture of the true Chinaman. The word-pictures of adventurous travelers, and the ready pencil sketches of European artists, have made us familiar with the personal appearance of the Chinese gentleman. He stands before us in his *p'haou*, or loose robe of silk, reaching from his collar of blue satin velvet down to his ancles. We see his *mà kwá*, or cloth jacket, fastened in front with the ornamental buttons; and when he is introduced to us on occasions of state or ceremony, he has on the longer, more loose, and more expensive *wáé tháou*, or outer dress-coat. Then there are the grotesque shoes, which Medhurst tells us "are awkward in the extreme; for not only are the soles made so thick that they never give to the feet

in walking, but they are curled upwards towards the toe, so that the front part of the person's foot is much higher than the hinder part, and he is in danger of falling backwards. This is, according to a Chinese rule, of almost universal application, namely, that of doing every thing the contrary way to other nations; for while we raise the heel of a shoe, and depress the toe, they do exactly the opposite." We are inclined to think, that this rule of contraries in Chinese habits, throws much more light on them than the volumes of speculation which have been written on the history of that strange people, and which trace up their present social peculiarities to an antiquity in which Noah himself was yet alive, and the gopher wood of the ark was still lying uninjured on the lofty peaks of Ararat! This dress, so absurd-looking in the eye of an Englishman, seems to be neither awkward nor uncomfortable to its wearers. It harmonizes well with their olive complexions, their broad bare brows, high boned and wide cheeks, soft eyes, and long eues. The Chinese hat, too, indicates the character of the head that wears it. For example, "the round-crowned hat of broad-cloth or satin, stiffened with pasteboard, with its brim turned up in a slanting direction all round," and projecting before and behind, like those at present worn on fairer heads among ourselves, tells, by its knob of twisted silk, that its wearer thinks a good deal of himself, and wishes to give out that he is well to do in the world. Sometimes the knob is seen replaced by a button of bright brass or sparkling crystal, or the soft-gleaming lapis lazuli; and each of them proclaims the learned attainments of its wearer.

The Chinese differ as much from Europeans in their mode of eating as in other things. The chopstick seems to have been invented for the education of the young Chinaman in patience and perseverance. It appears next to impossible that any hungry man, except one greatly exercised in these social graces, should be able to sit patiently down to this weary work of chopstick and rice. They begin their feasts with wine, and it would be held a breach of all good breeding to return to it after the rice. Dr. Medhurst, referring to the Chinese table, says:

"The viands to be met with on a journey into the interior of China, and particularly in

mountainous and unfrequented parts, are not of the most exquisite and delicate description; so that a person at all delicate about his food had better not enter upon the experiment. Of beef and bear he must take his leave immediately he quits the vicinity of Europeans; but of pork and samshoo he will have abundance, if he has got money to pay for them. The staple article on a Chinese table is rice, sometimes white and sometimes red; but always in sufficient quantity to satisfy the craving of the appetite. In order to tempt rice down, the Chinese employ various condiments; the most common of which is pulse jelly, whitened and rendered solid by a mixture of gypsum. The writer remembers attending in London on a geological lecture, when, hearing the lecturer descant upon the properties of gypsum, he ventured to observe, that the substance referred to was used as an article of food by the Chinese. Whereupon the learned lecturer lifted up his hands, with pity and astonishment, lamenting that the necessities of life should be so dear and scarce in that country, that the inhabitants are under the necessity of eating stones; in which sentiment all present cordially sympathized. Subsequently, however, the writer visited a gypsum quarry in the north of England, and, on asking the owner of it what they did with so much gypsum, received for answer, that a large quantity of it was sent to the Durham mustard-makers, and not a little to the London pastry-cooks; so that the ladies and gentlemen who pity the Chinese for eating stones, have probably, on more occasions than one, had to eat of the like."

Whoever first brought out, or afterwards elaborated, the doctrinal elements of Buddhism, must have been, by head and shoulders at least, both morally and intellectually superior to the people among whom the religion of Buddha was first promulgated. They must, moreover, have had a very thorough understanding of the tendencies to moral and social disorganization at work among the people. What are called "The Shih-kené," or ten prohibitions of Buddha, illustrate this. In several of the temples Dr. Medhurst found these ten commandments hung up: 1st, Against killing animals. 2d, Against theft. 3d, Against adultery. 4th, Falsehood. 5th, Discord. 6th, Railing. 7th, Idle talk. 8th, Covetousness. 9th, Envy. And, 10th, Heresy. Scattered over the Gandjour, or eight hundred volumes of the verbal instructions of Buddha, are found many more precepts, whose morality bears witness to higher moral attainments on the part of their author, or authors, than prevailed among the three millions of people who soon yield themselves to Buddhist claims. These pre-

cepts all deal with tendencies and common characteristics of social and domestic disease. But, as the roots of these are deep down in the hearts of the poor devotees, all the broken rays of something like a true light, which the great ones whom God sends among all nations come to believe in, and to try to gather into one, fail—however applied—to influence for good; because they can never, in these circumstances, be seen streaming from the person of a True One as a center. They cannot lead our fallen humanity out of the gross darkness of sin; they cannot make men equal to an effective struggle against it; they can not lead to what Coleridge so powerfully describes as "a true efficient conviction of a moral truth—the creating of a new heart, which collects the energies of a man's whole being in the focus of the conscience." All this can come only in one way—in the gift of the Spirit of Life, whose dealing is with the conscience, through the written word. And thus the high importance of every movement having for its object the circulation of the Scriptures among those foreign nations, which have been chosen as fields of missionary enterprise. God has chosen this as the means by which he again puts himself in communication with the souls of men. Thus, Romanism has failed in all her missionary endeavors among the Chinese. She may indeed have baptized many sleeping infants by stealth—she may have made the sign of the cross over many in the hospital or the sick-room, and have, by commending her claims to the sinful features of the heathen, made many professed disciples; but she has not laid the pure word of the true God alongside of the consciences of her converts, and her victories have been nothing more than compromises between her superstitions concerning the name of Christ, and the superstitions of the degraded heathens among whom she has sent her missionaries. She has baptized their heathenism—repeated the old story of turning the statue of Jupiter into an image of the apostle Peter. It is curious to notice her opinion of a mode of missionary endeavor, in which Protestantism must ever find the explanation of its success. "The Methodist ministers," says M. Hue, late missionary apostolic in China, "who lie in ambush in all the five ports open to Europeans, having remarked that the prodigious quantity of Bibles

furtively scattered along the shores of the empire have not proved remarkably efficacious in working the conversion of the Chinese, have at last given up this harmless and useless system of propagandism. They seem convinced now that bales even of well-bound and cautiously distributed Bibles, will not make much impression on the Chinese nation, and they have lost some of their faith in the miraculous effect of this measure."

The conscious helplessness of the Chinese to walk by the higher precepts and principles contained even in the dogmas of Taou, Buddha, and Confucius, and the tendency to make this realized sense of inability an excuse for their neglect of their own religions, are vividly brought out in a legend in high favor among the Chinese.

"In the course of conversation this day," writes Dr. Medhurst, "the guide related an old story. Formerly, he said, Confucius, Laou-Keun, and Buddha, the founders of the three sects of religion professed in China, were talking together, in fairy land, of the want of success which attended their doctrines in the world, and proposed a descent into those sublunary regions, to see if there were right-minded persons, who might be commissioned to awaken the age. After traveling for some days through town and country with little success, they came at length to a desert place, where the smoke of human habitations was not visible. The three sages, being wearied with their journey, looked about for some place where they might quench their thirst, when suddenly they espied a fountain, and an old man sitting by to guard it. They concluded that they had better ask him for a little drink, and consulted together on whom the task should fall of soliciting the favor. Come, said the other two to Buddha, your priests are in the habit of begging, you had better go forward and obtain permission to drink of the fountain. Buddha accordingly advanced and put in his petition. The old man asked: Who are you? I am, replied he, Shikyamuni, who formerly appeared in the west. Oh! you are the celebrated Buddha, then, of whom I have heard so much; you have the reputation of being a good man, and I can not refuse you a draught of water; but you must first answer me a question, which, if you can do, you may have as much water as you please; but if not, you must go away empty. What is it? said Buddha. Why, said the old man, you Buddhists constantly affirm that men are equal, and admit neither of high nor of low; how is it, then, that in your monasteries you have different degrees, namely, abbots, priests, and novitiates? Buddha could not answer, and was obliged to retire. The sages then deputed Laou-Keun to go and ask for water, who, on coming up to the old man, was asked

his name. I am Laou-Keun, was the reply. Oh! the founder of the Taou sect, said the old man; I have heard a good account of you; but you must answer me a question, or you can get no water. What is it? Pray announce it. Why, you Taoists talk about the elixir of immortality: have you such a thing? Yes, said Laou-Keun, it is the partaking of this that has rendered me immortal. Well, then, said the old man, why did you not give a little to your own father, and prevent his decease? Laou-Keun could not reply, and was obliged to retire, saying to Confucius, Come, brother, you must try your skill, for I can make nothing of the old man. Confucius, therefore, advanced with the same request. And who are you? said the ancient. I am K'hung-chung-né, of the Loo country, said he. Oh! the celebrated Confucius, the sage of China; I have heard of your discourses on filial piety, but how is it that you do not act up to them? You say, 'When parents are alive, do not wander far; and if you do, have some settled place of abode;' why then have you strayed away to this uninhabited region? Confucius was unable to reply, and retired. Upon this, the three worthies consulted together about this old man, and came to the conclusion that, as he was such an intelligent man, they could not light upon a better individual to revive their doctrines, and spread them through the world. They therefore came to him with the above-named proposition. But the old man replied, with a smile: Gentlemen, you do not seem to know who or what I am. It is the upper part of me only that is flesh and blood, the lower part is stone; I can talk about virtue, but not follow it out. This the sages found was the character of all mankind, and, in despair of reforming the world, returned to the aerial regions."—MEDHURST, p. 50.

Thus can they make their very sense of moral impotence a subject of ridicule. Nevertheless, there are abundant evidences that the labors of the missionary and the Christian philanthropist are beginning to tell on the national mind. Even in 1845, when Dr. Medhurst set out on his journey into the Interior, this was evident, and many recent events go to prove the same thing. The account which Medhurst gives of his guide, introduces us to a class which, there is good reason to believe, is greatly on the increase.

"The writer was fortunate in meeting with a man who combined the qualities of daring and caution in an eminent degree. He was adventurous enough to undertake the business, and yet sagacious enough to perceive every slight appearance of danger, and to avoid it. He would venture through crowded places with his charge, and yet scrutinize the countenances of individuals at every stopping-place. He was fully alive to the danger he ran, and yet, for the sake

of the object he had in view, willing to encounter it. The way in which he came to undertake the business was as follows: Having heard, at the city of Hang-chow, of the arrival of foreign teachers at the newly opened ports, and seen some of their publications, he determined to make their acquaintance, and, on his arrival at Shanghai, called on the writer. There was something peculiar in his manner, which could not fail to strike at a first interview; a solidity and earnestness, an apparent sincerity, which excited an unwonted interest in him. Subsequent opportunities of conversing with him, tended to increase that impression, and a peculiar friendship sprang up between the writer and his future fellow-traveler. Listening to the doctrines of Christianity, he fancied he could trace some resemblance between them and the dogmas of his spiritual guide, to whom he paid great deference. On inquiry, it was found that the instructor to whom he referred was a very enlightened Chinese, who had extracted all that was good from the Confucian, and other systems within his reach, with reference to the Supreme Being, and the purification of the heart. The old gentleman alluded to had compiled a number of essays, which contained many good things, and, what with one system and another, a scheme was got up which far surpassed any that had hitherto been culled from native sources. Our new acquaintance had conceived the idea, that, if he could effect an interview between the compiler of these essays and the preacher of foreign doctrines, he could get them to agree; and, while the one brought an element, which China did not possess, of spiritual and experimental godliness, the other would assist in clothing such ideas in the best possible language, and thus present and future ages be benefited. His teacher, however, was old, and could not travel; what then was to be done? The writer proposed a solution, and offered to go and see the Chinese reformer. This, after some deliberation, was acceded to; and the parties agreed to start on a given day, as friends, and without any self-interested object. Having seen something of the habits and manner of life of Christians, the Chinese guide had conceived a favorable idea of the Gospel: he believed that there was only one Supreme God, that Moses was his lawgiver, and that Jesus Christ was a true sage, who had suffered much for the benefit of mankind; but his ideas were still very confused on many important topics, and he needed to learn which be the first principles of the oracles of God. He belonged, however, to a school of superior men, and had been accustomed to exercise his mind in deep reflection. It was thought, therefore, that by a visit to his usual abode and fellow-disciples, something might be done towards benefiting the individual, and paving the way for the introduction of the Gospel into Central China."—MEDHURST, p. 86.

Leaving out of view, for the present, the route over which our travelers passed,

before they arrived at Kéang-se, the residence of the author of the essays referred to in the preceding extract, we will notice the impressions made on Dr. Medhurst in his intercourse with the old man:

"April 23-28.—These days were spent in the house of my guide's friend, who, though informed, after the first day, of the character of his guest, was not the less kind and attentive; indeed, after the first surprise was over, he appeared rather pleased than otherwise to have a foreigner in his house, putting a variety of questions to me regarding my country, its distance from China, the extent of its dominion, the amount of population, character of its inhabitants, religion, literature, manners, customs, etc. Frequent discussions were held on religious subjects with him, and the rest of the school of reformers who are congregated hereabouts. The prevailing character of their minds seemed to be a ruling desire to carry out the system of Confucius, as they thought, in its genuineness, free from that atheistic gloss which the commentators of the Súng dynasty had put upon it; and an especial aim to cultivate the virtues of benevolence and righteousness, as laid down by him. Some of their observations and sentiments regarding self-examination, victory over evil desires, constant vigilance, searching after their own errors, and ingenuous confessions of them when ascertained, were tolerably good, and would not have disgraced a Christian moralist. But, while they had some sense of sin, they had, of course, no idea of atonement, and were utterly in the dark as to the manner in which their sins could be pardoned, or the Divine Being reconciled. Their prevailing errors appeared to be, too great a veneration for the sages, whom they actually idolized, and, in many instances, put upon a level with the Author of wisdom; as well as too high an estimation of their deceased parents and ancestors, to whom they paid divine honors, and from whom they expected protection and every blessing. It was found very difficult to give them any idea of the difference between the veneration and respect due to parents, and the worship which was demanded by the Supreme Author of our being. The Chinese term for worship being one which applies to all sorts of obeisance and compliment, it sounds strange in their ears to be told that they must not *paí*, that is, behave civilly, towards their parents and brethren. But as these subjects are familiar to those well acquainted with Chinese matters, and are not very interesting to others, we shall pass over the discussions then held, and content ourselves with observing generally, that the matter took very fast hold of one of the parties, who could not rest in his mind until he had discovered where the truth lay. He was heard praying, in the dead of night, very earnestly to the Giver of light, that he might be directed in his search after truth; and it is pleasing to add, that, as the result, he did not pray in vain."—MEDHURST, p. 168.

The boasted antiquity and advanced state of Chinese civilization, do not seem to have included in them the comfort of travelers. The way-side sleeping-places in Russia, which have recently been so graphically described by "Our own Correspondents," however ill suited they may be for those who have been accustomed to the comfortable hotels and village inns of the West, are certainly outdone by the Chinese houses of entertainment. In Russia, it had been found impossible, even after the fatigues of fourteen hours' jolting in the uncomfortable Tarantasse, to get an hour or two of refreshing sleep in one of those wretched places of "entertainment for man and beast;" but what must it be in places like those described by Dr. Medhurst, as prepared for travelers in the interior of China?

"On all the great roads, where there is much traffic, these houses are found at the distance of every five or ten miles. They are known by the sign, generally hung out in front of the door, *chung hó pên fán*, intimating that they afford middling accommodations and convenient meals. The reader, however, must not suppose that he will find there any thing like what is to be met with in the commonest inns of Europe. In country places, these rice-shops, or eating-houses, are generally cottages of one story, with clay floor and planked sides, having a small shop in front, and accommodation for travelers behind. After passing through the shop, you cross a small yard, and enter an open room, called a hall, wherein a table and a few benches are placed; on each side the hall you find what is denominated a sleeping-room, and sometimes behind this range there is a kitchen and two other bed-rooms. Should the house be two stories high, the upper rooms, or lofts, are appropriated to the coolies and chair-bearers who accompany the guests. The strangers must not expect to find bed and table linen, as such things are unknown even in respectable houses in China. The tables are sometimes wiped on the entrance of a guest, or after a meal; but this is done with a bit of rag a few inches long, which merely serves to remove a little of the extraneous dust, while an inch thick of dirt is frequently left adhering to the table. It is a very rare thing to see a broom pass over the floor, which being made of earth easily imbibes the slops, and conceals them from the view. The mud brought in by passengers only adds to the material of which the floor is composed. And all bones, rice, and other eatables, are carefully cleaned away by the dogs.

"The first question, on entering such a house of entertainment, is whether they have got any rice and vegetables; which is generally answered in the affirmative, coupled with a polite confession of the poverty of their preparations—a con-

fession, the truth of which the writer has seldom felt himself at liberty to dispute; the accompaniments to the rice, provided on such occasions, being the poorest and most insipid imaginable. Should any customer wish any thing further, he is at liberty to send out for some pork, should such be procurable. The sleeping-rooms are seldom provided with windows, and the only avenue for light it through the door, which, opening into another apartment, admits but a feeble ray. It is, perhaps, as well that such is the case, as, were the room better illuminated, its dirt and deformity would be more conspicuous, and fastidious strangers might be deterred from entering. The bed-room is sometimes provided with separate bed places for each individual, consisting of a frame-work about six feet long, three broad, and two high, upon which is spread a layer of straw, covered by a mat; but more frequently one end of the room is occupied by a larger frame-work, about six feet wide and ten long, upon which three or four guests may sleep together.

"Should the strangers not be provided with coverlets, the establishment offers to furnish a cotton-wadded quilt to each customer; but as the coolies and chair-bearers, with all sorts of dirty fellows, have been in the habit of using these for months or years, adding to the stock of filth and vermin which they contain every successive time, it follows that such coverlets are any thing but agreeable, and, of course, only the lowest class of customers avail themselves of the benefit. Each traveler must, therefore, take with him his own mat, quilt, and pillow; and, with every precaution, will find it difficult to escape coming in contact with the dirt and noxious insects already present in such dormitories. . . . The floor is sometimes boarded, but washing is out of the question; and the cobwebs in the corners indicate the entire absence of brooms ever since the erection of the building. In short, the whole establishment partakes of the united qualities of stable and pig-sty, falling far short of what those respectable receptacles are in most civilized countries. The only agreeable thing is the basin of hot water, which is invariably presented on entering, for the purpose of washing the face, hands, or feet of travelers; and the cup of warm tea which immediately follows."—MEDHURST, p. 18.

The following sketch from nature, will show that the scene-painting on the "Delft" of many a breakfast-table in Britain, is not, as we have been in the habit of thinking, the result of tricks played by European imaginations on supposed Chinese landscape:

"Towards evening, we were pleasantly struck with the view which presented itself before us, (as they sailed on the Grand Canal.) A beautiful pavilion, three stories high, with a granite foundation, and a scolloped roof, met the eye,

rising up from the midst of the broad canal, and throwing its lengthened shadow across the waters. It was about fifty feet wide at the base, which was foursquare; on a terrace, formed of large blocks of stone, rose the pavilion, about fifty feet high, with its neatly painted windows and doors, its fantastic gables and concave ridges, each of its many corners terminating in a bell, and each of its rows of tiles being turned up with variegated porcelain. The name of this handsome structure was Teze-yün-shen-sze, 'the hall for contemplation covered by favoring clouds.' It was built in the Sung dynasty, and after having been repaired under the Ming sovereigns, was rebuilt in the twentieth year of Kang-he. Beyond the pavilion appeared a pagoda, six stories high, surmounted by a crown, very elegant and in good repair. At the foot of the pagoda, was a town called Chin-tsai-chin, containing ten thousand inhabitants. The name of the place, signifying 'well-watered town,' was given in consequence to its vicinity to the T'haé-hoó, or Great Lake, from which it is not above five miles distant."—MEDHURST, p. 53.

Dr. Medhurst visited Hoo-chow, the chief seat of the silk cultivation in China, and he has given a minute account of this great national branch of industry. This he has done by a series of extracts from a book on the silk culture, which had been recently issued by the "Treasurer of the Province." These extracts afford peculiarly interesting information on the growth and treatment of mulberry trees—on the rearing and management of the silk-worm—on the gathering and winding of silk—and on the mode of conducting a silk establishment. In addition to the maps and the plans of cities given in his book, he has copied from the native Chinese work, wood-cuts of all the instruments used by the owners of mulberry plantations in the cultivation of the trees, in the management of the worms, and in the gathering and spinning of the silk. The cuts are, no doubt, very rude, but they enable the reader to understand at a glance the form of the various articles.*

"In the evening we arrived at Hoo-chow, but the lateness of the hour prevented me observing much of its beauty. The walls appeared in

good repair, about twenty-five feet high and twenty thick. The canal passed through the city, under the walls, where there was a water gate, spanned by a finely-turned arch, at least twenty feet high. On passing through, we were detained by an old man, who demanded money of us, because it was dark. Our people offered him five cash; but he rejected that sum with scorn, saying, that nothing less than fifteen would satisfy him. He was, however, contented with ten, and lifted up the bar to let us pass. Having entered the city, we found the canal wider than on the outside, with many vessels coming and going; while the banks of the canal were lined with stores and warehouses, giving the appearance of a very populous and commercial city. About the middle of the city we came to a large bridge of three arches; the center one was about fifty feet wide, and the other two nearly equal to it. The top of the bridge was almost flat, and not elevated as most of the Chinese bridges are. The name of this bridge was *pá-yây-keáu*, or, 'hold your tongue bridge;' every Chinese in passing under it, feeling it necessary to hold his tongue; more out of superstition, however, than in obedience to any public order. There are several pagodas and many temples in Hoo-chow; but as the evening was far advanced, we had not an opportunity of seeing them. Having passed the residence of the Che-foo, or prefect of city, we thrust our boat in among a number of others, near a market-place; and after the din of voices around us had subsided, we fell asleep."—MEDHURST, p. 58.

Hoo-chow, the center of one of the most important of Chinese branches of industry, is believed to be a very old town. It is spoken of, under the name of Yáng-chow, as existing during the reign of Yü, who ruled, according to the native chronology, at a time corresponding to our B. C. 2205, and many years before the death of Noah, if we take the received method of Scripture chronology!—Noah having been born, according to the usual reckoning, about B. C. 2948 (Gen. 5: 28, 29,) and having died at the age of 950, (Gen. 9: 28, 29,) in 1998 B. C. This date assigned to Hoo-chow, though evidently very erroneous, implies the great antiquity of the city, around which, from time immemorial, the Chinese have cultivated their gardens of mulberry trees, and gathered abundance of silk. It is situated pleasantly on the Great Canal, to the south of the T'haé-hoó, or Great Lake, from which it is said to derive its name. The city, in its present form, is believed to have been built about A.D. 620.

Near Woó-Yuén, Dr. Medhurst found a custom prevailing, which gives us a

* Mr. Fortune must not have been aware of this visit when he wrote the Introduction to his volume, for he says: "During a sojourn of some months in the heart of the great silk country, I had an opportunity of seeing the cultivation of the mulberry, the feeding and rearing of the silkworms, and the reeling of the silk; and these interesting operations are now described, I believe, for the first time by an English eye-witness."

glimpse at some of the peculiarities of Chinese family arrangements. He met an old woman who was making a great lamentation for the death of an intended son-in-law. Having made inquiry about the circumstance, he learned that, when yet an infant, the young person had been taken into her house in order to be reared there, that when he grew up he should marry her daughter. "There had been," he was told, "an exchange; the one family having two sons, and the other two daughters, born within a few years of each other; and thus, to suit the convenience of both, this family parted with a daughter, to become the future bride of one of the sons of that family; while the other son of that family was transferred, to become the future bridegroom of the remaining daughter of this."

Traveling among the Woó-Yuén hills, though found full of interest, was not very pleasant.

"Here the rain and wind prevailed so much, that the chair-bearers would not venture to ascend the hill which lay before us, so that we were obliged to put up at a miserable hovel which presented itself, in the name of an inn, at the foot of the hill. The accommodation was of the most wretched kind; we procured shelter from the rain, it is true, but that was nearly all. The hut which we had to lodge in, admitted the wind at every corner; and a recess was offered us as a bed-place, which must have been tenanted by beggars and thieves for many a day previously. For provisions, the people could furnish us with nothing but coarse red rice, and a few pickled beans to tempt it down. They did not forget to charge, however, as much as if we had been favored with the best accommodation and supplies. The hill appeared to be of the clay-slate formation, mixed with conglomerate; the dip was towards the north-east.

"The hill itself, which is called Sin-ling, is said by the Chinese to be 6000 feet high. I found it, however, by counting the steps we ascended, to be no more than 1500 feet, from the hamlet at the foot of the pass over which we crossed. The peaks of the neighboring mountains were much higher. It adjoins on the west the Foó-yung, or Marsh-mallow Hill, and constitutes, with the Tuy-king, Shów-tów, and Tih-shing hills, the five lofty mountains for which this region is celebrated. There are various caves and rocky dells among these hills, which are adorned by temples and pavilions, where the traveler or devotee may rest; and in the recesses of which priests are found, fostering and perpetuating the system of Buddha. In one of these pavilions there is a Chih-sun, or stalagmite, twenty feet high. A Chinese poet has

celebrated these five mountain peaks in his song as follows:

"The five-pointed mountain rears its lofty head,

Where the marsh-mallow lifts its blossoms to the sky;

At every step we ascend higher and higher,
And as we mount upwards dare not look back.
Winding and turning, we seem as if scaling the heavens,

And fancy we shall never reach the summit.
It is not necessary to inquire whither we are going,

But we press on until we reach the azure clouds."

"The rain having ceased, my companion determined to proceed. We passed in succession over five different mountains as described above. The road was well paved the whole way; flat stones having been laid down six feet wide, and formed into regular steps, up and down the hills. Sometimes the road was paved with slabs of coarse marble, and sometimes with large round pebbles, brought from the brooks below. We observed also a white kind of stone, which appeared to be pure felspar, resembling that of which the Chinese porcelain is made, interspersed with a hard red stone like porphyry. All of these appeared to be quarried out of the neighboring hills. The natives informed us, that the paved road was constructed by a man whose surname was Wáng. The whole is the result of voluntary effort. The mass of the rock of which the hills are composed seems to be gneiss, mixed occasionally with the felspar and porphyry. On one side of the hills, the dip of the strata is towards the north-east, and on the other, towards the south-west; hence the disturbing force which upheaved the mass must have been somewhere about the central ridge. The angle of the dip is from thirty to fifty degrees; and sometimes the strata are quite vertical.

"The scenery whilst winding amongst these hills, is picturesque in the extreme. Here and there a rocky dell, in the bosom of which lay a Buddhist temple; now and then, a monumental pillar or gateway, intended to perpetuate some supposed benevolent act, or virtuous female; while the works of nature, more sublime by far than works of art, with which they were intended to be adorned, rose in awful grandeur, and overtowered them all."

We leave Dr. Medhurst's pleasant and informing book with the persuasion, that however many travelers may, in the future, speak of the interior of China, few will be able to throw more light on its strange customs, or make it more interesting to Europeans, than has been already done by the enthusiastic, accomplished, and devoted agent of "The London Missionary Society."

From Dickens's Household Words.

BURNING AND BURYING.

IN the reports of the Medical Officers of Health for London, we read that in the Victoria Park Cemetery, last year, every Sunday, one hundred and thirty bodies were interred; which fact one of the medical journals expressed by saying that there were sixteen thousand pounds of mortal matter added on that day alone to the already decomposing mass. At the time when we were reading about such things, "A Member of the Royal College of Surgeons" issued a pamphlet upon an old subject of ours, *Burning the Dead, or Urn Sepulture*. Our own arguments upon that subject we have used already; but the surgeon proves to be a most intelligent ally; and a brief statement of his argument may be of service in these columns. This it is:

The soul of a man is indestructible, and at death parts from the body. Of matter only the elements are, humanly speaking, indestructible. The body of man is made up of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, with small quantities of phosphorus, sulphur, calcium, iron, and some other metals. By the law to which all matter is subject, man's body, when done with, decomposes into these elements, that they may be used for other purposes in nature. Can it matter to him whether the process be effected rapidly or slowly?

Upon the doubt as to the possibility of resurrection when our bodies have been burnt instead of rotted, the surgeon lays the balm of texts, "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be;" and "we shall be changed." But he adds: those who claim to have hereafter the whole identical body back again, must remember, that in life it wastes and is renewed, so that if every particle that ever belonged to the frame of an old man were returned to him, he would get matter enough to make twelve or twenty bodies. It is just possible that some body may be comforted with a theory which the surgeon quotes in a note,

that the soul carries away with it out of the world one atom of matter which is the seed of the future body, and that these seminal atoms not being here, need not be included in our calculations about things material.

If we could, by embalming, keep the form of the departed upon earth, that would be much; but, for any such purpose, embalming fails. Decay will use its effacing fingers. "In the museum of the College of Surgeons in London, may be seen the first wife of one Martin Van Butchell, who, at her husband's request, was embalmed by Dr. William Hunter and Mrs. Carpenter, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five. No doubt extraordinary pains were taken to preserve both form and feature; and yet, what a wretched mockery of a once lovely woman it now appears, with its shrunk-en and rotten-looking bust, its hideous, mahogany-colored face, and its remarkably fine set of teeth! Between the feet are the remains of a green parrot—whether immolated or not at the death of its mistress, is uncertain; but as it still retains its plumage, it is a far less repulsive object than the larger biped." There was a law-suit once, to try the right of a dead man to an iron coffin, when Lord Stowell decided that: "All contrivances that, whether intentionally or not, prolong the time of dissolution beyond the period at which the common local understanding and usage have fixed it, form an act of injustice, unless compensated in some way or other." And when an iron coffin has been opened, after lapse of years, what has been found? Chiefly dry grubs of worms and other insects that have fed upon the flesh. Socrates exhorted his friends: "Let it not be said that Socrates is carried to the grave and buried; such an expression were an injury done to my immortal part." Not very long ago, a hardened murderer being told by the judge that his body, after hanging, would be given for dissection, said: "Thank

you, my lord ; it is well you can not dissect my soul." We should look upward, and not downward, when we stand beside the grave.

The surgeon replies to those who regard cremation as a heathen custom, it is not more heathen than burying in holes. Sprinkling earth on the coffin is a heathen custom based upon a heathen superstition, but converted to a Christian use. He gives interesting illustrations of the use of urn-burial by many nations, but reminds us that the cost of fuel was one obstacle to its general adoption in old times. Ground was to be had more cheaply than the materials necessary for the humblest burning, when it was requisite to burn on large piles in the open air. "The Christians, however," says Sir Thomas Browne, "abhorred this way of obsequies ; and though they stiekt not to give their bodies to be burnt in their fires, detested that mode after death." But whatever reason Christians had in the first days of Christianity against the burning of their bodies, they have left behind them no objection founded on a permanent religious principle. We now bury in graves, and build funeral urns in stone as emblems.

The report of the French Academy of Medicine upon the effect of cemeteries on the health of Paris, has led in France to the bestowing of much serious attention on the subject of cremation ; and there is sober discussion of the plan of M. Bonneau, who proposes to replace all cemeteries near great cities, by a building called the Sarcophagus. "Thither the corpses of both rich and poor should be conveyed, and laid out on a metallic tablet, which, sliding by an instantaneous movement into a concealed furnace, would cause the body to be consumed in the space of a few minutes." Like a true Frenchman, he urges the bearing of his plan on the interests of art, "for who would not wish to preserve the ashes of his ancestor ? The funeral urn may soon replace on our consoles and mantelpieces the ornaments of bronze clocks and china vases now found there." "This may seem a misplaced pleasantry to English minds," says the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, "but we can not help being startled at reading the sanitary report leading to it."

The surgeon then dwells briefly on the one valid objection to the burning of the dead. It destroys evidence in case of se-

cret murder. Now, the dead speak under the spells of the chemist. If cremation be adopted, greater accuracy in the registration and closer scrutiny into each doubtful case of death will be imperatively called for. While we write this, a man lies sentenced to death, against whom the condemning witness was the disinterred corpse of his mother.

The surgeon in his next chapter shows what the pollution of a graveyard is. Over this familiar ground we do not follow him, except to take up the testimony of the French Academy of Medicine that "no matter from what quarter the wind blows, it must bring over Paris the putrid emanations of Père la Chaise, Montmartre, or Montparnasse, and the very water which we drink, being impregnated with the same poisonous matter, we become the prey of new and frightful diseases of the throat and lungs, to which thousands of both sexes fall victims every year. Thus a dreadful throat disease, which baffles the skill of our most experienced medical men, and which carries off its victims in a few hours, is traced to the absorption of vitiated air into the windpipe, and has been observed to rage with the greatest violence in those quarters situated nearest to cemeteries." There need not be foul smell in poisoned air. The deadly malaria of the Pontine marshes, we are reminded, blows soft and balmy as the air of a Devonshire summer. In his last chapter, the surgeon shows how cremation of the dead would give even increased solemnity to the funeral service, and increased truth to the words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." In the center of the chapel used for burials, he would erect a shrine of marble, at the door of which the coffin should be laid—so constructed and arranged that at the proper time, by unseen agency, the body should be drawn from it unseen, into an inner shrine, where it would cross a sheet of furnace-flame, by which it would be instantly reduced to ashes. Within the chapel, nothing would be seen ; outside, there would be seen only a quivering transparent ether, floating away from the chapel spire. At the conclusion of the service, the ashes of the dead would be reverently brought, inclosed in a glass vase, which might be again inclosed in a more costly urn for burial, for deposit in a vault, or in a consecrated niche, prepared for it after the manner of those niches for the urns of the

departed which were called, from their appearance, columbaria—dove-cotes—by the Romans. The ashes of those who loved each other tenderly might mingle in one urn, if we would say:

"Let not their dust be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted."

There is nothing irreverent to the dead in cremation. Southey expressed very

emphatically why a man might desire it for his friends: "The nasty custom of interment," he says, "makes the idea of a dead friend more unpleasant. We think of the grave, corruption, and worms. Burning would be much better." The true feeling is that with which the surgeon ends his pamphlet, using the words of Sir Thomas Browne: "'Tis all one where we lye, or what becomes of our bodies after we are dead, ready to be any thing in the extasie of being ever."

From Dickens's Household Words.

T H E L E A F .

I.

Thou art curled and tender and smooth, young leaf,
With a creamy fringe of down,
As thou slippest at touch of the light, young leaf,
From thy cradling case of brown.

Thou art soft as an infant's hand, young leaf,
When it fondles a mother's cheek;
And thy elders are clustered around, young leaf,
To shelter the fair and weak.

To welcome thee out from the bud, young leaf,
There are airs from the east and the west;
And the rich dew glides from the clouds, young leaf,
To nestle within thy breast.

The great wide heaven, and the earth, young leaf,
Are around, and thy place for thee.
Come forth! for a thread art thou, young leaf,
In the web-work of mystery!

II.

Thou art full and firmly set, green leaf,
Like a strong man upon the earth;
And thou showest a sturdy front, green leaf,
As a shield to thy place of birth.

There is pleasant rest in thy shade, green leaf,
And thou makest a harp for the breeze;

And the blossom that bends from thy base,
green leaf,
Is loved by the summer bees.

The small bird's nest on the bough, green leaf,
Has thee for an ample roof;
And the butterflies cool their wings, green leaf,
On thy branching, braided woof.

Thou art doing thy part of good, green leaf,
And shedding thy ray of grace:
There's a lesson written in thee, green leaf,
For the eye of man to trace.

III.

Thou art rough, and shriveled, and dry, old leaf,
And hast lost the fringe of down;
And the green of thy youth is gone, old leaf,
And turned to yellow and brown.

There are sisters of thine trod in clay, old leaf,
And in swollen rivers drowned;
Ah! but thou tremblest much, old leaf,
Looking down to the greedy ground.

The autumn blast, with thy doom, old leaf,
Cometh quickly, and will not spare;
Thou art kin to the dust to-day, old leaf,
And to-morrow thou liest there.

For thy work of life is done, old leaf,
And now there is need of thy death.
Be content! 'Twill be all for the best, old leaf:
There is love in the slaying breath.

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

THE ENGAGEMENT OF SUSAN CHASE.

I.

A LADY and gentleman were pacing a covered walk one dull day in November. Both were young. He had something of a military air about him; a tall, thin man, very dark. She was fair, with a calm face and pleasant expression. Just now, however, her features were glowing with animation, her cheeks burning, and her eyes cast down; for he, Charles Carnagie, had been telling her that he loved her; and she would rather have his love than that of the whole world.

Lieutenant Carnagie had come on a visit in the neighborhood. He had accidentally met with Susan Chase the very first day of his arrival, and he had contrived to meet her pretty nearly every day since, now some weeks, so that love had grown up between them. A gossiping letter, received that morning from a brother officer, spoke of a rumor that their regiment was about to be ordered to the West-Indies: and this had caused him to speak out.

"You know, Susan," he said, "I can not go without you."

A deeper blush still, then a troubled expression, and she half raised her eyes. "Mamma will not consent to that: she will say I am too young."

"Susan——" laughed Mr. Carnagie.

"Yes. What?" for he seemed to have found some source of amusement, and laughed still.

"Do you remember the other evening, when the Maitlands came to tea, and the conversation turned on marriage, your mamma informed us she was married at seventeen. You are eighteen, so she can not consistently bring forward your youth as an objection."

"Yes, but she also said that early marriages were——" Miss Chase stopped and blushed.

"That early marriages were the incarnation of imprudence and impropriety,"

said Mr. Carnagie, "laying the foundation for all the ills and disasters that flesh is heir to; from an unconscionable share of children, to a ruined pocket and ruined health. My dearest Susan, we will risk them all, and cite her own example when she holds out against us."

"Look at the rain!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Chase, as they came to an opening in the trees. How long can it have begun?"

"It's coming down pretty smartly. There are worse misfortunes at sea, Susan. We can turn back again, and wait its pleasure. You are under shelter here."

"But, indeed, I dare not stay longer. I wonder what the time is. Will you look, please?"

Mr. Carnagie took out his watch. "It is on the stroke of twelve."

"Twelve!" she exclaimed, thunder-struck. "*Twelve!* Charles, we have been here an hour and a half. What will mamma say?"

"Nothing. When she hears what we have to tell her."

"O Charles! I only went out to take a message to the cottage. And she knows I might have been back in ten minutes. Indeed I must make haste in."

He opened his umbrella, which he had with him, for rain had been threatening all the morning; and, causing her to take his arm, held it over her. She walked timidly: it was the first time she had ever taken it; and the moment they came within view of the house, she relinquished it.

"Susan, what's that for?"

"Don't you see mamma at the window?" she faltered.

"Yes; and I see that she is looking at us. Come, Susan, take courage: a few minutes more, and she will know that it is all as it should be."

Mr. Carnagie laid hold of her hand, intending to make it again a prisoner; but Susan drew it away, and started off in the

rain, leaving him and his umbrella in the distance.

She bounded into the hall, panting. Her mother came and met her. Mr. Carnegie was not far behind.

"Susan, where ever have you been?" exclaimed Mrs. Chase, motioning her into the sitting-room. "What has detained you?"

Of course she had no excuse to offer, and she murmured something unintelligible: Mrs. Chase only caught the word "rain."

"Rain! you could not have waited for that. It has only just commenced. Where is it that you have been, Susan?"

"I believe I detained her, Mrs. Chase," spoke up young Carnegie. "I was coming in here, and met her, and we have been walking in the covered walk."

Politeness kept Mrs. Chase silent. But she did not allow her daughter to walk with young men, either in covered walks or uncovered ones, and she mentally prepared a lecture for Susan.

"Susan has been making me a promise," resumed Mr. Carnegie, folding and unfolding a piece of paper, which he took up from the table.

"Not to go out walking with you again, I hope," hastily interposed Mrs. Chase; "for I can not sanction it."

"Not precisely that. Mrs. Chase, she has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Chase was taken entirely by surprise. A complaint on the chest, from which she suffered constantly, caused her to be much confined at home, rarely, if ever, to accompany her daughters in their walks or evening visits; therefore she had seen little of the progress of the intimacy. Susan sat down on the sofa, and drooped her face, and nervously played with her untied bonnet-strings.

"Conditionally, of course," added Mr. Carnegie: "that you have no objection. I trust you will have none, Mrs. Chase."

"Dear me! this is very sudden," was all that lady could find to utter.

"My family—I believe you know—are of great respectability; and I possess a few thousands besides my commission. I will try to make her happy, Mrs. Chase."

"I have heard you highly spoken of by Sir Arthur, Mr. Carnegie. But still—you must allow me to consider of this before giving a final answer."

"Oh! certainly. I did not expect any thing more. If you will kindly not take

too much time," he added, "for I believe there will be little time to spare."

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. Chase.

"I had a letter from Drake, of ours, this morning, and he tells me there's a rumor that we are to be sent off to the West-Indies."

"And you wish for the answer before you go. That is natural. You shall have it."

"My dear Mrs. Chase—I wish for *her* before I go. I must take her with me."

"Take—are you speaking of Susan?" uttered the astonished Mrs. Chase.

"Of course I am. Several of our officers are married men, and their wives will accompany them out."

"If Susan were older, I would not say you nay—only three or four years older."

"I can not go without Susan. I never could endure to leave her behind me, with nothing more binding between us than an engagement: I might have to stop out there for years, before I could get leave to come home and claim her. Dear Mrs. Chase, if you are satisfied with me in other respects, you must give your consent to our being married directly."

"Mr. Carnegie! Do you know Susan's age?"

"Yes. Eighteen. And you," he added, with a half smile, "were seventeen when you married. I heard you say it."

Mrs. Chase looked vexed. "True, that was my age," she answered; "and it is that very fact which has set me against early marriages for my children. They are most pernicious. Susan, where are you going? Stay and hear what I have to say: it is now fitting that you should. Sit down again. I have scarcely enjoyed a day's health since I married, Mr. Carnegie. My children came on fast, many of them—worry, noise, bustle, toil! oh! you don't know the discomfort: and I almost made a vow that my daughters should not marry till they were of a proper age."

"May I inquire what you would call a proper age?" he asked, suppressing a smile.

"Well—I think the most proper and the best age would be about five-and-twenty. But certainly not until twenty was turned."

"Susan wants only two years of that. Dear Mrs. Chase, I must plead that you change your resolution in her case. Were I stationary in England, and could occa-

sionally see her, it might be different. I must take her with me."

"You are not sure of going."

"No, I am not. Drake thought——"

"We will not discuss it further now," interrupted Mrs. Chase. "You have nearly startled me out of my sober judgment."

"Very well. May I come in to-morrow morning?"

"If you like. I will then say yes, or no: but without reference to the time."

"Now mind, Susan," he snatched a moment to whisper, "if she, if your mother still holds out, and vows we must wait an indefinite number of years, we will not wait at all, but just elope, and settle it that way. It's most unreasonable. I can't wait for you, and I won't."

Susan smiled taintly. She was not one of the eloping sort.

The morning came. Mrs. Chase had resolved to accept Mr. Carnegie, finding that Susan's 'mind,' as she called it, was set upon him; and, indeed, there was no reason why she should not: but when Mr. Carnegie came, she found there was something else to be settled. He had received a summons to join his regiment, which was then quartered in Ireland, and also a positive though not official notification, that it was ordered to the West-Indies, and would be away in two months. Now, was Susan to go with him, or not? Mrs. Chase said no, he said yes: and after much standing out on both sides, and some slight indication of relenting on hers, they some how came to the conclusion that Susan should decide. "My dear, decide *prudently*," cried Mrs. Chase. "Think well over all the fatal objections I have pointed out. Prudence, mind!" "Susan, darling, decide bravely," cried he; "don't be afraid. Think how happy we shall be together!" And poor Susan, amid a rush of color, and a flood of tears, decided to go.

"O dear!" groaned Mrs. Chase, "there will be no time to get you suitable wedding things, Susan."

"No time!" echoed Mr. Carnegie. "I could get an outfit made and packed in three days, and Susan has double as many weeks. I should think she might buy up half the shops in Great Britain, in that time."

Mr. Carnegie made the best of his way to Ireland, and Susan made the best use

of her hands and energies in preparing for her change of prospects. In seven weeks they were to be married, and in eight to sail. Mr. Carnegie had interest with his colonel, and had no doubt of obtaining another short leave of absence. During this time Mrs. Chase had Susan's likeness taken—to console them, she said, when Susan should be gone. It was a good likeness, but it flattered her. Susan wrote a merry account of this to Mr. Carnegie.

One day, when Susan's friend, Frances Maitland, had come in to help her with some delicate work, she began speaking of the disposition of Mr. Carnegie.

"Susan, tell me: do you believe he is calculated, altogether, to make you happy?"

"Is there any reason why he should not be?" was Susan's answer.

"He is so fearfully passionate."

"Who says so?" demanded Susan, in a tone of resentment.

"Oh! he is. Ask the Ashleys. There was something up, about a dog. It was when Charles Carnegie was stopping there. He completely lost all self-control, and rushed to his room for his sword. Bessy met him on the stairs; he was brandishing it, and looking like a madman. She says there was an awful scene. Arthur declares he never saw so violent a temper."

"Charles must have been greatly provoked," remarked Susan.

"He provoked himself, I believe. However, Susy, it is your own look out. I'm sure I don't want to set you against him. Marriage is a lottery at the best: 'for richer for poorer, for better for worse.' You will soon have to say that, you know."

Susan Chase had not soon to say it. The time of the wedding drew on, and on the day previous to that fixed for it, Lieutenant Carnegie arrived at Stopton, having obtained his leave of absence. Mrs. Chase's house was at some distance from it, but it was a fine, frosty morning, and he set out to walk.

He had come nearly in view of the house when he met a funeral. It startled Mr. Carnegie considerably, for surely it had come from the very house he was bound to. There were only some half-dozen cottages besides, that the road led to, just there, and that style of funeral was not likely to come from a poor cottage. He vaulted over a gate by the

roadside, and peeped at it through the hedge: a hearse and several carriages. When it had passed, he came forth again, leaned over the gate, and gazed after it. Some children drew near, slowly following the sight in awe, gazers like himself.

"Who is dead?" he inquired of them. "Who is it that is being taken to be buried?"

"Mrs. Chase, sir."

"Mrs. Chase!" he uttered, horror-stricken. "What did she die of?"

The children did not know. Only that "she had died because she was ill."

"Can you inform me what Mrs. Chase died of?" the young officer repeated, for a woman now came up. "Was it any accident?"

"No, sir, no accident. She has been ailing a long time, some years, and she got suddenly worse at the last, and died," was the woman's answer, who evidently did not know Mr. Carnegie. "It was so quick, that her sons did not get here in time to see her, nor the little miss that was at school."

He was terribly shocked, almost unable to believe it.

"When did she die?"

"On Tuesday, sir. Four days ago."

"Are they not burying her very soon?"

"Well, sir, the funeral was first fixed for to-morrow—I know all about it, you see, because I have been in there, since, helping the servants. But to-morrow, Saturday, was to have been Miss Susan Chase's wedding-day, and I believe she couldn't bear the idea, poor thing! of the funeral's taking place on it—what was to have been so different. Then the next day was Sunday, and some of the family did not like that day, and one of the sons was obliged to be back at his college on Monday. So they settled it for to-day."

Stunned with the news, Mr. Carnegie turned back. There seemed an indelicacy in his going to the house at that moment, and he waited till the after-part of the day, and went then. A servant showed him into a darkened room, and Susan came to him.

He thought she would have cried herself ill. Her emotion was pitiable. He clasped her in his arms, and she lay there and sobbed aloud, quite hysterically, like a child cries. She could give him but little more information than had previously been imparted. Their dear mother's complaint had taken an unfavorable turn,

and had carried her off, almost without warning. One of her brothers, Susan said, had written to him on the Tuesday night, after it happened. Mr. Carnegie had left Ireland before the letter got there.

"Susan," he whispered, when she was a little calmer, "must this entail a separation on us?"

She looked at him, hardly understanding.

"Must we wait? Must I sail without you?"

"Charles, that is almost a cruel question," she said, at length. "How could you ask it? Would you have me marry you before my mother is cold in her grave? A year, at any rate, must pass over?"

"It may be much longer than that. I shall not get leave so readily again. O Susan! this is a hard trial."

"It is the will of God," she sighed, "and we must bear it."

"I shall not bear it patiently. I shall get marrying one of the copper, half-caste natives, out of defiance, or something as desperate. Fancy what it will be—condemned to vegetate by myself in that stifling climate, and you some millions of miles away!"

Susan was silent, pained at the tone of the remark, and at that moment a girl of fifteen opened the door and looked in; wearing deep mourning, like herself.

"Come in, Emma, darling," she fondly said, drawing her sister towards her. "This is Mr. Carnegie, who was to have been so nearly related to us to-morrow. Charles," she added, "were there no other reason, I must have staid to protect this child. My mother specially bequeathed her to me."

Emma Chase, who bore a resemblance to her sister Susan, felt a restraint in that stranger's presence, and she silently withdrew.

"Well, this is a gloomy prospect for us, Susan," resumed Mr. Carnegie, who could not get over his disappointment. "It is no joke what I say—that it may be years before I can come to fetch you."

She raised her eyes to his, in all the expression of their trusting confidence. "No matter how many, Charles, you will find me waiting for you."

"But it is hard, for all that."

"Do you think—pray forgive me if I suggest any thing wrong, or unpleasant—

that if you were to return at once to your duty, without taking the leave granted you, (except the time occupied in traveling, which can not be avoided,) that they would be more inclined to allow it you when you next ask? It is an idea that has occurred to me."

"Perhaps so. It is not a bad notion. But, Susan, I would rather spend it with you."

"We are so sad just now," she murmured—"all the house."

There was something in her tone which seemed to convey an intimation that his presence might not be acceptable to that house of sorrow; or at least Mr. Carnegie fancied so. And he did think her suggestion of going back to his duty was a good one.

"Then, Susan, I think I had better make up my mind to leave you, and start back this very night."

"It may be better," she answered, the tears standing in her eyes.

"And in another year, my darling, if all's well, I trust I shall come and claim you."

"I trust so," she whispered.

He had in his pocket her wedding-ring, which he had bought as he came through Liverpool, and he drew it forth, and slipped it on her finger; on the one he ought to have slipped it on, in the church, on the morrow. "There, Susan; now that binds you to me. Let it stop there till—I till I take it off to put it on again."

"Not on that finger," she remonstrated, her pale cheek flushing.

"Why not?"

"Strangers will think me a married woman."

"And in one sense you are, for we are married in heart. Let it be there for my sake."

"Very well," she murmured.

"Susan, I must now ask something else. The miniature that was taken of you."

Susan hesitated. It was still in her mamma's room, in what she used to call her "treasure drawer."

"I was to have had the original, and they the likeness," he said, "but now that the original will be left at home, I may surely take the likeness. Let me have it, Susan."

She went and fetched it.

"And now I will bid you farewell, for if I am to go, I must start," he said, straining her to him. "God bless you, my love!

my darling wife that was to have been! Be true to me, Susan, as I will be true to you."

He departed. But he did not return to his duty, as had been agreed. He meant to do so, but he returned by way of London, and the attractions of the capital proved too much for his resolution. In due course, he departed with his regiment for Barbadoes; and poor Susan Chase remained at home, to pine after him, and to wear her wedding-ring.

II.

For three years they did not meet. Nay, it was more; for it was winter when he went, and early summer when he returned. Whether Mr. Carnegie had grown less anxious for his marriage, or that he really could not obtain leave, certain it is, that for three years and four months Susan did not see him. In his letters, he had pressed much for her to go out to him and marry there, but her innate sense of retiring delicacy spoke against it. This prolonged absence had told much on her spirits, somewhat on her health. Her marriage preparations had long been made.

May came in, and had nearly gone again. On the 29th of that month, Susan was seated before the breakfast-table, waiting for her sisters, Ursula and Emma. They were still in the same house: it belonged to their eldest brother, and he was unmarried and frequently away from it. The young ladies had their own fortune, each about £100 a year.

The 29th of May was kept as a gala day in their village, and in all that part of the country. Service was read in the church, and a procession walked to it, with banners, and gilded oak balls and branches. It is done away with now, for we are writing of many years ago.

"Is it not a lovely day for the holiday?" exclaimed Ursula, as she entered, and took her seat opposite Susan. "You will have delightful weather for your journey."

Susan was going out on the day but one following, a forty-mile journey. Their cousin Lucy was about to be married. Her mother was an invalid, confined to her chamber, and Susan was wanted to superintend every thing.

Emma came dancing in, with her merry blue eyes, and her shining curls. She

was of a careless, gay temperament, unlike her thoughtful sisters. "Susy, you look sad," was her salutation, "and every soul has some peculiar source of gratification to-day. Did you hear the laughing crowds going by, all the morning, to gather the oak balls?"

"What may be your peculiar source of gratification, Emma?" asked Ursula.

"The putting on my new blue dress. You don't know how well it becomes me. I shall win more hearts at church to-day than the parson."

"You are a vain girl, Emma."

"I think I am," was her laughing answer; "but where's the harm of it? Seriously speaking, Susan, were I you, if that lieutenant of mine did not advertise himself shortly, I should give him up. He is the origin of all your sad looks. I don't think he troubles himself to write often; it is four months since his last letter arrived."

"He may be on his way," said Susan. "In that letter he stated that he was going to apply for leave."

"Then he might have written to say so, if he is on his way. Unless—Susan, I should not wonder—unless he thinks to take you by surprise!"

Susan aroused herself from a painful reverie. "Yes," she said, "I think he must be on his way; I have thought so several times lately." And a happy flush mantled on her cheeks, and she unconsciously twirled the plain gold ring round and round her finger. It was a habit she had fallen into, when her mind was absent.

The day passed on to the evening. Some young ladies had come in to spend it with them. Soon after the shutters were closed, and lights brought in, a sound, as of a post-chaise, was heard approaching the house. None seemed to take any heed of it; they were not thinking of Mr. Carnagie; Susan's heart alone beat wildly. *Had* he come?

The door opened, and a tall, gentlemanly man entered—a British officer. All in the room rose, and he stood in indecision, looking from one to the other. So many young ladies! "It is Charles Carnagie!" screamed out Frances Maitland.

"My darling Susan!" he whispered, advancing to one of them, and clasping her tenderly to him. "How thankful I am that we have met again!" But she blushed and smiled, and drew herself away from him. *It was Emma.*

Francis Maitland advanced. "You have made a mistake, Charles. Ah! I see you have not forgotten me, but never mind me, just now. This is not Susan."

"Not Susan!" he uttered.

"Susan, why don't you come forward and show yourself?" For poor Susan Chase had shrunk back. All her heart's life seemed to have been struck out of her, as by an icebolt, when that embrace was given to another. "Susan, I say!"

Miss Maitland was positive in her manner, dragged forth Susan, and held out her hand to Mr. Carnagie. He took it with cold indecision; looked at her, and then looked at Emma.

"You are playing with me," he said, "That is Susan."

"No, indeed, I am Emma," returned that young lady, laughing, and shaking back her sunny ringlets. "But they all say I am just like what Susan used to be."

Mr. Carnagie recollected himself. "Susan," he whispered, scanning her features, "I think I begin to recognize you. But you are much altered. I beg your pardon for the mistake I made."

"I am Susan," she answered, raising her tearful eyes.

"Have you been ill?" he inquired. "You are pale and thin."

"No; I have been well. I believe I am thinner."

"That comes of fretting," interposed Miss Maitland—"sighing and fretting after you, Charles Carnagie," and Susan blushed deeply, making her look a little more like herself.

"How was it you never wrote to say you were coming?"

"I did write just before I sailed, stating when I should leave."

"Then we never got the letter. We thought you still in Barbadoes."

Many times in the evening did Mr. Carnagie's eyes rove towards the blooming Emma. Scarcely could he persuade himself that she was not Susan. The miniature he had taken with him had been a handsome likeness of Susan; as Emma was now a handsome likeness of what she had been. The hair was of the same color, dark auburn, dressed in the same style, ringlets, which were much worn then; and to make the illusion more complete, the dress, in the painting, was light blue. There sat Emma, in her new and handsome light blue silk dress, her blushing

cheeks, her flowing ringlets, and her ready smile; and there sat Susan, pale and subdued, her features more angular than formerly, her hair worn plain, and her dress, handsome certainly, but a sober brown. She had not cared to decorate herself in the absence of Mr. Carnagie.

The visitors departed, and he and Susan talked over preliminaries that night. Mr. Carnagie had business to do in town, "lots of things," some of his own, some that he had undertaken for his brother officers; he might get it done in three weeks, four at the most: and he proposed that they should be married at once, and go to London together. But to marry so soon, with only a day or two's notice, would be inconvenient, Susan said. Therefore the wedding was fixed for a month hence, when he should have completed his business, and they would then spend two or three months at a quiet watering-place.

The following morning they breakfasted later than usual, for when Mr. Carnagie, who had promised to breakfast with them, came, he drew Susan out with him into the garden, and began talking to her lovingly, as of old. So late did they sit down to breakfast, that the post came in before they had finished. Only one letter, and that for Susan. She opened it.

"It is from my aunt," she said, "urging me to be sure not to disappoint them, and to bring the pattern of a pretty spencer, if I happen to have one."

"How like that is to my aunt!" laughed Ursula. "She is always on the lookout for patterns. I believe she must sell them. You will write to-day, Susan, and explain why you can not go."

"But—I am thinking," hesitated Susan—"that I can go. Aunt, poor thing, is so helpless, and they have depended on me. I believe I shall be able."

"If you could, it would be a charity," said Ursula; "for what aunt will do without you, I can not conceive. When do you leave for town, Mr. Carnagie?"

"As soon as I can," he answered, "some of my business is in a hurry. Not to-day, for I must give a look in at the Maitlands and other friends; and I have much to talk over yet with Susan. To-morrow I shall go."

"And it is to-morrow morning that I ought to start," remarked Susan. "I do not see why I should not go. Ursula can forward things here in my absence,

and I shall be back at the end of a fortnight."

"Mind that you are back in time, Susan," said Mr. Carnagie, looking grave.

"I will be sure to be back in time," she smiled. "But I think I ought to go."

She did go. And had to be at Stopton early the following morning to take the stage-coach. Some of the family went with her, and Mr. Carnagie. "You will have to start in half an hour after me," Susan remarked to him; "only you travel by a different route."

"I am not going to town to-day," he answered; "to-morrow. I had no time to give to the Maitlands yesterday, and they expect me."

"Then I think I must say, mind you are back in time," returned Susan, jokingly. He took a fond farewell of her, and she departed on her journey.

Precisely to the day, at the end of the fortnight, Susan was back, arriving in the afternoon. One of the first persons she saw, as she entered the house, was Mr. Carnagie.

"Charles! you here!" she uttered, in astonishment. "Have you come down from London?"

"I have not been," was Mr. Carnagie's answer; "one thing or other detained me here, Susan. The Maitlands teased me to stay, and I too readily yielded; then I began to reflect how much pleasanter it would be to have you in London with me. So I shall just make myself at ease till the happy day, and we will go there together."

There was something in these words displeasing to the ear of Susan. Stay; it was in the tone. It was pressingly eager; as if he were so anxious to justify himself. And never to have written to her!

"You might have sent me a letter, Charles, all this while."

"In the first week, I did not care that you should know I had not left, for I was perpetually vowing to be off the next hour. And since, I have been looking to see you every day; Ursula thought you might come home before the fortnight."

"You might have mentioned, when you wrote to me, that Charles was here," said Susan, looking at her sister Ursula.

"Mr. Carnagie requested me not."

"To surprise you, Susan," interrupted Mr. Carnagie.

Ursula had spoken gravely; he eagerly;

and Susan wondered. She retired to her own room, to take off her things, and in a few minutes Frances Maitland called, and went up to her.

"What a shame of you, Susy, to leave Charles Carnagie to his own disconsolate self!" was her unceremonious salutation. "And the instant he got here, after his three years' absence!"

"Nay," said Susan, "he first of all decided to leave me, and go up to town. When I left, I thought he was going. I think I ought to reproach you, Frances, for having kept him. He says that the Maitlands teased him to stay, and he too readily yielded."

"He did not say so!"

"Yes, he did; he has just said so to me."

"Well, that's cool!" returned Frances Maitland. "I shall tell Mr. Charlie of that. If he has been three times in our house, since you left, it is as much as he has."

"Nonsense!" retorted Susan.

"It is truth. I'll ask Charlie how much they charge to teach story-telling in Barbadoes."

"Do I understand that you have not seen Charles more than three times since I left?" returned Miss Chase.

"There you go again, Susan; catching at words, and stumbling to conclusions! I said he had not been more than three times inside our house. I have seen him dozens; for he has been perpetually about the grounds and in the park with Emma. We have come upon them at all hours. Do you not think Emma looks queer?"

"I have not seen Emma yet," answered Susan. "What do you mean by queer?"

"So shy and distant. If we only speak to her, she rushes away. I think Charles Carnagie has scared her out of her self-possession."

"You always were fanciful, Frances."

"And perhaps always shall be. You would have been better at home than away; at any rate, that's no fancy. I have come to ask you to spend this evening with us; and that's no fancy. You, your sister, and Charles Carnagie."

"I am rather tired," answered Susan, "but I will come if the rest do."

"It is decided then, for I asked Ursula as I came in. Some of you can invite Charlie; I may not meet with him. Good-by, till evening."

When Susan descended to the sitting-room, Ursula and Emma were there. "Let me look at you," she said to the latter, after kissing her fondly. "I want to have a look at your face. Frances Maitland says you have become queer and shy, and that Charles has scared you out of your self-possession."

Susan had Emma before her, as she spoke, and she was astonished at the violent rush of crimson in which flew to her skin. Face, neck, ears, were dyed with it. Not only this: Emma began to tremble, and then burst into tears, and ran from the room.

Susan could not speak for astonishment. She turned towards Ursula, and saw her looking on with a severe expression.

"What can have taken Emma?" faltered Susan. "I meant it as a joke. Ursula, you look strange, too. The house altogether seems not itself. What can be the matter?"

Ursula did not answer. The scowl on her brow was very deep.

"Ursula, I ask you, what is it? You seem angry with me."

Ursula rose; she was tall and stout, and she threw her large arms round Susan, and whispered:

"Not with you, Susan dear. Oh! no, not with you. My poor Susan!"

Susan began to shake, almost as Emma had done. "There is some mystery," she breathed.

"Yes, something has occurred. I shrink from the task of telling it to you."

"Must you tell me—must I know it? I have been so full of peace and happiness of late."

"You must know it, I believe. I scarcely knew whether to tell you or not, and I took counsel of Frances Maitland, when she came in just now, and she says I must. She was going to tell it you herself, but I forbade her."

Susan sat down somewhat reassured. She thought it might be only that something had gone wrong in the household; or perhaps the dress-maker had spoiled the wedding dresses. "Tell me out at once, Ursula. Do not beat about the bush."

"You say I looked angry," said Ursula. "I am angry—with Emma. She has grown to love Charles Carnagie."

Susan turned white. She could not speak.

"Listen a moment, and you shall know as much as I do. After you left, Charles

staid on, sleeping at the inn, as before. I wondered, but of course it was not my business to send him away. He was much here; it was only natural that he should be. Then I noticed—it seemed to occur to my mind all in a moment—how much Emma was with him, out with him in the grounds at all times and all hours, and with him in-doors. Well, Susan, I never thought to check it, for it only seemed as natural as the other. Last night Frances Maitland ran in, at dusk, after their tea. I don't know what it was with you, but here it was a dull, dismal, evening, almost foggy. 'When do you expect Susan home?' were her first words, without saying how d'y'e do, or any thing—but you know her abrupt manner. 'Probably to-morrow,' I answered. 'Well, it's time she came, that's all,' said she. 'I have seen what I don't like. I have suspected it some days, but I am sure of it now—that Emma is too intimate with Charles Carnegie,' Susan," added Ursula, "you might have knocked me down with a feather; and then it all rose up frightfully before me, their walking out together, and their whisperings in-doors."

"How did she mean that they were too intimate?" faltered Susan. "What had she seen?"

"She would not say. She said she should only tell you. You had better ask her."

Susan leaned her head upon her hand. "Frances is very fanciful," was her remark, "and if once she takes an idea in her mind, her imagination improves upon it."

"True. You must have it out with her, what she did see, and what she did not. When Emma walked herself in, last night, it was nearly dark; I said nothing to her. I fear she is too fond of him; it all looks like it. Of his sentiments I know nothing; but since this occurred, I have wondered whether she was the attraction that kept him here."

How Susan bore with her feelings till evening, when they went to the Maitlands, she scarcely knew. She drew Frances aside at once. "Ursula has told me," she whispered. "What was it you saw?"

"Only that she was clasped to Charles Carnegie's breast, crying and wailing, and he was kissing her."

"O Frances! you surely never saw that!"

"I saw it. If it were the last word I

had to speak, I saw it," impressively uttered Miss Maitland. "They were bemoaning their hard fate in his being bound to you. She sobbed out that her happiness was gone forever, and he that he had never loved Susan half as passionately as he loved her. That is all I saw or heard, Susan; but that is pretty well."

"Where were they?"

"In the grove, by the large elm-tree, at the turning. You know the bench."

Susan went into the drawing-room. The scene swam before her eyes; she answered questions at random; and when Mr. Carnegie spoke to her, she turned faint and sick. Outwardly he was attentive to her, but it was a forced attention. In the course of the evening, when some of the party were in the garden, Mr. Carnegie drew Emma away from the rest. Susan followed them: she believed it her duty: she was wretched, jealous, miserable. She saw them standing together in an attitude of the deepest affection, and she drew away again, more jealous and more wretched than before.

"What shall you do?—what will be your course?" Miss Maitland asked her.

"I know not—I know not," she answered, in a tone of anguish. Frances, pity me!—oh! that I could fly away somewhere from it all, and find rest!"

Frances Maitland did pity her, little as she was given to pity any body. "It will take Susan years to get over this," was her mental comment. "I wonder whether she will marry him."

When they left that night, Mr. Carnegie offered his arm to Susan. She thanked him, and said she had her dress to hold up. Yet short petticoats were worn then. He went at once to Emma; she took it, and they lingered, whispering, behind Susan and Ursula. He left them at their door, and Susan shut herself into her chamber to think.

An hour afterwards she entered Emma's room, who was then undressing. She said what she had to say; despair was in her low voice, no anger; yet Emma flung herself down on the floor, and shrieked and sobbed in self-reproach.

"I could not help it—I could not help it," she shrieked forth. "That first moment, when he suddenly appeared, and clasped me in his embrace, drew my heart to him: and my love for him is as living fire. Why was I so like you? Why are you so changed? Half his time he calls

me Susan; his love has not altered, he says, only that I am now what you were. To love you, as you are now, he must change the object of his mind's affection—and he can not do it."

"Next to him, who was my second self, I have loved you," moaned Susan, as she sat on a low chair, and rocked herself to and fro. "I have cherished you as something more precious than self; I promised our mother to do so on her death-bed; and this is my reward!"

It was a strange thing. Emma sobbing and writhing on the carpet in her white night-dress. "I would not have brought this misery to us all purposely," she said, "and we never meant you to know it: I can not think how it is you do. When once you and he have sailed, I shall sit down and hug my unhappiness, and I hope it will kill me, Susan, and then you'll be revenged."

"I would have sacrificed my life for you," whispered Susan; "I must now sacrifice what is far dearer. You must be the one to sail with him; not I."

"Susan! you never shall sacrifice yourself for me! I——"

"No more," interrupted Susan. "My resolution is taken, and I came to tell it you. I hope that time will be merciful to me—to us both."

Susan left the room as she spoke, and there stood Ursula.

"Susan, I heard you, in there; I almost hoped you were beating her. We must send her away to aunt's to-morrow morning, until the wedding is over."

"O Ursula!" she wailed, in a tone of deepest anguish, "can you not see what must be! The wedding must be hers, not mine: she must marry Mr. Carnagie."

"Give in to those two false ones!" uttered Ursula. "You never shall."

"For my own sake as much as hers," murmured Susan. "To marry him, when his love has openly left me, might be to enter on a life of reproach from him, certainly of coldness, possibly of neglect and cruelty. Ursula, that is more than I could bear. I will have one more interview with him, and then leave till they are gone. You must superintend what is required by Emma."

"What will the neighbors say?" wondered Ursula. And Susan shivered.

She held an interview with Mr. Carnagie when morning came, but what took place at it was never spoken of by either. Susan's face was swollen with crying when she came out, and he looked more troubled and annoyed than he had ever looked before; holding the unfortunate gold ring between his fingers, in a dubious way, as if he did not know what to do with it. The chaise was at the door to convey her to Stopton, on her way to her aunt's, when, as she was stepping into it, Frances Maitland came racing down.

"What is all this rumor, Susan?" she demanded. "That you are going away, and that Emma is to marry Mr. Carnagie? I will not have such folly. I have come to stop it. The country will cry shame upon her and upon him. Lock her up, and keep her upon bread and water. You have sacrificed enough for her, I think, without sacrificing your husband."

"Say no more, Frances," was her only answer. "I can not bear it."

She waved her adieu, and drove away with a breaking heart—never to return home until long after Mr. Carnagie, and Emma his wife, had sailed for Barbadoes.

From Dickens's Household Words.

THE LOST WANDERER FOUND.

A STOCKMAN in my employment was, not many years ago, missing from a cattle station distant from Sydney about two hundred and thirty miles. The man had gone one afternoon in search of a horse that had strayed. Not having returned at night or the next morning, the natural conclusion was that he had been lost in the bush. I at once called in the aid of the blacks, and, attended by two European servants, (stockmen,) headed the expedition. The chief difficulty lay in getting on the man's track; and several hours were spent before this important object was accomplished. The savages exhibited some ingenuity even in this. They described large circles round the hut whence the man had taken his departure, and kept on extending them until they were satisfied they had the proper footprints. The track once found, half a dozen of the blacks went off like a pack of hounds. Now and then, in the dense forest through which we wandered in our search, there was a check, in consequence of the extreme dryness of the ground; or the wind had blown about the fallen leaves of the gigantic gum-trees, which abound in those regions; but, for the most part, the course was straight on end.

We had provided ourselves with flour, salt beef, tea, sugar, blankets and other personal comforts. These were carried on a horse which a small black boy, of about fourteen years of age, rode in our rear.

On the first day we continued our search until the sun had gone down, and then pitched our camp and waited for daylight. With their tomahawks the blacks stripped off large sheets of bark from the gum-trees, and cut down a few saplings. With these we made a hut; at the opening of which we lighted a fire, partly for boiling the water for tea, and partly for the purpose of keeping off the mosquitoes. During the night, we had a very heavy storm of lightning and thunder, accompanied by torrents of rain. This, I fancied, would render the tracking

even more difficult, as the rain was sufficiently heavy to wash out the footprints of a man, had any such footprints been previously perceptible. When the sun arose, however, the blacks, seemingly without difficulty, took up the track and followed it at the rate of two and a half miles an hour until noon, when we halted to take some rest and refreshments. The foot of civilized man had never before trodden in that wild region; which was peopled only with the kangaroo, the emu, the opossum, and wild cat. The stillness was awful; and, ever and anon, the blacks would cooeey, (a hail peculiar to the savages of New-Holland, which may be heard several miles off,) but—and we listened each time with intense anxiety—there was no response.

At about half-past three in the afternoon of the second day we came to a spot, where the blacks expressed, by gestures, that the missing stockman had sat down; and in confirmation of their statement, they pointed to a stone, which had evidently been lately removed from its original place. I inquired, by gestures, whether we were near the lost man; but the blacks shook their heads and held up two fingers, from which I gleaned that two days had elapsed since the man had been there. At five we came to another spot where the missing stockman had laid down, and here we found his short pipe broken. It would be difficult to describe the satisfaction with which I eyed this piece of man's handiwork. It refreshed my confidence in the natives' power of tracking, and made me the more eager to pursue the search with rapidity. By promises of large rewards, I quickened their movements, and we traveled at the rate of four miles an hour. We now came upon a soil covered with immense boulders. This, I fancied, would impede, if not destroy the track; but this was not the case. It is true, we could not travel so fast over these large round stones; but the blacks never once halted, except when they came to a spot where they satisfied

me the stockman himself had rested. None but those who have been in search of a fellow-creature under similar circumstances can conceive the anxiety which such a search creates. I could not help placing myself in the position of the unhappy man, who was roaming about as one blindfolded, and probably hoping on even in the face of despair. Again we came to a forest of huge gum-trees.

At times, the gestures of the blacks, while following the footprints of the stockman, indicated to me that he had been running. At other times, they imitated the languid movements of a weary and footsore traveler. They knew exactly the pace at which the poor fellow had wandered about in those untrodden wilds; and now and then, while following in his wake and imitating him, they would laugh merrily. They were not a little amused that I should be angry at and rebuke such a demonstration.

The sun went down, and our second day's search was ended. Again we pitched our camp and lighted fires. We had now traveled about thirty miles from the station, and the blacks, who had now got beyond the precincts of their district, became fearful of meeting with some strange tribe, who would destroy them and myself. Indeed, if I and my European companions had not been armed with a gun each, and a plentiful supply of ammunition, my sable guides would have refused to proceed my father.

All night long I lay awake, imagining, hoping, fearing, and praying for daylight; which at last dawned. Onward we went through a magnificent country, beautifully wooded, and well watered by streams and covered with luxuriant pasture—all waste land, in the strictest sense of the term. At about ten we came to a valley in which grew a number of wattle-trees. From these trees, a gum, resembling gum-arabic in all its properties, exudes in the warm season. The blacks pointed to the branches, from which this gum had recently been stripped, and indicated that the man had eaten of a pink grub, as large as a silk-worm, which lives in the bark of the wattle-tree. Luckily he had with him a clasp-knife, with which he had contrived to dig out these grubs, which the blacks assured me were a dainty; but I was not tempted to try them.

On again putting the question to the blacks, whether we were near the man of

whom we were in search, they shook their heads and held up two fingers. We now came to a clear shallow stream, in which the blacks informed me by gestures that the missing man had bathed; but he had not crossed the stream, as his track lay on the bank we had approached.

After traveling along this bank for about three miles, we came to a huge swamp into which the stream flowed, and ended. Here the footprints were plainly discernible even by myself and my European companions. I examined them carefully, and was pained to find that they confirmed the opinion of the blacks, namely, that they were not fresh. Presently we found the man's boots. These had become too heavy for him to walk in, and too inconvenient to carry, and he had cast them off. Not far from the boots was a red cotton handkerchief, which he had worn round his neck on leaving the station. This, too, he had found too hot to wear in that oppressive weather, and had therefore discarded it.

Following the track, we came to a forest of white gum-trees. The bark of these trees is the color of cream, and the surface is as smooth as glass. On the rim of one of these trees the man had carved, with his knife, the following words:

"O God! have mercy upon me.—T. B."

How fervent and sincere must have been this prayer in the heart, to admit of the hand carving it upon that tree!

Towards evening we came to a tract of country as barren as the desert between Cairo and Suez; but the soil was not sandy, and it was covered with stones of unequal size. Here the miraculous power of the black man's eye astounded us more than ever. The reader must bear in mind that the lost man was now walking bare-footed and tender-footed, and would naturally pick his way as lightly and as cautiously as possible. Nevertheless, the savage tracked his course with scarcely a halt.

Again the sun went down, and again we formed our little camp, on the slope of a hill, at the foot of which lay a lagoon, literally covered with wild ducks and black swans. Some of these birds we shot for food, as it was now a matter of prudence, if not of necessity, to husband the flour and meat we had brought with us.

Another sunrise, and we pursued our journey. Towards noon we came to a belt of small mountains composed chiefly of black lime-stone. Here the blacks faltered; and, after a long and animated discussion amongst themselves—not one word of which I understood—they signified to me that they had lost the track and could proceed no further. This I was not disposed to believe, and imperatively signaled them to go on. They refused. I then had recourse to promises, kind words, smiles, and encouraging gestures. They were still recusant. I then loaded my gun with ball, and requested the stockmen to do the like. I threatened the blacks that I would shoot them, if they did not take up the track and pursue it. This alarmed them; and, after another discussion amongst themselves, they obeyed me, but reluctantly and sullenly. One of the stockmen, with much foresight, suggested that we ought to make sure of two out of the six black fellows; for, if they had a chance, they would probably escape and leave us to perish in the wilds; and, without their aid, we could never retrace our steps to the station. I at once acted on this suggestion, and bound two of the best of them together by the arms, and carried the end of the cord in my right hand.

At four in the afternoon we had crossed this belt of low mountains and came upon a tract of country which resembled a well-kept park in England. We were all so greatly fatigued that we were compelled to halt for the night, great as was my longing to proceed—a longing not a little whetted by the fact that the blacks now held up only one finger, in order to express that the object of our search was only one day in advance of us.

At midnight the four blacks, who were not bound, and who were in a rude hut a few yards distant, came to the opening of my tenement and bade me listen. I did listen, and heard a sound resembling the beating of the waves against the sea-shore. I explained to them, as well as I possibly could, that the noise was that of the wind coming through the leaves of the trees. This, however, they refused to believe, for there was scarcely a breath of air stirring.

"Can it be that we are near the sea-coast?" I asked myself; and the noise, which every moment became more distinctly audible, seemed to reply: "Yea."

The morning dawned, and to my intense disappointment, I discovered that the four unbound blacks had decamped. They had, no doubt, retraced their steps by the road they had come. The remaining two were now put upon the track, and not for a single moment did I relinquish my hold of the cord. To a certainty, they would have escaped, had we not kept a tight hand upon them. Any attempt to reason with them would have been absurd. Fortunately, the boy who had charge of the horse had been faithful, and had remained.

As the day advanced and we proceeded onward, the sound of the waves beating against the shore became more and more distinct, and the terror of the guides increased proportionately. We were, however, some miles from the ocean, and did not see it until four in the afternoon. The faces of the blacks, when they gazed on the great water, of which they had never formed even the most remote conception, presented a scene which would have been worthy of some great painter's observation.

It was a clear day, not a cloud to be seen in the firmament; but the wind was high, and the dark blue billows were crested with a milk-white foam. It was from an eminence of some three hundred feet that we looked upon them. With their keen black eyes protruding from their sockets, their nostrils distended, their huge mouths wide open, their long matted hair in disorder, their hands held aloft, their bodies half-crouching and half-struggling to maintain an erect position; unable to move backward or forward; the perspiration streaming from every pore of their unclothed skin; speechless, motionless, amazed, and terrified; the two inland savages stood paralyzed at what they saw. The boy, although astounded, was not afraid.

Precious as was time, I would not disturb their reverie. For ten minutes their eyes were riveted on the sea. By slow degrees their countenances exhibited that the original terror was receding from their hearts; and then they breathed hard, as men do after some violent exertion. They then looked at each other and at us; and, as though reconciled to the miraculous appearance of the deep, they again contemplated the billows with a smile which gradually grew into a loud and meaningless laugh.

On the rocky spot upon which we were standing, one of the blacks pointed to his own knees; and placed his forefinger on two spots close to each other. Hence I concluded that the lost man had knelt down there in prayer. I invariably carried about with me, in the bush of Australia, a pocket-magnifying-glass for the purpose of lighting a pipe or a fire; and, with this glass, I carefully examined the spots indicated by the blacks. But I could see nothing—not the faintest outline of an imprint on that piece of hard stone. Either they tried to deceive us, or their powers of perception were indeed miraculous.

After a brief while we continued our search. The lost man had wandered along the perpendicular cliffs, keeping the ocean in sight. We followed his every step until the sun went down; then halted for the night and secured our guides, over whom, as usual, we alternately kept a very strict watch.

During the night we suffered severely from thirst, and when morning dawned we were compelled to leave the track for a while, and search for water. Providentially we were successful. A cavity in one of the rocks had been filled by the recent rain. Out of this basin, our horse also drank his fill.

I may here mention a few peculiarities of the colonial stock-horse. Wherever a man can make his way, so can this quadruped. He becomes, in point of sure-footedness, like a mule, and in nimbleness like a goat, after a few years of servitude in cattle-tending. He will walk down a ravine as steep as the roof of a house, or up a hill that is almost perpendicular. Through the dense brushwood he will push his way with his head, just as the elephant does. He takes to the water like a Newfoundland dog, and swims a river as a matter of course. To fatigue he seems insensible, and can do with the smallest amount of provender. The way in which the old horse which accompanied me in the expedition, I am describing, got down and got up some of the places which lay in our track would have astounded every person who, like us, had not previously witnessed similar performances.

We pushed on at a speedy pace, and, to my great joy, the blacks now represented that the (to me invisible) footprints were very fresh, and the missing man not far ahead of us. Every place where he

had halted, sat down, or lain down, or staid to drink, was pointed out. Presently we came to an opening in the cliffs which led to the sea-shore, where we found a beautiful bay of immense length. Here I no longer required the aid of the savages in tracking; on the sand from which the waves had receded a few hours previously were plainly visible the imprints of naked feet. The blacks, who had no idea of salt-water, laid themselves down on their stomachs, for the purpose of taking a hearty draught. The first mouthful, however, satisfied them; and then wondered as much at the taste of the ocean as they had wondered at the sight thereof.

After walking several miles, the rising of the tide and the bluff character of the coast, induced us to avail ourselves of the first opening in the cliffs, and ascend to the high land. It was with indescribable pain, I reflected that the approaching waves would obliterate the footprints then upon the sand, and that the thread which we had followed up to that moment, would certainly be snapped. The faculty possessed by the blacks had defied the wind and the rain; the earth and the rocks had been unable to conceal from the sight of the savage the precise places where the foot of civilized man had trod; but the ocean, even in his repose, makes all men acknowledge his might! We wandered, along the cliffs, cooeeying from time to time, and listening for a response; but none came, even upon the acutely sensitive ears of the savages. A little before sunset, we came to another opening, leading down to a bay; and here the track of the lost man was again found. He had ascended and pursued his way along the cliffs. We followed until the light failed, and we were compelled to halt. Before doing so we cooeeyed in concert, and discharged the fowling-pieces several times, but without effect.

It rained during the night; but ceased before the day had dawned, and we resumed our journey. After an hour's walk, we came upon another opening, and descended to the water's edge; which was skirted by a sandy beach, and extended as far as the eye could compass. Here, too, I could dispense with the aid of the blacks, and followed on the track as fast as possible. Indeed, I and my companions frequently ran. Presently, the lost man's footsteps diverged from

the sandy shore, and took to the high land. We had proceeded more than a mile and a half, when the black boy, who was mounted on the horse and following close at my heels, called, "Him! him!" and pointing to a figure, about seventy yards distant, stretched upon the grass beneath the shade of a wild fig-tree, and near a stream of fresh water. I recognized at once the stockman; but the question was, Was he living or dead? Having commanded the party to remain where they stood, I approached the body upon tiptoe. The man was not dead, but in a profound slumber; from which I would not awake him. His countenance was pale and haggard, but his breathing was loud and natural. I beckoned the party to approach, and then placed my forefinger upon my lips, as a signal that they were to keep silence. Within an hour the man awoke, and stared wildly around him. When he saw us, he was under the impression that he had not been lost; but that, while searching for the horse, he had felt weary, lain down, slept, and had dreamed all that had really happened to him. Thus, there was no sudden shock of unexpected good fortune; the effects of which upon him I at first dreaded.

According to the number of days that we had been traveling, and the pace at which we had traveled, I computed that we had walked about one hundred and thirty-five miles; but, according to a map which I consulted, we were not more than eighty miles distant, in a direct line, from the station. On our way back, it was most distressing to observe the emotions of the stockman when he came to, or remembered the places where he had rested, eaten, drank, or slept, during his hopeless wanderings through the wilds of the wildest country in the known world. The wattle-trees from which he had stripped the gum, the stream in which he had bathed, the swamp where he had discarded his boots, the tree on which he had carved his prayer, the spot where he had broken his pipe—that very spot upon which he first felt that he was lost in the bush—these, and the poignant sufferings he had undergone, had so great an effect upon him, that by the time he returned to the station his intellect entirely deserted him. He, however, partly recovered; but—sometimes better, sometimes worse—in a few months it became necessary to have him removed to the government lunatic asylum.

ADDRESS OF THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW-YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, OCT. 9, 1857.

[We depart from our usual rule to give place to the following brilliant specimen of practical eloquence, bestudded with sparkling gems of thought, from the graceful and graphic pen of the great American orator and statesman, worthy of his high reputation; and with the perusal of which, we trust our readers will be more than pleased.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.]

MR. PRESIDENT, GOVERNOR KING, PRESIDENT FILLMORE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The surpassingly beautiful spot where we are assembled this day is one of no ordinary interest. We are met in full view of the outlet of one of the most considerable of those inland seas which form so marked a feature in the geography of our

continent. We can almost hear the roar of its waters as they plunge, at yonder world-renowned cataract, to the lower level of the sister lake. The prosperous city, under whose immediate auspices we are assembled, has, within the experience of living men, grown up from a small village on the skirts of an Indian reservation, to be the busy mart of a vast inland trade. Behind us, uniting, in what may truly be called the bonds of holy matri-

mony, the waters of the mighty lakes with the waters of the mighty ocean, enduring monument of one of the most honored sons of New-York, stretches far to the east that noble canal, which alone, perhaps, among the works of its class, has sustained itself in the competition with the railroad and the locomotive. In front of us spread out the fertile domains of a friendly neighboring power, the home of a kindred race, separated from us but by a narrow stream; a region to which we have closely grappled with hooks of steel, or at least with hooks of railroad iron, and the still stronger bonds of a mutually beneficial commercial reciprocity. We have come together, on this interesting spot, at the invitation of the New-York State Agricultural Society, to hold the farmers' autumnal holiday. From the remotest quarters of the Empire State and her sister republics, the railroads which have thrown their vast net-work over the country, have afforded a ready conveyance to multitudes. Other multitudes have descended your magnificent lake, in those unparalleled steamers, which, with scarce an interval of time, have taken the place of the bark canoe that skimmed its surface at the beginning of the century. Others, from the adjacent province, have crossed that noble suspension bridge, a wonder of engineering skill. In behalf of the respectable association in whose name I have the honor to speak, on this spot from which the simple children of the forest have not yet fully disappeared, from whatever quarter, by whatever conveyance you have assembled, I bid you welcome. Friends, fellow-citizens, welcome! The woods have put on their gorgeous robes of many colors to receive you; the vaporous atmosphere has for this day hung up its misty veil, to shield you from the too fervid sun; the sparkling waters of Niagara River bid you "HAIL AND FAREWELL," as they hurry downward to their great agony; and autumn spreads before you the rustic hospitality of her harvest home.

There is a temptation, when men assemble on occasions of this kind, to exaggerate the importance of the pursuit in which they are engaged, in comparison with the other callings of life. When farmers, or merchants, or manufacturers, or teachers, or professional men, come together to celebrate an anniversary, or an important event, or to do honor to some distinguished individual, it is almost a

matter of course that their particular occupation or profession should be represented by those on whom the duty of speaking for their associates devolves as the most important profession or calling. No great harm is done by these rhetorical exaggerations, which, in the long run, must correct each other; and which, if they have the effect of making men more content with their own pursuit, are not very pernicious, even if they remain uncorrected.

Although these claims which men set up, each for the paramount importance of his own occupation, can not, of course, be all well founded, it may be maintained that each of the great pursuits of life is indispensable to the prosperity of all the rest. Without agriculture and manufactures, the merchant would have nothing to transport or exchange. Without commerce, the farmer and the manufacturer would be confined to a barter trade, in a limited home circle of demand and supply. In this respect, all the great pursuits of life in a civilized community may be deemed of equal importance, because they have each and all for their object to supply some one of the great wants of our nature; because each is necessary, to some extent at least, to the prosperity of every other; and because they are all brought by the natural sympathies of our being into a harmonious system, and form that noble and beautiful whole which we call civilized society.

But, without derogating from the importance of any of the other pursuits and occupations, we may safely, I think, claim for agriculture in some respects a certain precedence before them all. It has been said to be the great and final object of government to get twelve impartial and intelligent men into the jury-box; by which, of course, is meant that the administration of equal justice between man and man is the primary object of civilized and social life. But the teacher, secular or spiritual, might plausibly urge that it is of prior importance that the community should have the elements, at least, of mental and moral culture, and be taught the obligations of an oath, before any twelve of its members should take part in the administration of justice. The physician might contend that health is of greater importance than the trial by jury; and with greater reason it might be claimed for agriculture that it supplies the first

want of our nature; the daily call of the great family of man for his daily bread—the call that must be answered before the work of life, high or low, can begin. Plaintiff and defendant, judge and jury, must break their fast before they meet in court; and, if the word of a witty poet can be taken, certain very important consequences sometimes happens to culprits, in order that jurymen may get to their dinners.

But, to speak in a more fitting and serious strain, I must confess that there has always seemed to me something approaching the sublime in this view of agriculture, which (such is the effect of familiarity) does not produce an impression on our minds in proportion to the grandeur of the idea. We seem, on the contrary, to take for granted, that we live by a kind of mechanical necessity, and that our frames are like watches made, if such a thing were possible, to go without winding up, in virtue of some innate principle of subsistence independent of our wills, which is, indeed, in other respects true. But it is not less true that our existence, as individuals or communities, must be kept up by a daily supply of food, directly or indirectly furnished by agriculture; and that, if this supply should wholly fail for ten days, all this multitudinous, striving, ambitious humanity, these nations and kindred and tribes of men, would perish from the face of the earth, by the most ghastly form of dissolution. Strike out of existence at once ten days' supply of eight or ten articles, such as Indian corn, wheat, rye, potatoes, rice, millet, the date, the banana, and the bread-fruit, with a half-dozen others which serve as the forage of the domestic animals, and the human race would be extinct. The houses we inhabit, the monuments we erect, the trees we plant, stand in some cases for ages; but our own frames—the stout limbs, the skillful hands that build the houses, and set up the monuments, and plant the trees—have to be built up, recreated, every day: and this must be done from the fruits of the earth gathered by agriculture. Every thing else is luxury, convenience, comfort—food is indispensable.

Then consider the bewildering extent of this daily demand and supply, which you will allow me to place before you in a somewhat coarse mechanical illustration. The human race is usually estimated at

about one thousand millions of individuals. If the sustenance of a portion of these multitudinous millions is derived from other sources than agriculture, this circumstance is balanced by the fact that there is a great deal of agricultural produce raised in excess of the total demand for food. Let, then, the thoughtful husbandman, who desires to form a just idea of the importance of his pursuit, reflect, when he gathers his little flock about him to partake the morning's meal, that one thousand millions of fellow-men have awakened from sleep that morning craving their daily bread with the same appetite which reigns at his family board; and that if, by a superior power, they could be gathered together at the same hour for the same meal, they would fill both sides of five tables reaching all round the globe where it is broadest, seated side by side, and allowing eighteen inches to each individual; and that these tables are to be renewed twice or thrice every day. Then let him consider that, in addition to the food of the human race, that of all the humble partners of man's toil—the lower animals—is to be provided in like manner. These all wait upon agriculture, as the agent of that Providence which giveth them their meat in due season; and they probably consume in the aggregate an equal amount of produce; and, finally, let him add in imagination to this untold amount of daily food for man and beast the various articles which are furnished directly or indirectly from the soil for building materials, furniture, clothing, and fuel.

The grand total will illustrate the primary importance of agriculture, considered as the steward—the commissary—charged with supplying this almost inconceivable daily demand of the human race and the subject animals for their daily bread; a want so imperative and uncompromising, that death in its most agonizing form is the penalty of a failure in the supply.

But although agriculture is clothed with an importance which rests upon the primitive constitution of our nature, it is very far from being the simple concern we are apt to think it. On the contrary, there is no pursuit in life which not only admits, but requires, for its full development, more of the resources of science and art—none which would better repay the pains bestowed upon an appropriate

education. There is, I believe, no exaggeration in stating that as great an amount and variety of scientific, physical, and mechanical knowledge is required for the most successful conduct of the various operations of husbandry, as for any of the arts, trades, or professions. I conceive, therefore, that the Legislature and the citizens of the great State over which, you, sir, (Governor King,) so worthily preside, have acted most wisely in making provision for the establishment of an institution expressly for agricultural education. There is a demand for systematic scientific instruction, from the very first steps we take, not in the play-farming of gentlemen of leisure, but in the pursuit of husbandry as the serious business of life.

In the first place, the earth which is to be cultivated, instead of being either a uniform or a homogeneous mass, is made up of a variety of materials, differing in different places, and possessing different chemical and agricultural properties and qualities. A few of these elements, and especially clay, lime, and sand, predominate, usually intermixed to some extent by nature, and capable of being so mingled and treated by art, as to produce a vastly increased fertility. The late Lord Leicester in England, better known as Mr. Coke, first carried out this idea on a large scale, and more than doubled the productive value of his great estates in Norfolk by claying his light soils. To conduct operations of this kind, some knowledge of geology, mineralogy, and chemistry, is required. The enrichment of the earth by decaying animal and vegetable substances is the most familiar operation perhaps in husbandry; but it is only since its scientific principles have been explored by Davy and Liebig, that the great practical improvements in this branch of agriculture have taken place. It is true that the almost boundless natural fertility of the soil supersedes for the present, in some parts of our country, the importance of artificial enrichment. I inquired last spring of a friend living in a region of this kind, on the banks of the Ohio, how they contrived to get rid of the accumulation of the farm-yard, (a strange question it will seem to farmers in this part of the world,) and he answered: "By carting it down to the river's side, and emptying it into the stream." In another portion of the western country, where I had

seen hemp growing vigorously about thirty years ago, I found that wheat was now the prevailing crop; I was informed that the land was originally so rich as to be adapted only for hemp, but had now become poor enough for wheat.

These, however, are not instances of a permanent and normal condition of things. In the greater part of the Union, especially in those portions which have been for some time under cultivation, the annual exhaustion must be restored by the annual renovation of the soil. To accomplish this object, of late years every branch of science, every resource of the laboratory, every kingdom of nature, has been placed under contribution. Battle-fields have been dug over for the bones of their victims; geology has furnished lime, gypsum, and marl; commerce has explored the remotest seas for guano, and has called loudly on diplomacy to assist her efforts; chemistry has been tasked for the production of compounds, which, in the progress of science, may supersede those of animal or vegetable origin which are prepared by nature. The nutritive principles developed by decaying animal and vegetable organizations are universally diffused throughout the material world, and the problem to be solved is to produce them artificially on a large scale, cheap enough for general use. In the mean time, the most simple and familiar processes of enrichment, with the aid of mechanical power and a moderate application of capital, are producing the most astonishing results. The success which has attended Mr. Mechi's operations in England is familiar to us all. By the application of natural fertilizing liquids, sprinkled by a steam-engine over his fields, they have been made to produce, it is said, seven annual crops of heavy grass.

Simple water is one of the most effectual fertilizers, and in some countries irrigation, carried on with no moderate degree of hydraulic skill, is the basis of their husbandry. While walking, on one occasion, with the late Lord Ashburton, in his delightful grounds in Hampshire, just before he departed on his special mission to this country, in one of the intervals of our earnest conference on the North-eastern Boundary, he told me that he had expended ten thousand pounds sterling in conducting round his fields the waters of the little river—the Itchen, I think—that

flows through the property, and that it was money well laid out. Pardon me the digression of a moment to say that I could not but honor the disinterested patriotism which led this kind-hearted, upright, and intelligent man, at an advanced age, (with nothing on earth to gain or desire, and with every thing of reputation to risk,) to leave the earthly paradise in which I saw him, and to cross the Atlantic in the winter, in a sailing vessel, (his voyage was of fifty-one days,) to do his part in adjusting a controversy which had seriously menaced the peace of the two countries. The famous water-meadows of the Duke of Portland, at Clipstone, have been often described, where the same operation has been performed on a still more extensive scale. Mr. Colman's interesting volumes on European agriculture contain accounts of other works of this kind, but I confine myself to those which have fallen under my own observation.

Nor are these the only operations in which agriculture calls for the aid of well-instructed skill. That moisture, which in moderation is the great vehicle of vegetable nourishment, may exist in excess. Vast tracts of land are lost to husbandry in this country, which might be reclaimed by dykes and embankments, or become fertile by drainage. Land is yet too abundant and cheap in America to admit of great expenditures in this way, except in very limited localities; but the time will no doubt come when, in the populous portions of the country, especially in the neighborhood of large cities, the sunken marshes which now stretch along our coast will be reclaimed from the ocean, as in Holland; and thousands of acres in the interior, now given up to alder swamps and cranberry meadows, be clothed with grass and corn. There are few farms of any size in the country which do not contain waste spots of this kind—the harbor of turtles, frogs, and serpents—which might be brought, at moderate expense and some hydraulic skill, into cultivation. Other extensive tracts are awaiting the time when the increase of population and the enhanced value of land will bear the expense of costly operations in engineering. The marshes on the sea-coast of New-England, New-York, and New-Jersey, probably exceed in the aggregate the superficies of the kingdom of the Netherlands, the greater part of which has been

redeemed by artificial means from the ocean—a considerable tract, covered by the Lake of Harlem, within a few years. Now, if we could only add a new territory to the Union, as large as the kingdom of the Netherlands, by the peaceful operations of husbandry, it would be a species of *annexation* to which I for one should make no objection. All the resources of science have been called into operation in that country, under the direction of a separate department of the government, to sustain the hydraulic works which protect it from the ocean. The stage of things is similar in the fens of Lincolnshire and Bedfordshire. All the spare revenues of the Grand Duke of Tuscany have been appropriated for years to the improvement of the low grounds on the coast of that country, once the abode of the powerful Etruscan Confederacy, which ruled Italy, before the ascendancy of the Romans, now, and for ages past, a malarious, uninhabitable waste.

But when science and art have done their best for the preparation of the soil, they have but commenced their operations in the lowest department of agriculture. They have dealt, thus far, only with what we call lifeless nature, though I apply that word with reluctance to the genial bosom of our mother earth, from which every thing that germinates draws its life and appropriate nourishment. Still, however, we take a great step upward, when, in pursuing the operations of husbandry, we ascend from mineral and inorganic substances to vegetable organization. We now enter a new world of agricultural research; the mysteries of assimilation, growth and decay; of seed-time and harvest; the life, the death, and the reproduction of the vegetable world. Here we still need the light of science, but rather to explore and reveal than to imitate the operations of nature. The skillful agricultural chemist can mingle soils and compound fertilizing phosphates; but with all his apparatus and all his reagents, it is beyond his power to fabricate the humblest leaf. He can give you, to the thousandth part of a grain, the component elements of wheat; he can mingle those elements in due proportion in his laboratory—but to manufacture a single kernel, endowed with living, reproductive power, is as much beyond his skill as to create a whole world.

Vegetable life, therefore, requires a new course of study and instruction. The adaptation of particular plants to particular soils, and their treatment, on the one hand, and, on the other, their nutritive powers as food for man and the lower animals, the laws of germination and growth, the influences of climate, the possible range of improvability in cereal grains and fruits, are topics of vast importance. The knowledge—for the most part empirical—already possessed, upon these points, is the accumulation of the ages which have elapsed since the foundation of the world, each of which has added to the list its generous fruit, its nutritive grain, its esculent root, its textile fibre, its brilliant tincture, its spicy bark, its exhilarating juice, its aromatic essence, its fragrant gum, its inflammable oil; some so long ago that the simple gratitude of infant humanity ascribed them to the gift of the gods, while others have been brought to the knowledge of the civilized world in the historical period, and others have been presented to mankind by our own continent. No one can tell when wheat, barley, rye, oats, millet, apples, pears, and plums, were first cultivated in Europe; but cherries and peaches were brought from the Black Sea and Persia in the time of the Roman Republic; the culture of silk was introduced from the East in the reign of Justinian; cotton and sugar became extensively used in Europe in the middle ages; maize, the potato, tobacco, cocoa, and the Peruvian bark, are the indigenous growth of this country. Tea and coffee, though productions of the Old World, were first known in Western Europe about two centuries ago; and India-rubber and gutta percha, as useful as any but the cereals, in our own day.

There is much reason to believe, as our intercourse with Eastern Asia, Polynesia, and Australia increases, that new vegetable products will become known to us, of the greatest interest and importance for food, medicine, and clothing. Many, with which we are acquainted only in the writings of travelers and botanists, will unquestionably be domesticated. The most interesting experiments are in progress on the sugar-canes of Africa and China; and there is scarce a doubt that the most important additions will, in the course of time, be made to our vegetable treasures, from the latter country. China, like

North-America, forms the eastern shore of a great ocean, with a cold north-western region in the rear. Its climate, under similar local conditions, closely resembles our own; and there is reason to believe that whatever grows there will grow here. A somewhat curious illustration of this is found in the plant ginseng, to which the Chinese formerly attached—perhaps still attach—such a superstitious value. Its bifurcated root, as they thought, symbolized humanity, which, indeed, it does, as well as *Falstaff's* "forked radish;" and hence the name ginseng, or "man-plant." They called it "the pure spirit of the earth," and the "plant that gives immortality." They deemed it the exclusive product of the central flowery kingdom—a panacea for every form of disease, cheaply bought for its weight in silver. A Jesuit missionary to China, Lafitau, being transferred to America early in the last century, discovered the precious plant in our own woods, where, indeed, in some parts of the country, it abounds. It began to be exported by the French to China, and after the commencement of our commercial intercourse with that country, at the close of the war of the Revolution, the much prized root was sent in great quantities to Canton, and, much to the perplexity and disgust of the mandarins, became literally a drug in the market, losing most of its mysterious efficacy, in proportion as it was abundantly supplied by the outside barbarians.

But, without wandering so far for additions entirely novel which may be expected to our vegetable stores, I can not but regard what may be called organic husbandry as one of the richest departments of science, and one which is yet almost wholly in its infancy. What wonders are revealed to us by the microscope in the structure and germination of the seed—the instinct, so to say, of radicle and plumule, which bids one seek the ground, and the other shoot upward toward the air; the circulation of the sap, which, examined under a high magnifying power, in a succulent plant—the Calla, for instance—resembles flowing streams of liquid silver—a spectacle, in these days of "suspension," to make a man's mouth water; the curious confectionery, that secretes sugar, and gluten, and starch, and oil, and woody fibre, and flower, and fruit, and leaf, and bark, from the same elements in earth and air, differing in each

differing plant, though standing side by side in the same soil; in a word, the wonders and beauties of this annual creation—for such it is—as miraculous as that by which sun, and moon, and stars, and earth, and sea, and man, were first formed by the hand of Omnipotence!

And who shall limit the progress of science, and its application to the service of man, in this boundless field? The grafting of generous fruits on barren stocks is as old as European civilization; but the artificial hybridization of flowers and fruits is a recent practice, which has already filled our conservatories with the most beautiful flowers, and our graperies and gardens with the choicest varieties of fruit. When reasoning man does with science and skill what has been hitherto left to the winds and the bees, the most important results may be anticipated. Modern chemistry has shown that the growth of the plant is not one simple operation, but that different ingredients in the soil, and different fertilizing substances, afford the appropriate nourishment to different portions of the plant. This discovery will, no doubt, be of great importance in the higher operations of horticulture and pomology.

The culture of the grape and the manufacture of wine have already become considerable branches of industry, and afford great scope for the application of chemical knowledge. The vineyards in the neighborhood of Cincinnati and St. Louis, though limited in extent, already bear, in other respects, a creditable comparison with those of Europe. All the processes of manufacture rival those of the Province of Champagne and the Rhine, both in integrity and skill—a remark which I venture to make from some opportunities of personal comparison. Time, no doubt, will eventually bring to light a belt of territory—probably in the interior, or in the western portion of the continent, (for we do not find wine in the eastern portion of Asia)—which will equal the most delicate vintages of Burgundy, Bordeaux, or Xeres.

Nor is it less probable that many vegetable products now imported from foreign countries will be naturalized here. It is but a century since the first experiments were made on the American Continent in the cultivation of rice and cotton; and there is no reason to doubt that whatever the Old World produces will flourish

within the same isothermal lines in this hemisphere. The recent agricultural reports from the Patent Office contain very important indications and suggestions on this branch of husbandry.

The condition of our native forests opens another broad field of inquiry in agricultural science, under three very striking aspects. The extensive prairies of the West, denuded of wood for an unknown length of time, and under the operation of causes not perhaps certainly made out, await from the settler's skill and industry those plantations which add so much to the beauty and salubrity of the soil, and contribute so materially to the service of man. In the mean time it is a very important question, in a broad region of the West, whether any thing cheaper and more effectual than the Osage orange (*Maclura*) can be found for fencing. In other portions of the country a condition of things exists the precise reverse of that just described; and immense tracts of native forests, covering the land for hundreds of miles with a matted, impervious, repulsive wilderness, form a very serious impediment to cultivation, and constitute one of the great hardships which attend the pioneer of the settlement. The opening of railroads through extensive districts of this description, with the intense demand for land, caused in part by the unexampled emigration from Europe, will probably lead to new applications of steam-power machinery, and capital, in the first clearing of the land, and thus materially facilitate the process of bringing it into cultivation. In the mean time, in the older settled parts of the country, we have some backward steps to take. The clothing of the sterile hill-sides and barren plains with wood, is an object of great interest. The work of destruction has been carried on with too little discrimination. Too little thought has been had of that noblest spectacle in the vegetable world—plantations of trees for ornament and shade, too little consideration for a permanent supply of the demand for timber and fuel.

Every topic to which I have thus hastily alluded, in connection with the vegetable kingdoms of nature, suggests inquiry for the naturalist, in some department of his studies, and forms the subject of regular courses of instruction in some of the European universities, especially those in Germany.

The insects and vermin injurious to vegetation present another curious and difficult path of inquiry. A very considerable part of every crop of grain and fruit is planted, not for the mouths of our children, but for the fly, the curculio, and the canker-worm, or some other of these pests of husbandry. Science has done something, and will no doubt do more, to alleviate the plague. It has already taught us not to wage equal war on the wheat-fly and the parasite which preys upon it; and it will, perhaps, eventually persuade those who need the lesson, that a few peas and cherries are well bestowed by way of dessert on the cheerful little warblers who turn our gardens into concert-rooms, and do so much to aid us in the warfare against the grubs and caterpillars which form their principal meal.

Agriculture is looking anxiously to science for information on the nature and remedies of the formidable disease which has of late years destroyed so large a portion of the potato crop. The naturalist who shall solve that problem will stand high among the benefactors of his race.

Closely connected with this department of Agriculture is another, in which the modern arts have made great progress, and in which inventive sagacity is still diligently and successfully employed—I refer to agricultural machinery, improved implements of husbandry. This is a field in which the creative powers of the mind seem to be at work with an activity never before equaled, and which is likely to produce more important results in this than in any other country. The supply of labor in the United States has not kept pace with the demand, as it can rarely do in a new country, where strong temptations exist for enterprising attempts in every branch of industry. The state of things has furnished very powerful inducements for the introduction of labor-saving machinery and implements, and the proverbial ingenuity of our countrymen has been turned with great success in that direction. Your exhibition grounds fully justify this remark. Even the good old plough has become almost a new machine in its various novel forms; and other implements of the most ingenious contrivance and efficient action have been invented. The cultivator, the horse-rake, the mowing-machine, the reaper, and the threshing-machine, are daily coming into use in Europe and America, and

producing the most important economy of labor. Successful attempts are making to work them by steam. It was said long ago of the cotton-gin, by Mr. Justice Johnson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, that it had doubled the value of the lands in the cotton-growing region; and the mowing-machine, the reaper, and the threshing-machine are destined, almost to the same extent, to alleviate the severest labors of the farmer's year. The fame of the reaper is not confined to this hemisphere. At the great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, in London, in 1851, it mainly contributed to enable American art to hold up her head in the face of the civilized world.*

* The first of the following extracts is copied from the *Boston Traveller* of the 23d September, 1857; the second, from a recent number of the *London Illustrated News*. I have no means of verifying the accuracy of the statements.

"AGRICULTURE AT THE WEST.—The scarcity of labor, and the enterprise of the emigrants and speculators, has led to the introduction of more labor-saving machinery upon the farms in our Western States than anywhere else in the world. A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Daily Gazette* says, among other improvements, steam-power threshing-machines are fast coming into use. The writer describes one he had just seen in operation on the farm of Dr. Watts, in Chillicothe. The wheat fields on the farm cover, the present year, 387 acres, which have produced some eight or ten thousand bushels of grain. He found the threshing-ground very much like a village of straw-ricks, in the midst of which was a puffing engine, making the wheels of a machine fly, while men, horses, oxen, and wagons were kept busy supplying its wants. The machine, and three men to tend it, are furnished for five cents a bushel threshed. The consumption of wood is about one and a quarter cords per day, at \$2.50 per cord. The price of farm labor there now is \$1 per day and board.

"The machine, when in active operation, threshed two bushels a minute, and, on an average, threshes 700 bushels a day. This is the work of 70 men in the old way of threshing by flail. The proprietor of the machine had more applications than he could supply, and his next engagements were for 1500 acres of grass, owned by five proprietors, and yet this is not one of the great wheat counties of the State. Agricultural machinery of all kinds is extending rapidly through the West. The county of Pickaway now employs 350 mowing and reaping machines. Some of the interior counties have great manufacturing establishments for this machinery."

"A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* says that, being in Rock County, Ill., in the middle of August, (1857,) he went up to the top of a hill called Mount Zion, six miles from Janesville, and counted, on the surrounding plain, 154 horse-power reaping-machines, busily cutting down wheat. There were a thousand men, women, and boys following, binding and shocking up the golden sheaves. It was a sight worth seeing, to behold the grain falling and gathering up at the rate of 200 acres per hour."

But there is still another department of agriculture which opens the door to research of a higher order, and deals with finer elements—I mean that which regards the domestic animals attached to the service of man, and which are of such inestimable importance as the direct partners of his labors, as furnishing one of the great articles of his food, and as a principal resource for restoring the exhausted fertility of the soil. In the remotest ages of antiquity, into which the torch of history throws not the faintest gleam of light, a small number, selected from the all but numberless races of the lower animals, were adopted by domestication into the family of man. So skillful and exhaustive was this selection, that 3000 years of experience, during which Europe and America have been settled by civilized races of men, have not added to the number. It is somewhat humbling to the pride of our rational nature to consider how much of our civilization rests on this partnership—how helpless we should be, deprived of the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, the swine, the goat, the ass, the reindeer, the dog, the cat, and the various kinds of poultry. In the warmer regions this list is enlarged by the lama, the elephant, and the camel—the latter of which, it is not unlikely, will be extensively introduced in our own southern region.

It may be said of this subject, as of that to which I have already alluded, that it is a science of itself. No branch of husbandry has, within the last century, engaged more of the attention of farmers, theoretical and practical, than the improvement of the breed of domestic animals, and in none perhaps has the attention thus bestowed been better repaid. By judicious selection and mixtures of the parent stock, and by intelligence and care in the training and nourishing of the young animals, the improved breeds of the present day differ probably almost as much from their predecessors a hundred years ago, as we may suppose the entire races of domesticated animals do from the wild stocks from which they are descended.

There is no reason to suppose that the utmost limit of improvement has been reached in this direction. Deriving our improved animals as we generally do from Europe—that is, from a climate differing materially from our own—it is not unlikely that, in the lapse of time, experience will lead to the production of a class of

animals better adapted to the peculiarities of our seasons than any of the transatlantic varieties as they now exist. The bare repetition of the words, draft, speed, endurance, meat, milk, butter, cheese, and wool, will suggest the vast importance of continued experiments on this subject, guided by all the lights of physiological science.

Among the most prominent *desiderata*, in what may be called animal husbandry, may be mentioned an improved state of veterinary science in this country. While the anatomy of the lower animals is substantially the same as man's, their treatment when diseased or overtaken by accidents, is left almost wholly to uneducated empiricism. It rarely, I may say never happens, that the substantial farmer has not considerable property invested in live stock, to say nothing of the personal attachment he often feels for some of his favorites—horse, or cow, or dog. But when their frames, as delicately organized and as sensitive as our own, are attacked by disease, or they meet with a serious accident, they are of necessity in most parts of the country committed to the care of persons wholly ignorant of anatomy and physiology, or imperfectly acquainted with them, and whose skill is comprehended in a few rude traditional operations and nostrums. There are few of us, I suppose, who have not had some painful experience on this subject, both in our pockets and our feelings. The want of veterinary institutions, and of a class of well-educated practitioners, is yet to be supplied.

This hasty survey of the different branches of agriculture, imperfect as practical men must regard it, has, I think, shown that it opens a wide field for scientific research, and demands an appropriate education. It is, in fact, in all respects a liberal pursuit, and as such ought to be regarded by the community. It is greatly to be desired that public opinion in America should undergo some change in this respect. There is no want of empty compliments to the "Independent Yeomanry" at public festivals and electioneering assemblages. When the popular ear is to be tickled, and the popular suffrage conciliated, the "substantial farmer" is sure to be addressed in honeyed phrase; but the most superficial observation of society shows that the learned professions, as they are denominated—

the various kinds of "business," as it is significantly called, as if people could not busy themselves to any purpose, except in some kind of traffic—and in preference to both, or in conjunction with both, political employment, are regarded as the enviable pursuits of life. It is not altogether so in the country from which the majority of the people of America descended. In England the ultimate object of a liberal ambition is the ownership of a handsome landed property, and the actual management by the proprietor of a considerable portion of it. Great fortunes, however, acquired, are almost sure to be invested in great landed estates. Whether employed in the professions or in commerce, men escape from city life as from confinement, and the country-seat is generally the family mansion.

It would be absurd to deny the manifold importance of great commercial towns in our social system. They are not the mere result of calculation; they grow up by an irresistible necessity. The intenser life which springs from their stern competition undoubtedly performs a most important office in the progress of civilization. The faculties are sharpened by the direct contact and collision of kindred minds. The great accumulations of capital, which almost exclusively take place in commerce and the occupations connected with it, exercise an all-powerful influence in the community, and are felt in all its enterprises. The social sympathies gather warmth and force from the generous contagion of congenial natures. But society is in its happiest state when town and country act and react upon each other to mutual advantage; when the simple manners and purer tastes of rural life are brought to invigorate the moral atmosphere of the metropolis, and when a fair proportion of the wealth acquired in the city flows back and is invested in landed improvements; transferring cultivated tastes and liberal arts from crowded avenues and ringing pavements to the open, healthful country, and connecting them with its substantial interests and calm pursuits.

In acknowledging, as I do most cheerfully, the important relations of city life and commercial pursuits to the entire social system of the country, I leave of course out of account—I have no words but of abhorrence—for the organized conspiracies, swindling, and plunder, which

exist side by side with the legitimate transactions of the stock exchange. It is not one of the least perplexing anomalies of modern life and manners, that while avowed and thus far honest gambling (if I may connect those words) is driven by public opinion and the law, to seclude itself from observation within carefully tyed doors, there to fool away its hundreds, perhaps its thousands, in secret—discredited, infamous—blasted by the anathemas of deserted, heart-broken wives, and beggared children—subject at all times to the fell swoop of the police—the licensed gambling of the brokers' board is carried on in the face of day; its pretended sales of what it does not own, its pretended purchases of what it does not expect to pay for, are chronicled in the public prints to the extent of millions in the course of a season, for the cruel and dishonest purposes of frightening innocent third parties into the ruinous sacrifice of *bona fide* property, and thus making a guilty profit out of the public distress and the ruin of thousands.

I do not claim for agricultural life in modern times the Arcadian simplicity of the heroic ages; but it is capable, with the aid of popular education and the facilities of intercommunication, of being made a pursuit more favorable than city life to that average degree of virtue and happiness to which we may reasonably aspire in the present imperfect stage of being. For the same reason that our intellectual and moral faculties are urged to the highest point of culture by the intense competition of the large towns, the contagion of vice and crime produces in a crowded population a depravity of character from which the more thinly inhabited country, though far enough from being immaculate, is comparatively free. Accordingly, we find that the tenure on which the land is owned and tilled—that is, the average condition of the agricultural masses—decides the character of a people. It is true that the compact organization, the control of capital, the concentrated popular talent, the vigorous press, the agitable temperament of the large towns, give them an influence out of proportion to numbers; but this is far less the case in the United States than in most foreign countries, where the land is held in large masses by a few powerful landholders. Divided as it is in this country into small or moderate-sized farms, owned,

for the most part, and tilled by a class of fairly-educated, independent, and intelligent proprietors, the direct influence of large towns on the entire population is far less considerable than in Europe. Paris can at all times make a revolution in France; but not even your imperial metropolis could make a revolution in the United States. What the public character loses in concentration and energy by this want of metropolitan centralization is more than gained by the country in the virtuous mediocrity, the decent frugality, the healthfulness, the social tranquillity of private life. I trust I do full justice to the elegant refinements, the liberal institutions, the noble charities, the creative industries, the world-encompassing energy of the cities; but the profuse expenditure of the prosperous, the unfathomed wretchedness of the destitute, the Heaven-defying profligacy of the corrupt, the insane spirit of speculation, the frantic haste to become rich, the heartless dissipation of fashionable life, the growing ferocity and recklessness of a portion of the public press, the prevailing worldliness of the large towns, make me tremble for the future. It appears to me that our great dependence, under Providence, must be more and more on the healthy tone of the population scattered over the country—strangers to the excitements, the temptations, the revulsions of trade, and placed in that happy middle condition of human fortune, which is equidistant from the giddy heights of affluence, power, and fame, and the pinching straits of poverty, and as such most favorable to human virtue and happiness.

While the city is refreshed and renovated by the pure tides poured from the country into its steamy and turbid channels, the cultivation of the soil affords at home that moderate excitement, healthful occupation, and reasonable return, which most conduce to the prosperity and enjoyment of life. It is, in fact, the primitive enjoyment of man—first in time, first in importance. The newly-created father of mankind was placed by the Supreme Author of his being in the garden, which the hand of Omnipotence itself had planted, "to dress and to keep it." Before the heaving bellows had urged the furnace, before a hammer had struck upon an anvil, before the gleaming waters had flashed from an oar, before trade had hung up its scales or gauged its measures,

the culture of the soil began. "To dress the garden and to keep it"—this was the key-note struck by the hand of God himself in that long, joyous, wailing, triumphant, troubled, pensive strain of life-music which sounds through the generations and ages of our race. Banished from the garden of Eden, man's merciful sentence—at once doom, reprieve, and livelihood—was "to till the ground from which he was taken," and this, in its primitive simplicity, was the occupation of the gathering societies of men. To this wholesome discipline the mighty East, in the days of her ascendancy, was trained; and so rapid was her progress that, in periods anterior to the dawn of history, she had tamed the domestic animals, had saddled the horse, and yoked the ox, and milked the cow, and sheared the patient sheep, and possessed herself of all the cereal grains, (with the exception of maize, and that controverted,) which feed mankind at the present day. I obtained from the gardens of Chatsworth, and sent to this country, where they germinated, two specimens of wheat, raised from grains supposed to have been wrapped up in Egyptian mummy cloths, 3000 years ago, and not materially differing from our modern varieties, one of them, indeed, being precisely identical—thus affording us the pleasing assurance that the corn which Joseph placed in Benjamin's sack, before the great pyramid was built, was not inferior to the best Genesee of the present day.

Agriculture, I say, was the great pursuit of the primeval East. Before the intellectual supremacy of Greece was developed, while the Macedonian sword slept in its scabbard, before the genius of military domination was incarnate in the Roman legion, while the warlike North yet wandered in her pathless snows, the Persian traveled far on the road to universal conquest and empire. From the Ionian Gulf to the Indus, from the Tanais to the sources of the Nile, one hundred and twenty-seven satraps, in the name of the great king, administered that law of the Medes and Persians which never changed; and throughout this mighty monarchy—one of the most extensive that ever obeyed one ruler—next to war, agriculture was the honored pursuit. On this subject the Greek historian, Xenophon has preserved to us a charming anecdote. On a certain occasion, one of those half-mythical Persian sovereigns into whose personal

history the philosophers of Greece delighted to weave their highest conceptions of royal polity, Cyrus the Younger, received Lysander, the envoy of the Grecian allies, at Sardis; and conducting him into the royal grounds, pointed out the beauty of the plantations, the straight avenues of trees, their rectangular disposition, and the fragrant shrubbery that shaded the walks. "Truly," cried the Spartan warrior, unused to these delightful but manly refinements, "I admire the beautiful scene, but much more should I admire the artist by whose skill it was created." Cyrus, pleased with this commendation, exclaimed: "It was all laid out and measured by myself, and a portion of the trees planted by my own hands." The astonished Lacedæmonian chieftain, looking up at Cyrus, arrayed, as was and is the fashion of the East, in royal purple, his arms and fingers sparkling with rings and bracelets, and his robes exhaling perfumes, exclaimed: "You have planted these trees with your own hands?" "Yes, by heavens!" cried Cyrus, "nor do I ever go to my dinner till I have earned my appetite by some military or agricultural exercise." The Spartan saw in these manly, strength-giving, life-giving gymnastics the secret of the power which for the time had mastered the world, and, clasping the hands of the virtuous prince, exclaimed: "Justly hast thou prospered, O Cyrus! thou art fortunate because thou deservest to be."

The Persian sank beneath the sword of the Macedonian, whose short-lived empire fell with its youthful founder. Had Alexander the Great planted trees in the intervals of his wars, and drank water, like Cyrus, he might have lived to establish the most extensive empire which the world has yet seen. But a new portent of conquest was springing up in the West, on the frugal acres of Etruria and Latium. That Cincinnatus who drove the Æqui and Volsci from the gates of Rome; that Paulus Æmilius who led the last king of Macedonia with his family in triumph up the steps of the Capitol; that Scipio who at Zama forever broke the power of Carthage; those iron-handed, iron-hearted consuls who conducted the Roman legions over degenerate Greece, and fiery Africa, and effeminate Asia—in the intervals of war and conquest tilled their little Latian farms. That stern censor, who first made the name of

austere frugality synonymous with Cato, wrote a treatise on the cultivation of the soil; and so sure was a great Roman chief in the best days of the Republic, to be found at his farm, that the sergeants-at-arms, sent by the Senate to summon them to the command of legions and the conquest of nations, were technically called *viatores*, "travelers."

At length the Roman civilization perished, and a new one, resting on the morality of the Gospel and the hardy virtues of the northern races, took its place, and has subsisted, with gradual modifications, to the present day. Its first political development was in the land tenures of the feudal system, and it still rests on the soil. Notwithstanding the great multiplication of pursuits in modern times, the perfection of the useful and fine arts, the astonishing expansion of commercial, manufacturing, and mechanical industry, agriculture has kept pace with the other occupations of society, and continues to be the foundation of the social system. The tenure, cultivation and produce of the soil still remain the primary interests of the community.* The greatest political philosopher and most consummate statesman of modern Europe, Edmund Burke, who saw further than any of his countrymen into the cloudy future which hung over the close of the eighteenth century, at the meridian of his life, and while most engrossed in public business, purchased a large farm. "I have," says he in a letter written to a friend in that most critical year of English politics, 1769, "just made a push with all I could collect of my own and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root in the country. I have purchased about six hundred acres of land in Buckinghamshire, about twenty-four miles from London. It is a place exceedingly pleasant, and I purpose, God willing, to become a farmer in good earnest." This his purpose he carried into effect, and adhered to it to the end of his life. Those immortal orations, which revived in the British Senate the glories of the ancient eloquence, were meditated in the retirement of Beaconsfield; and there also were composed those all but inspired appeals and expostulations, which went to the heart of England and Europe in

* "That description of property (landed property) is in its nature the firm base of every stable Government."—Burke's Letter on a Regicide Peace.

the hour of their dearest peril, and did so much to expose the deformity and arrest the progress of that godless philosophy—specious, arrogant, hypocritical, and sanguinary—which, with liberty and equality on its lips, and plunder, and murder, and treason, in its heart, waged deadly war on France and mankind, and closed a professed crusade for republican freedom by the establishment of a military despotism.

A greater than Burke in this country, our own peerless Washington, with a burden of public care on his mind such as has seldom weighed upon any other person—conscious, through a considerable part of his career, that the success not only of the American Revolution, but of the whole great experiment of republican government, was dependent in no small degree upon his course and conduct—yet gave throughout his life, in time of peace, more of his time and attention, as he himself in one of his private letters informs us, to the superintendence of his agricultural operations, than to any other object. "It will not be doubted," says he, in his last annual message to Congress, (7th of December, 1796,) "that with reference either to individual or national welfare, agriculture is of primary importance. In proportion as nations advance in population and other circumstances of maturity, this truth becomes more apparent, and renders the cultivation of the soil more and more an object of public patronage."

* * * Among the means which have been employed to this end, none have been attended with greater success than the establishment of boards, charged with collecting and diffusing information, and enabled, by premiums and small pecuniary aids, to encourage and assist a spirit of discovery and improvement." On the 10th of December, 1799, Washington addressed a long letter to the manager of his farms—the last elaborate production of his pen—transmitting a plan, drawn up on thirty written folio pages, containing directions for their cultivation for several years to come. In seven days from the date of this letter his own venerated form was "sown a natural body, to be raised a spiritual body."

Nearly all the successors of Washington in the presidency of the United States, both the deceased and the living, passed or are passing their closing years

in the dignified tranquillity of rural pursuits. One of the most distinguished of them, Mr. Jefferson, invented the hill-side plough. Permit me also to dwell for a moment on the more recent example of the four great statesmen of the North, the West, and the South, whose names are the boast and the ornament of the last generation—Adams, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, who forgot the colossal anxieties, the stern contentions, the herculean labors, and the thankless sacrifices of the public service in the retirement of the country, and the calm and healthful pursuits of agriculture. One of these four great men it was not my fortune personally to behold in the enjoyment of these calm and rational pleasures, but I well remember hearing him say, with a radiant countenance, that there was nothing in the triumphs or honors of public life so grateful to his feelings as his return to his home in Carolina, at the close of the session of Congress, when every individual on his plantation, not excepting the humblest, came out to bid him welcome and to receive the cordial pressure of his hand. I was often the witness of the heartfelt satisfaction which Mr. Adams enjoyed on his ancestral acres, especially in contemplating the trees planted by himself, thousands of which are now scattered over the estate. While he ministered in this way to the gratification and service of other times, he felt that he was discharging no small portion of the debt which each generation owes to its successors. Adopting a tree as the device of his seal, he added to it, as the expressive motto, the words which Cicero quotes with approbation from an ancient Latin poet: *Alteri sæculo*. Mr. Adams took particular pleasure in watching the growth of some white maples, the seeds of which he had gathered as they dropped from the parent trees in front of that venerable hall in Philadelphia, which echoed to his honored father's voice in the great argument of American Independence. At Ashland, in 1829, I rode over his extensive farm with the illustrious orator and statesman of the West; and as the "swinish multitude," attracted by the salt which he liberally scattered from his pocket, came running about us, in the beautiful woodland pasture, carpeted with that famous Kentucky bluegrass, he good-humoredly compared them to the office-seekers who hurry to Wash-

ington at the commencement of an administration, attracted by the well-flavored relish of a good salary. Mr. Webster, reposing on his farm at Marshfield, from the toils of the forum, and the conflicts of the Senate, resembled the mighty ocean which he so much loved, which after assailing the cloudy battlements of the sky with all the seething artillery of his furious billows, when the gentle south-west wind sings truce to the elemental war, calls home his rolling mountains to their peaceful level, and mirrors the gracious heavens in his glassy bosom.

The culture of the soil has, in all ages, been regarded as an appropriate and congenial occupation for declining life. Cicero, in his admirable treatise on *Old Age*, speaking in the person of Cato the Elder, to whom I have already referred, when he comes to consider the pleasures within the reach of the aged, gives the most prominent place to those which may be enjoyed in agricultural pursuits. These, he adds, are not impaired by the advance of years, and approach, as near as possible, to the ideal "life of the Wise Man." Guided by the light of nature, he contemplated with admiration, that "power," as he calls it, of the earth, by which it is enabled to return to the husbandman, with usury, what he has committed to its trust. It belongs to us, favored with a knowledge of the spiritual relations of the universe not vouchsafed to the heathen world, to look upon agriculture in higher aspects, especially in the advance of life; and as we move forward ourselves toward the great crisis of our being, to catch an intelligent glimpse of the grand arcana of nature, as exhibited in the creative energy of the terrestrial elements—the suggestive mystery of the quickening seed, and the sprouting plant—the resurrection of universal nature from her wintry grave.

A celebrated skeptical philosopher of the last century—the historian Hume—thought to demolish the credibility of the Christian Revelation, by the concise argument: "It is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false." The last part of the proposition, especially in a free country, on the eve of a popular election, is, unhappily, too well founded; but in what book-worm's dusty cell, tapestried with the cobwebs of age, where the light of real life and nature never forced its way—in what pedant's

school, where deaf ears listen to dumb lips, and blind followers are led by blind guides—did he learn that it is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true? Most certainly he never learned it from sower or reaper—from dumb animal or rational man connected with husbandry. Poor Red Jacket, off here on Buffalo Creek, if he could have comprehended the terms of the proposition, would have treated it with scorn. Contrary to experience that phenomena should exist which we can not trace to causes perceptible to the human sense, or conceivable by human thought! It would be much nearer the truth to say that within the husbandman's experience there are no phenomena which can be rationally traced to any thing but the instant energy of creative power.

Did this philosopher ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seeds, and grains, and fruits have ripened, and stalks have withered, and leaves have fallen, and winter has forced her icy curb even into the roaring jaws of Niagara, and sheeted half a continent in her glittering shroud, and all this teeming vegetation and organized life are locked in cold and marble obstruction; and, after week upon week, and month upon month have swept, with sleet, and chilly rain, and howling storm, over the earth and riveted their crystal bolts upon the door of nature's sepulcher; when the sun at length begins to wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over melting snows, did he ever behold the long-hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth, and anon the autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leaflets to burst from purple buds, throughout the reviving forest; and then the mellow soil to open its fruitful bosom to every grain and seed dropped from the planter's hand, buried but to spring up again, clothed with a new, mysterious being; and then, as more fervid suns inflame the air, and softer showers distil from the clouds, and gentler dews string their pearls on twig and tendril, did he ever watch the ripening grain and fruit, pendent from stalk, and vine, and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each after his kind arrayed in myriad-tinted garments, instinct with circulating life; seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree,* each

* Johnson's *Chemistry of Common Life*, I, p. 13.

of which is a system whose exquisite complication puts to shame the shrewdest cunning of the human hand; every planted seed and grain, which had been loaned to the earth, compounding its pious usury thirty, sixty, a hundred fold—all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living nature—the bread of a hungry world; here a tilled cornfield, whose yellow blades are nodding with the food of man; there an unplanted wilderness—the great Father's farm—where he “who hears the raven's cry” has cultivated, with his own hand, his merciful crop of berries, and nuts, and acorns, and seeds, for the humbler families of animated nature—the solemn elephant, the browsing deer, the wild pigeon, whose fluttering caravan darkens the sky; the merry squirrel, who bounds from branch to branch, in the joy of his little life—has he seen all this—does he see it every year, and month, and day—does he live, and move, and breathe, and think, in this atmosphere of wonder—himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fiber and faintest pulsation is as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt—and does he still maintain that a miracle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go, in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience that the august Power which turns the clods of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand million souls could feed five thousand in the wilderness!

One more suggestion, my friends, and I relieve your patience. As a work of art, I know few things more pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well-situated, well-cultivated farm. The man of refinement will hang with never-weary gaze on a landscape by Claude or Salvator; the price of a section of the most fertile land in the West would not purchase a few square feet of the canvas on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But nature has forms and proportions beyond the painter's skill; her divine pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows, never mingled on his pallet. What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye, or gratify the taste, than a noble farm? It stands upon the southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the north-western winds by woody

heights, broken here and there with moss-covered boulders, which impart variety and strength to the outline. The native forest has been cleared from the greater part of the farm, but a suitable portion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and to give a picturesque effect to the landscape. The eye ranges round three fourths of the horizon over a fertile expanse—bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake; dotted with hamlets, each with its modest spire; and, if the farm lies in the vicinity of the coast, a distant glimpse from the high grounds, of the mysterious, everlasting sea, completes the prospect. It is situated off the high road, but near enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the school-house, the post-office, the railroad, a sociable neighbor, or a traveling friend. It consists in due proportion of pasture and tillage, meadow and woodland, field and garden. A substantial dwelling, with every thing for convenience, and nothing for ambition—with the fitting appendages of stable, and barn, and corn-barn, and other farm buildings, not forgetting a spring-house, with a living fountain of water—occupies upon a gravelly knoll, a position well chosen to command the whole estate. A few acres on the front, and on the sides of the dwelling, set apart to gratify the eye with the choicer forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock, whose cool shadow at sunset streams across the field; all displaying in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes of which art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentment. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter, and Morland, and Landseer, and Rosa Bonheur, never painted, roam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plow walks in rustic majesty across the plain, and opens the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; nature's holy sacrament of seed-time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews, and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine, shed their sweet influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat-field; the tall maize flaunts in her crispy

leaves and nodding tassels; while we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, God's chemistry, which we can not see, goes on beneath the clouds; myriads and myriads of vital cells ferment with elemental life; germ and stalk, and leaf and flower, and silk and tassel, and grain and fruit, grow up from the common earth—the mowing machine and the reaper—mute rivals of human

industry, perform their glad some task; the well-piled wagon brings home the ripened treasures of the year; the bow of promise fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, heat and cold, and day and night, and seed-time and harvest, shall not fail.

P R E S I D E N T H O P K I N S .

WE have the pleasure of sending to our patrons the closing number of this year, embellished with a finely executed portrait and truthful likeness of the Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., President of Williams College, Massachusetts, and recently elected President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. We feel quite sure that the portrait of a man so universally esteemed and respected, of so much personal worth and eminent usefulness, and occupying two positions of so much responsibility in the literary and missionary world, can hardly fail to be received with pleasure and gratification by all our readers and patrons. We feel at liberty only to add a brief notice of the leading facts of his personal history, so far as we know them from long acquaintance, or gather them from some intimate college friends of the President.

Dr. Hopkins is a native of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. His father was Archibald Hopkins, an independent farmer of that town. His mother was a woman of remarkable intelligence and excellence of character, who still survives and resides at Williamstown. The grandfather of President Hopkins was Dr. Mark Hopkins, a patriot and surgeon in the army of the Revolution; was at the battle of White Plains, and died the day or night after the battle, either of wounds or from causes connected with that severe struggle.

President Hopkins was the eldest of three sons, (there were no daughters,) one an artist of promising talents who died a young man. The other brother, Alfred Hopkins, is Professor of Mathematics in Williams College, and eminent

in the department of natural science—is greatly respected and beloved by all who have enjoyed the benefit of his instructions.

Dr. Hopkins spent his early life and pursued his preparatory studies for college at the academy in his native town, under the able instruction of Rev. Mr. Curtis, afterwards chaplain of one of the public institutions at Charlestown, Massachusetts. He entered Williams College in 1810. Among his fellow-students and intimate friends, was the Hon. David Dudley Field, of New-York, and Prof. Morgan, of Ohio. He graduated in 1822, and subsequently entered on the study and practice of medicine in the city of New-York. Shortly afterwards he was invited to the chair of moral and intellectual philosophy in Williams College, which he accepted.

On the resignation of President Edward Dorr Griffin, D.D., in 1836, Dr. Hopkins was chosen his successor as President of Williams College, which office he has since filled with so much usefulness to the institution, to its literary and religious prosperity, and to the warm approbation of all its many friends. Dr. Hopkins is the author of several works of high repute and literary merit. At the recent annual meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, at Providence, R. I., Dr. Hopkins was unanimously chosen to the presidency of that Board, vacated by the resignation of the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, who has for many years presided over its deliberations with great dignity and acceptance.

ACCOUNT OF THREE UNDESCRIBED CASES OF COLOR-BLINDNESS.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, F.R.S., ETC.

THE subject of *color-blindness* has for some time excited particular notice, and a very interesting volume has been lately published by Professor George Wilson, entitled "Researches on Color-Blindness," in which he has pointed out the danger attending the present system of railway and marine colored signals. Persons who are color-blind are generally insensible to red and green colors, or rather confound these colors when presented to the eye; and therefore, if the officers who have the charge of railway signals, which are red and green, should happen to have this imperfection of vision, most serious accidents might be the consequence.

Having examined no fewer than 1154 persons in Edinburgh, in the year 1852-3, Professor Wilson found that 1 person in every 18 was to a certain extent color-blind, 1 in 55 confounding *red* with *green*, 1 in 60 *brown* with *green*, and 1 in 46 *blue* with *green*. A few cases have occurred in which no color is perceived but *black* and *white*, or *light* and *shade*, so that, to persons thus insensible to all the colors of the spectrum, a picture or painting, in which all the colors are given, has the appearance of a mezzotinto engraving.

That color-blindness is hereditary, and clings to particular families, has been placed beyond a doubt. There are few examples in which only one person in a family is color-blind, and there are many in which three, four, and even five individuals in the same family possess this defect.

The following account of three cases of color-blindness, which occurred in the same family, was communicated to me many years ago by a friend, and I believe has never been published. "Three brothers, Messrs. D. of A—, in the county of Fife, were manufacturers. All the three had a peculiarity in their vision. They can not distinguish all the colors of the spectrum. Their eyes seem to be well formed, and they see at a distance, and discriminate the form of objects as well as other persons; but colors confound them, and when asked how they would discriminate some particular hue, they hesitate, and looking to each other, they say:

'Will they be calling this *green*? We suppose they will. It is merely not *red*. We are certain it is not *scarlet*, neither is it *blue*, but perhaps it may be of a *drab* color.'

"*Blue* with them is always *blue*, and *bright scarlet*, such as the color of the *Actinis*, *Scarlet Lychnis*, etc., is always known, but some shades of *red*, *green*, and *brown* can not be distinguished from *blue*. *Crimson* appears *blue* or *slate-colored* in daylight, but by candle or firelight is recognized at once as a *red*. The *orange red* of some flowers, and *scarlet*, appears similar. *Purple* appears *blue*. *Brown* and *green* woolen cloths can not be distinguished in daylight, but in candlelight the *green* appears *bluish*. *Pink* and *light blue* silks can not be distinguished in daylight; but in candlelight the *pink* appears of a *pale red* inclining to *yellow*. Vegetable *light greens* in paintings appear like *brownish yellow* or *drab* colors. *Light green* fields appear of an orange hue. *Light green*, *drab*, and the *brownish red* of tiles or brick, have all the same color. The color of the tiles on the roof of an adjacent house could not be distinguished from the light yellowish brown sandstone of the chimney-top.

"One of these gentlemen, when young, kept a merchant's shop, and he was obliged to label the ribbons at night, in order to sell them correctly in the day-time.

"This peculiarity of vision they derive from their mother, who is still alive, but who, till her sons grew up, was unaware of her seeing differently from other people. She has several daughters as well as these three sons, but all the daughters distinguish colors correctly. Four of them have children, and though, in consequence of some of the families having always resided at a distance, I could not obtain satisfactory information respecting each individual in each family, yet I was assured that, as far as the brothers knew, all the females in each of the families could distinguish colors; and that, at least, in three of the families, one or more of the males could not distinguish them."—*Titan*.

GRANDEUR OF THE CITY OF DELHI.—From Delhi went forth those *Sunnuds* to which every native state yielded prompt obedience. From the gates of Delhi year by year proceeded great armies, led by accomplished generals, whose object was the subjugation of the Hindoo power yet held by the brave Mahratta Princes; and heavy sieges were so laid to the strongest forts of the hill countries of Western India. Treachery, and famine, as in the cases of Dowlatabad and Ahmednuggur, brought the success that was often long denied to mere force of arms; but so it was, and, while great armies went forth year by year, as the cold season began, the Mogul Emperors ceased not, with all the prodigal luxury of Mohammedan taste, to beautify the noble city of Delhi. Whoever has seen Grand Cairo may gain some idea of Delhi if he will but add to the picture gardens full of shading trees, brilliant flowers, lovely fountains of white marble, which cast up their bright waters among shining palaces, "with sculptured mosques and minarets," like obelisks of pearl, shooting into a sky whose color would shame the brightest turquoise that ever graced a Sultan's finger. Again, instead of camels, and horses, and mules, alone blocking up the narrow, shaded ways of the native city, as at El Misr, the reader must imagine strings of elephants, their large ears painted, their trunks decorated with gold rings, anklets of silver round their legs, and bearing large square curtained howdahs, in which recline possibly the favorites of the harem.

Luxury, even now, can go no further in the East than it is to be found at Delhi. Even now all the best dancing-women, the bird-tamers, the snake-charmers, the Persian musicians, the jugglers, congregate from every part, not only of India, but of Asia, at Delhi. Hundreds of romances might be written of the lives of men and women who, from this degraded class, became Court favorites, and by ready wit, personal beauty, and dark intrigue, ruled where they were wont to serve; and, even now, under absolute English rule, dissipation ever holds wildest revelry at Delhi. Young men, both in the civil and military services, were too soon influenced by the contagious and enervating influences of Delhi and its Oriental pleasures. Many a noble fortune, a fine intellect, and the material for high moral character, have yielded before the Circe-like tempta-

tions of this great Moslem capital; and the song and the dance have followed too quickly the decisions of courts and the cries of those demanding justice at our hands.

The private bungalows, or European residences, at Delhi are many, very spacious and well arranged, with delicious gardens, (for any thing will grow at Delhi,) and the "*Qué-hés*," as the English on the Calcutta side are called, perfectly understand making themselves comfortable. This "*Qué hé*" simply means "who waits?" an inquiry used by the English when requiring attendance. The number of servants always standing in the verandahs of the rooms renders bells unnecessary; and as the Bengalees are so luxurious that they will not stoop to raise a fallen handkerchief, the constant reiteration of this phrase has earned for them the well-known sobriquet.

Every thing at Delhi seems on a grander scale of magnificence than elsewhere. The servants of a single European family seem legion. There are "bearers" to carry palankeens and sweep rooms; hookahbards to arrange all the paraphernalia of smoking; khitmutgars or butlers, with water-carriers, washermen, camp-cleaners, sycés or grooms, messengers, gardeners, well-drawers *ad infinitum*. These people are all immensely important in their way at Delhi, though they receive less wages than on the other side of India, and do very much less work.

Picnics, too, are very fashionable at Delhi, in consequence of the magnificent tombs and gardens in its neighborhood, which afford such welcome shelter from the sun. A Bengal tent is a wonderful affair, with its hanging lamps, glass windows, recesses for sofas, covered passages, and outer roofs, and these afford agreeable resorts in the evening, when the buildings retain too much heat. Of course, Delhi, as the city of the Mogul, swarms with religious devotees of every denomination, whether Hindoos or Mohammedan, Fakirs, Jogees, Gosh-nasheens, vagabonds of every kind. The great Mohammedan priest, however, or Grand Mullah, Mohammed Ishak, is a man of much scientific renown. This man had a long argument with the celebrated Dr. Wolff in presence of several thousands of Mohammedans, and afterwards wrote him a long letter detailing the grounds of his belief in the Koran.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

CHIEF OF THE PILGRIMS; OR, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM BREWSTER, Ruling Elder of the Pilgrim Company that founded New-Plymouth, the Parent Colony of New-England, in 1620. By the Rev. ASHDELL STEELE, A.M. Washington, D. C. Illustrated with five steel, and four other engravings. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1857. Pp. 416.

WE have received a copy of this interesting volume from J. B. Brewster Jr., Esq., of New-York, a lineal descendant of his renowned ancestor, the great and good man who is the hero of this book. It is rare that such a constellation of historic facts, so rich in interest, so great in importance, stamping their indelible impressions on the whole future generations of the Western continent, are congregated as in this one volume. Mr. Steele has well performed his work, in the careful preparation of these chapters of Pilgrim and Puritan history, and done a useful service. With the blood of Governor Bradford coursing through his veins, and his wife a Brewster of the Brewsters, the author of this book entered into the very spirit of the subject in admirably depicting his ancestral history. This book, as such, owes its origin to a family gathering of the several branches of the Brewster family at Norwich Conn., in Sept., 1853, at which James Brewster, Esq., of New-Haven, so well known for his large-hearted liberality and benevolence, was appointed Chairman to provide the means and take the needful measures to procure a suitably written life of their illustrious ancestor. The work can not fail to be read with pleasure by every lover of Puritan history, and with profit by every one who can duly appreciate the sterling worth and unbending principles of those self-denying men who laid the strong foundations of a great empire on Plymouth Rock.

TENT LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND. By WILLIAM C. PRIME, Author of *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia*, etc. New-York. Harper and Brothers: 1857. Pp. 498.

THIS is a companion volume to the *Boat Life in Egypt*, and most readers, like most travelers, in those Oriental lands of sacred story, will, after making the tour of Egypt, up and down the Nile, in the agreeable company of Mr. Prime, be glad to go with him and his excellent lady up to Jerusalem, to view the scenes and hallowed localities of that most interesting of all countries. It can hardly be otherwise than instructive and profitable to go along even in imagination, with an observing and intelligent traveler, to see by faith what he sees with his natural eyes, and graphically describes places and objects in the lands of the patriarchs and prophets, which are so dear and warmly cherished by every lover of Bible history. The author of "Tent Life" takes nothing upon trust, but sees, examines, and describes for himself, and for those who read his book. His descriptions are life-like, and have the true ring of earnest enthusiasm. We welcome and commend a book, the careful perusal of which, will

make the reader better acquainted with the historic scenes and localities of the ancient world.

THE SAINT AND HIS SAVIOUR; OR, THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS. By the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. "CHRIST IS ALL." Col. 3 : 2. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1857. Pp. 431.

A BOOK with such a title, on such a subject, by such an author, whose talents and pulpit eloquence are exciting so much interest and attention on both sides of the Atlantic, needs no commendation save the simple announcement of its publication. It is certainly a hopeful feature in religious literature, that the enterprising publishers are encouraged to issue volume after volume in quick succession from the pen of this remarkable man.

BARON HUMBOLDT, in an acknowledging answer to a telegraph congratulation on his last birthday from the German naturalists assembled at Bonn, has communicated to the meeting that a new part of "Cosmos" (being the first section of the fourth and last volume) is to appear in the course of the present month. It will contain, in about forty printed sheets, the introductory chapters of a detailed description of the various telluric phenomena—thus presenting, with the second section of this volume still to follow, the counterpart to the detailed picture of Uranology, as given in the third volume.

In the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, it was announced that M. Goldschmidt, the well-known amateur astronomer of that city, discovered on the 19th September another new planet—making the forty-seventh "little planet." The forty-sixth, it will be remembered, was discovered a few days before by M. Luther, of the Observatory of Bilk. M. Goldschmidt has now discovered as many as eight of the new planets.—*Literary Gazette*.

DR. LICHTENSTEIN, the Director of the Royal Zoological Museum, who died at Kiel the other day, had reached the ripe age of seventy-eight, fifty of which he had spent in active duty in one employment. He was born in Hamburg on the 10th of January, 1780, and was chosen in 1811 Professor of Zoology at the newly founded Museum of Berlin. He was director of the Royal Holstein Museum from 1813, and was besides author of a popular book of travels in Africa.

THE ten leaves of the "Codex Argenteus," which about twenty-five years since were stolen, and which were only recovered a year ago by the confession of the thief on his death-bed, have just been published, with explanatory notes, by Herr Upström.

A SMALL book has lately been published at Wetzlar, called "Eight Small Poems by Goethe, published for the first time with explanations, by Theodore Bergk." The object of the writer is to

prove that these eight poems, which originally appeared in the *Fris*, when under Jacobi's management, and have been always ascribed to other authors, are the genuine production of Goethe himself. Herr Bergk, now Professor of Philology in Halle, resided formerly in Freiburg, in the Breisgau, in the library of the university of which town all the manuscripts of Jacobi are deposited. The examination of these by a mind so penetrating as that of Professor Bergk, has led to this curious discovery.

ON the 14th ult., the veteran Alexander von Humboldt celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday.

HERR SCHWEIGER, the learned Professor of Physics in Halle, died on September 6th. He labored long and successfully in science, and is best known to the world by his discoveries in crystal-electricity, and by the construction of an electro-magnetic multiplier, which bears his name.

DANISH antiquaries have, at different times and with various success, endeavored to refer the names of several distinguished Englishmen to a Scandinavian original. Nowhere, perhaps, is the evidence for an hypothesis of this description more clear than in the case of the gallant General Havelock, who springs from a part of England peopled by the Northmen, and whose name has only varied by a letter, since it was borne by that Havelok, the Dane, so well known to romance and to archaeology.

THE "COLLEGE DE FRANCE," of Paris, one of the most renowned literary and scientific institutions of Europe, has hitherto enjoyed a certain independence—nominating its own professors and assistant-professors, regulating its own courses of lectures, administering its own pecuniary and other affairs, etc. But the French Emperor has just decreed that henceforth its independence shall cease, and that it shall be placed in subjection to the government. Accordingly, it is the government, instead of the professors themselves, who will henceforth nominate the assistant professors, and who will regulate all the business of the College. The measure has naturally afforded any thing but satisfaction to the distinguished men who belong to the Collège de France, and the public is loud in condemning it.

GERMAN BOOKS.—A catalogue of old German books on mythology, archaeology, history of coins and medals, with many valuable old works, illustrated with engravings on wood and copper, has just been published at Bonn, by Herr Sempertz, a Cologne bookseller. The demand now made in America for old German books on all subjects has caused the price of them to rise immensely. This demand, which at first only affected the northern parts of Germany, begins now to raise the value of such works in the Rhine towns, where there has hitherto been but little sale for such publications.

A YEW tree is growing in the churchyard of Winscombe, in Somersetshire, the circumference of the stem of which, at the step, is 17 feet, and at the smallest part below the branches it measures 15 feet round, the diameter of the spread of the branches being 65 feet.

TWENTY-FIVE volumes of Greek Patrology, with a Latin translation, have recently been added to that extended work, the Abbé Migne's Universal Church

Library, to be followed by seventy-five other volumes of the same class—a stupendous series that may well be supposed to be a life's work for its editor.

THE Academy of Sciences of Paris has recommended M. d'Archiac and M. Bayle to the Government as candidates for the chair of Palæontology, in the Museum of Natural History, vacant by the death of M. d'Orbigny.—*Literary Gazette*.

A PURCHASE has recently been made which is interesting to Germans, and all lovers of German literature. In the neighborhood of Düsseldorf stood the house and garden formerly inhabited by Jacobi. Here many of the great literary men of the last age were in the habit of assembling, to discuss subjects of mutual interest, or enjoy in their leisure hours the society of the companions of their labors. Goethe, Tieck, and many others, resorted to this quiet retreat, which may therefore be regarded as classic ground. This house and garden have been purchased through the intervention of Herr Andreas Achenbach and Herr V. Siebel, for the Art Society, entitled Malkasten; and it is intended the meetings of the Society shall in future be held in the rooms rendered sacred by so many associations. Here their library and collection of works of art will be preserved, and thus a suitable monument established of the times of Germany's most brilliant literary epoch.

THE Bey of Tunis has issued a decree for the establishment of criminal tribunals, and mixed tribunals of commerce, free trade, free industry, the rights of property, respect of persons and property, equal laws, equal taxation, religious liberty, conscription, and limitation of the period of service.

MISERIES OF A LECTURER.—The Rev. Dr. Bethune, in the course of a lecture at Newark, gave an amusing sketch of the miseries of a popular lecturer, in which he is reported to have said: "Then, again, the reporters, whose irate quills he would no sooner provoke than those of a hundred fretful porcupines, often made him say very queer things. Once when he stated that he was not by birth, but only ecclesiastically, a Dutchman, the reporter made him an ecclesiastical deduction. Another time he spoke of the devil as sowing tares, and was astonished the next morning to read that he had mentioned the devil sowing trees. Another occasion he was made to say that the patriarch Abraham taught Cærops arithmetic!"

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH announces the following subjects of competition for the award of 1858-59: The Keith Prize, a gold medal and from £40 to £50 in money, will be given for the best communication on a scientific subject. Brewster, Forbes, and other distinguished natural philosophers, have been the gainers of the Keith medal on former occasions. The Macdougall Brisbane Prize, a gold medal and money, will be awarded to the best biographical notice of an eminent Scotchman, including an estimate of the influence and importance of his writing and discoveries. The Neill Prize, a gold medal and money, will be given for the best paper on a subject of natural history, by a Scottish naturalist; or, failing any paper thus communicated to the best work or treatise published within the five years preceding the time of award.

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